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OF AN OLD BOOKSELLER.

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AND A CHAIN OF CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE RESPECTING THEIR AUTHOR.

"He has been at a Feast of Anecdotes, and Stolen all the Scraps."

LONDON ;
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INTRODUCTION.

WE are all sons and daughters of Adam, and we can all boast of the great antiquity of our families.

Like Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and other great heroes and self biographers, the Author was born at a certain hour, on a certain day of the week, month and year; at a certain village, and under a certain planet: of the precise second it is perhaps of little moment unless to the astrologer, who may wish to fine-draw a horoscope, or cast a nativity; but, as fortunately for mankind, all the cobwebs spun by this ragged race of foretellers of future events are swept away, the author is left to tell his own tale. Without entering into particulars,—the sun had just sloped his western wheel when the Author was born; five and sixty summer suns have since rolled over his head, and from a slight view of the shades upon that dial, the setting of the bright orb of day is approaching; it therefore behoves him in every sense, to employ the fleeting moments to the best advantage.

“O gentlemen the time of life is short,
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
Though life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at an hour.”—SHAKESPEARE.

In interweaving the Author's life throughout the following recollections and selections, it is requisite to say something of himself and family. However humble their origin and pretensions, some interesting branches may spring out of the genealogic tree; we shall not trace them with the ardour of a newly made peer—a page or two will suffice.

Some branches of the Author's family have been remarkable for longevity, others through matrimonial ties, have been particularly noticed as early settlers, and as having been longer residents upon one spot than any family in England, and others as persons of travel; but the whole are now

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brought within so limited a circle, that the Author believes he and his son are the last surviving stems of his family bearing his name.

His ancestors were owners of considerable flocks, and cultivated extensive tracts of land. Often has he sighed for a few paternal acres, but unless he held them only "by the tenure of a pepper corn to his country, and his only landlord the lord of all land," perhaps his anxieties and cares would be the same as they now are. If he has not many rich relatives to boast of, he has the lot of as few poor ones to deplore.

His great grandfather, on his father's side, by a single dash of the pen for a faithless friend, lost his farm and fortune, and destroyed the prospects of his family. They withdrew their flocks from the border of the extensive scene of Salisbury Plain, and left their residence near the druidical and mysterious monuments of Stonehenge. They became settlers in a delightful village in Surrey; where their experience and industry were appreciated by an eccentric, but philosophic farmer, (of whom more hereafter.) Here, upon a farm of two thousand acres, ample scope was given to my grandfather's exertions, which continued to a very extended period; he lived to a very great age, and was actively employed on horseback after he was eighty years of age. One grave opened at the same hour for him and my grandmother, the latter dying in the evening, and the former on the following morning, after having lived together, to the number of years that almost amount to the natural age of man.

The author's maternal grandfather, died at ninety, of the small pox caught from some children in the village; his wife at an age little short of that of her husband. The joint ages of the four personages embraced about three hundred and fifty years.

The Author's father died at seventy-six, his mother at eighty one, he himself is, (this 23rd day of October, 1835) sixty-five. In summing up this merely introductory outline, it will be necessary to the subsequent developement of events, causes and effects, to divide his life into seven stages, in

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the course of which, his adventures, appointments, blessings, comforts, disappointments, enjoyments, events, exertions, fears, grief, happiness, health, hopes, joys, and all the auxiliaries, that can aid him in rendering the following pages amusing and interesting, are yet to be developed. He has only to entreat the reader's patience and perseverance, in contemplating him through all the mazes of a chequered and eventful life; it may prove a lesson to others, as well as to his childrens' children. He has considered himself in some respects, as almost a patriarch, a friend has designated him—father Abraham!!!

If his age, experience, and literary stores will not avail him sufficient *materiel* for his *magazine*, or Recollections and Selections, he trusts that he can as well as some of our ingenious historical novelists of the day, resort to the "olden time" with good grace.

The author by his second marriage, can point out, as relatives, within 24 miles of London, the family circle of the owners of a spot, granted to their family by Alfred the Great. (He glories in that name.) They have enjoyed, and resided upon the farm in lineal descent, and uninterrupted possession and succession for nine hundred years, but more of this hereafter. The Spaniard wishes his friend might live a thousand years; the author has no desire to live nine hundred and ninety-nine: the reader perhaps is beginning to yawn, he therefore closes his introduction.

upwards of two thousand acres; he left his son involved. The latter gentleman, was a captain in the Surrey Militia, at the same period, that his friend, the celebrated Captain Grose held a commission in that corps. The society, which, at that period assembled at Parker's seat, at Waddon Court, was of the first order. Several of the Boscauwens' were visitors; Mr. Marshall, a celebrated Agriculturist, and author of many popular publications on agriculture, also, frequently joined in the gay circle of a house kept more in the style of a nobleman's, than a farmer's. Grose was then in the hey-day of life, and perhaps, one of the most witty and pleasant companions in the world, we shall have much to say of him hereafter, of characters with whom he associated, and with whom we were acquainted at the same time. One person in particular, claims our attention, he is worthy of notice, and was known to the author when he had so large a family as twelve children. His eldest daughter, a beautiful girl, had nearly won the heart of the author's eldest brother. The following account of him was written by Captain Grose, and communicated to his friend, James Petit Andrews, Esq. F. S. A. who thus acknowledges it:—

“The following letter, contains an instance of the most excellent domestic management, which imagination can conceive. It may be depended on, for, facetious as the writer is known to be, he never indulges his humour at the expence of his veracity; and he avers every circumstance there related to be literally true.”

ECONOMY.

“You ask me, what I have seen in my ramble, worth relating. You are no antiquarian, I will not therefore tease you with ruined abbeys, Gothic castles, Roman and Danish camps, or Druidical circles, but confine my narrative to a human curiosity. This is a Mr. Osbaldeston, an attorney's clerk; and in spite of the popular prejudices against his profession, said to be an honest man. This you will allow to be a curiosity, but that is not all. This honest limb of the law is married, and has at least, half a dozen children, all whom, with as many couple of hounds, and a brace of hunters, he

maintains out of—how much do you think? Guess little I pray you—why then, to support himself, a wife and six children, twelve dogs, and two horses, he has not a penny more than *sixty pounds per annum*! And if possible to increase the miracle, he did this in London for many years; paying every body their own, and keeping a tight coat for sundays and holydays: but I will try to explain this seeming paradox. After the expiration of the time which Mr. Osbaldeston owed his master, he acted as an accountant for the butchers in Clare-market, who paid him in offal; the choicest morsels of this, he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which he kept in his garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brew-house, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week in the season he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers, over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good will and permission. Besides which, several gentlemen, struck with his extraordinary economy, winked at his going over their manors, with his moderate pack.

“Accident has since removed this uncommon man to Lewes in Sussex; where, on the same stipend, he continues to maintain the same family. Curiosity led me to visit this extraordinary party, about their dinner time. The two-legged party were clean, though not superfluously clothed, and seemed to live like brothers with the surrounding animals. It looked, in short, somewhat like the golden age. Mr. O. himself, seemed and acted like the father of the quadrupeds as well as the bipeds, and as such, decided with the utmost impartiality; for master Jackey having taken a bone from Jowler, he commanded immediate restitution; and on the other hand, Doxy having snatched a piece of a liver from miss Dorothea, was oblig'd on the spot, to restore it to the young lady.

“On enquiry, I found that Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and that, having imprudently married one of his father's servants, he was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound big with pup, whose offspring have since been a source of profit and amusement to him.” F.G

"The writer of the above letter has informed the Editor, that this very extraordinary character has lately resided with the same family at Croydon, in Surrey. J. P. A.

At the time the Author knew Mr. Osbaldeston, he had the numerous family of twelve children; the eldest son was somewhat deformed, and the old gentleman being in the vale of years, was almost incapable of following his profession—the poor man had frequent occasion to obtain temporary credit of the author's mother, but always paid most honourably. This was about the year 1780; during the residence of Mr. Osbaldeston, at Beddington.* He retained

* As considerable historical interest is associated with the the village of Beddington, the following account of it, from the "Ambulator" and "Lysons' Environs of London," cannot but be acceptable to the reader.

"BEDDINGTON, a village two miles west of Croydon; Here is the seat of the ancient family of Carew, which descending to Richard Gee, Esq. of Orpington, in Kent, that gentleman, 1780, took the name and arms of Carew. It was forfeited in 1539, on the attainder and execution of Sir Nicholas Carew for a conspiracy. His son, Sir Francis, having procured the reversal of the attainder, purchased this estate of Lord Darcy to whom it had been granted by Edward VI. He rebuilt the mansion house, and planted the garden with choice fruit trees, in the cultivation of which he took great delight. Sir Francis spared no expence in procuring them from foreign countries. The First orange trees seen in England, are said to have been planted by him. Aubrey says they were brought from Italy by Sir Francis Carew. But the editors of the Biographia, speaking from a tradition preserved in the family, tell, they were raised by Sir Francis Carew from the seeds of the first oranges which were imported into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who had married his niece, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. The trees were planted in the open ground, and were preserved in the winter by a moveable shed. They flourished for about a century and a half, being destroyed by the hard frost in 1739-40. In the garden was a pleasure house, on the top of which was painted the Spanish Invasion. In August 1599, Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to Sir F. Carew, at Beddington, for three days; and again in the same month the ensuing year. The queen's oak, and her favourite walk are still pointed out. Sir Hugh Platt tells an anecdote, in his Garden of Eden, relating to one of these visits, which shews the pains Sir Francis took, in the management and cultivation of his fruit trees. "Here I will conclude" says he, "with a conceit of that delicate knight, Sir F. Carew, who for the better accomplishment of his royal entertainment of our late Queen Elizabeth, of happy memory, at his house at Beddington, led her majesty to a cherry tree, whose fruit he had of purpose kept back from ripening, at the least one month

and followed his professional employment until an advanced age; his athletic, and grotesque figure, dressed in the old English style, with a large cocked hat, and full bushy wig, gave him an air of consequence, and importance among the peasantry of the place; and the author perfectly recollects, although a child at the time, the curious corrupted appellation applied to him, which was that of *Lawyer Distance*, (a corruption of Lawyer Osbaldeston.) At a more advanced period the author would have willingly known some of the profession by that name, although them justice, he has, throughout all his vicissitudes, received not only indulgence, but also much personal kindness from them.

Captain Grose also furnishes another curious instance of parsimony in the character of a person, not long deceased,* whose memory will long be remembered for the distinguished preference which he gave in his last will, to public charities, over his nearest relations. A very singular, and laugh-

after all other cherries had taken their farewell of England. This secret he performed by straining a tent, or cover of canvass, over the whole tree, and wetting the same, now and then with a scoop or horn, as the heat of the weather required; and so, by withholding the sun beams from reflecting upon the berries, they grew both great, and were very long before they had gotten their perfect cherry colour; and when he was assured of her majesty's coming, he removed the tent, and a few sunny days brought them to their full maturity.

The Park is still famous for walnut trees. The manor house, situated near the church, is built of brick, and occupies three sides of a square. It was rebuilt in its present form in 1709. The great door of the hall, has a curious antient lock, richly wrought; a shield with the arms of England, moving in a groove, conceals the key-hole. In this hall is the portrait of a lady, falsely shewn as Queen Elizabeth; a small room, adjoining to the hall retains the ancient pannels, with mantled carvings; over the chimney is a small portrait of the Carews, surrounded by a pedigree. Another room has several portraits of the Hacket family; particularly one of Bishop Hacket, by Sir Peter Lely. In the parlour, at the north-end of the hall, are some other family portraits, among which is one of Sir Nicholas Carew, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry the VIII. In the aisles of the church, which is a beautiful Gothic pile, are several stalls, after the manner of cathedrals, having formerly belonged to Merton Abbey.

* From a note by the late Isaac Reed, Esq. to the author's copy of Andrews's anecdotes, it would appear that this singular personage was, a Mr. Russel, of Bermondsey.

A subsequent portion of the author's life is interestingly connected with the preceding events, and in fulfilment of the assertion already made in his title page, he hopes to create a lively interest with regard to those letters, even at the present day : he has only to entreat his readers patience, to follow him throughout his history, and the chain of corroborative evidence respecting them ; and he feels convinced that the particulars he has to relate, will be productive of a gratification similar to that which he has himself experienced.

In this year died W. Guthrie, author of the history of the world, a dull and heavy book, worth little more than waste paper ; but the Geography under his name has been eminently successful, particularly after it was edited by Ferguson : a bookseller's trick was practised in Ireland, by issuing a *Gazetteer* under his name, which Guthrie never wrote or compiled.

About the period of Guthrie's death, the executors of Mr. Millar, (a celebrated bookseller,) obtained an injunction against Mr. Taylor, a bookseller, at Berwick upon Tweed, for the sale of a pirated edition of Thompson's *Seasons*, and Mr. Millar having been the sole proprietor of that inimitable production, his executors obtained a perpetual injunction. It is rather remarkable, that another, and more celebrated historian, Tobias Smollet, author of the *History of England*, and *Continuator of Hume*, died in the same year with Guthrie ; but perhaps he was as inferior to Hume, as Guthrie was to Smollet. Dr. Mark Akenside, author of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, &c. died this year ; as did poor Chatterton, the youthful and ill-fated poet of Bristol. George Whitfield, a Calvinistic Methodist, also died in 1770, at Newberry Port in America, he was the original founder of the great chapel in Tottenham Court road, which has recently been sold by auction for £8000.

In 1771, Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Horne had a literary war, which is humorously alluded to in the chorus, of an heroic ballad, entitled "the renowned history and rare achievements of John Wilkes, which runs thus,

JOHN WILKES, he was for Middlesex,
 They chose him knight of the shire;
 And he made a fool of Alderman BULL,
 And call'd parson HORNE a liar.

In another place, it is thus alluded to—

“For love of Parson HORNE’s* laced coat
 JOHN—stole away his wardrobe. †

In this year, according to a modern chronologist, “An important question was canvassed in parliament, concerning the privileges of the house of commons.” The newspaper printers had been in the practice of printing the member’s speeches under their respective names; many of them were spurious productions, and in opposition to the orders of the house.

A complaint having been made by a member against two of those publishers, an order was issued for their appearance, with which they refused to comply; when another order was sent with no better success. One of the publishers was then taken into custody by the speaker’s warrant, and carried before Alderman Wilkes and the Lord Mayor Crosby, by whom he was discharged. The anger of the house was then directed against the city magistrates, and many measures resorted to: but the contest terminated in favour of the publishers, who have ever since continued to report the proceedings of parliament and the speeches of the members without opposition. In a more advanced portion of this work, many pleasant anecdotes will be related on this subject. Among the reporters, Mr. Woodfall was considered as the first and most celebrated. The last letter he ever wrote, was to the author, a fac simile of which will appear in its proper place.

Gray the celebrated poet, died in 1771, as did also the naturalist Linnæus.

* Mr. Horne at this time, did not take the name of Tooke. The author has to avert to that change hereafter.

† The articles comprised in this clerical Wardrobe, for the satisfaction of the curious reader is subjoined:

One suit of scarlet and gold	cloth
One suit of white and silver	ditto.
One suit of blue and silver	camblet
One suit of flowered silk	
One suit of black silk	
One black surcoat	

These many coloured canonicals, are said to have been entrusted to the custody of Mr. W. in May 1767, and Mr. H. charged him with having pledged them in Paris, for necessaries, in the September following.

In 1772, an interesting decision was given in favour of Somerset a negro slave, whose cause, the literary, talented and philanthropic Granville Sharpe, took up and carried through the superior courts, from having seen him chastised by his master, in the public street; up to that period, to the disgrace of many, negro servants were treated as slaves; but from the settled point obtained by Mr. Sharpe, judgment was given, that any person, of whatever complexion, should in future be considered as *free* from the *moment* they set *foot* upon *English ground*.

The author felt peculiar pleasure about thirty years since, at being introduced to Mr. Sharpe. In this year, 1772, Henry Cromwell, great-grandson to Oliver Cromwell, died. In 1773 the great traveller, Mr. Bruce, returned in safety to Egypt, from his journey through Abyssinia, to the source of the Nile. The author (who digresses,) saw this athletic traveller, at a subsequent period in England, previously to the publication of his travels, which were originally in five ponderous volumes. His work gave rise to "*Gulliver revived, or the travels of Baron Munchausen,*" written by Mr. St. John, of Oxford, in a vein of irony upon Bruce, who, after exploring the most dangerous and distant climes, met with an accidental death at home. Stephen Jones, a literary friend of the author, gives the following account of him—"James Bruce of Kinnaird, near Falkirk, in Scotland, a celebrated traveller of Abyssinia; who, after having encountered innumerable perils in distant regions, in search of the source of the river Nile, met an untimely death by a fall down a stair case, at his seat at Kinnaird, April 1794. The accounts of his travels, which occupied near the space of six years, from 1768 to 1773, abound with events so extraordinary, present instances of perseverance and intrepidity so wonderful, that were it the production of a man whose character was less disputable, it would appear to be the fabrication of a romantic brain. From the discoveries of Mr. Bruce, however, Geography has received material improvements; and, that natural history has acquired new and valuable information, is attested by the celebrated French naturalist, Count de Buffon,

in an advertisement prefixed to the third Volume of his history of Birds." Since Mr. Jones's account of thirty years ago, the name of Bruce, has continued to gain additional fame from his travels, and many circumstances which he related that were deemed almost fabulous, have been proved to be facts.

In 1773, Foster Powell, the celebrated pedestrian, walked from London to York in six days. (The author saw him enter London after a similar walk in 128 hours, about twenty-five years after the above period.) In this year (1773,) the use of coffee was prohibited by the Landgrave of Hesse-Castle,* and a Schoolmaster having transgressed this law, was found guilty, banished and condemned to hard labour. During this year Lord Chesterfield, author of the celebrated letters to his son, (Philip Stanhope, Esquire,) died, as did also Dr. Hawkesworth, the author of several miscellaneous works, and editor of Captain Cook's voyages round the world.

In 1774, Mr. Wilkes was elected Lord Mayor of London, The transitions and vicissitudes he experienced were so numerous, that we barely present an outline of him, as drawn (we suspect) by the literary and talented Alexander Chalmers, Esq., which states that this gentleman was introduced to public notice, under the patronage of Richard, late Earl Temple, and was for some time Colonel of the Buckingham militia. Ruined with respect to fortune, he commenced as political writer against the Earl of Bute, and instituted the periodical paper of the North Briton, before alluded to. For the celebrated No. 45, of that paper, in which a speech of the King, at the close of a session in parliament, was freely discussed. Mr. Wilkes was prosecuted by the administration of Mr. Geo. Grenville; and the Essay on Woman, a licentious and obscene composition, of which a few copies had been privately printed, but which was never intended for the public eye, being discovered, he was expelled from the house of commons, obliged to fly the kingdom, and declared an outlaw. The friends to whom Mr. Wilkes had been introduced by Earl Temple were, among others the Duke of Grafton, the

Earls of Chatham and Sandwich, and Lord le Despenser; and Mr. Wilkes was not sparing of his invective against these noblemen, for having deserted him in so critical a situation. He was followed in exile by his friend, the celebrated Charles Churchill, who died during his journey. Mr. Wilkes also commenced during his residence in France, an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Andrew Baxter, author of the enquiry into the nature of the human soul, who professes in a dedication to the third volume of that work, to have derived great information in the most abstruse points of metaphysical controversy from the conversation of his friend.

In the affair of his banishment, Mr. Wilkes was the occasion of bringing into question the business of general warrants and of ultimately gaining an important point in favour of the popular part of our constitution. Having suddenly returned to England at the time of the general election, 1763, it was again his fortune to involve the country in a great constitutional question, respecting the right of election. Mr. Wilkes was an unsuccessful candidate to represent the city of London, but was immediately after elected by the freeholders of Middlesex. By the absurd policy of the administration, he was three times expelled from the house of commons, and being as often re-elected by the county, they thought proper, finally to accept a candidate (Col. Luttrell,) whose number of votes fell short of Mr. Wilkes's in the proportion of near five to one. The publications of this celebrated politician, besides those we have mentioned, have been principally, an introduction to a History of England written in 1768, and Speeches delivered at the house of commons. His Correspondence has been subsequently published.

In the year of Mr. Wilkes's Mayoralty, his old opponent, the Rev. John Horne, was ordered to appear at the bar of the house of commons, for a breach of privilege voted against him by the house, for publishing a letter addressed to the speaker of that house, inserted in the Public Advertiser. The printer was ordered to attend, which he accordingly did, and gave up the Rev. Mr. Horne, as the writer. Mr. Horne was then ordered to appear, and upon his compliance, he

was then ordered to appear, and upon compliance, he demanded to have evidence brought against him, when there not being any but the printer, who was in custody, he was discharged. That gentleman was subsequently famous, and known by the name of John Horne Tooke. Anecdotes of him will appear in our future pages.

In this year, (1774,) the new excise office was built on the site where Gresham college stood. The author's affinity to the family of Sir Thomas Gresham (founder also of the royal exchange) will be alluded to in its proper place. The celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, of popular poetic and dramatic fame, and Henry Baker, the natural philosopher, died in 1774.

In 1775, the two Perreaus, twins, were executed for forgery, at Tyburn. The notorious Mrs. Rudd, who appeared to be so much implicated in that transaction, died many years afterwards, in great distress; as did also her husband. She was said to be the authoress of the "Belle Widows," a novel. Her husband wrote for several periodicals; and afterwards for the law stationers. In this year Campbell the historian, died. The Stationers Company's injunction against Mr. Carnan for printing Almanacks, was dissolved. Carnan was an eccentric and singular character. Upon obtaining his victory over the stationers company, he drove repeatedly, in triumph, round St. Paul's church yard and through Pater-noster row, in his lofty phæton and pair. Mr. Carnan was successor to the good and great Newberry, well known to the children of the last century, as the publisher of Tom Thumb's folios. He was also the first publisher of Goldsmith's Traveller, Deserted Village, and his Vicar of Wakefield; for one of these publications, (we believe the Traveller,) he had given to *Goldsmith* so large a sum that the Doctor said he thought "it would be ruinous to the poor man," and sent him back half his purchase money—this however the Bibliopolist generously refused to accept of.

Mr. Carnan was succeeded by Power and Hancock, the former gentleman became an eminent wine merchant, and

the concerns have recently become the property of two spirited and enterprising booksellers, (Hurst and Chance,) who have made that house once more a celebrated depot for some of the brightest gems of the graphic and typographic Art.

In 1776, Mr. Garrick, took his farewell of the stage; after having a short time before disposed of his share in the theatre, to Mr. Sheridan and others for £35,000. This year was very prolific in literary productions of merit; for in the course of it appeared Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Gibbon's decline and fall of the Roman Empire, Dr. Priestley's observations on the blood, and Macpherson's *History of Great Britain*, and original state papers. In the same year died David Hume, the celebrated Historian, and Dr. Maty, Librarian to the British Museum, and Editor of a Review, published for many years after his death, under the title of *Maty's Review*. Thomas Weston a noted comedian, and John Harrison, the inventor of the time keeper, also died in 1776, the former constantly played with Garrick, with eclat, the latter did not survive to witness the extent of his researches in attempting to produce perpetual motion.

In 1777, the late Mr. Colman or as the present Mr. Colman styles him, (in the preface to his *Iron Chest*)—"George Colman the elder, translator of the comedies, of Terence" purchased the Haymarket theatre of Mr. Foote, for an annuity. Foote, as well as his successors, the Colmans, was an extraordinary and talented man; his sharpness at repartee; and his contest with Miss Chudleigh, afterwards Dutchess of Kingston, will never be forgotten. His having one of his plays, (the *Minor*,) suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain, produced a curious interview with the then Archbishop of Canterbury. The character of Mother Cole, in the *Minor*, and in fact the play altogether were considered objectionable; upon this occasion Foote waited upon his grace with an altered copy, and asked him if he would be good enough to suggest further alterations—No Mr. Foote, replied his grace—it shall not be said that Mr. Foote brought out a second edition of his "*Minor*," revised and corrected by the *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

A melancholy event occurred on the 22nd of April, 1777. the Rev. Dr. Dodd, was found guilty of forging a bill for £4,200 upon his pupil Lord Chesterfield. He was convicted and executed on the 27th of the following month, (May;) and the author perfectly recollects with what an emotion he heard vociferated in his native Village the speech Dr. Dodd had made at the place of execution. As perhaps many of our readers may not have read this speech addressed to the judge and to the ordinary of Newgate, which was said to have been partly written by the celebrated Dr. Johnson, we present it entire.

The sessions being ended at the old Bailey Dr. Dodd was brought to the bar, when the clerks of the arraigns addressed the Doctor as follows “ Doctor William Dodd, what have you to say why judgement to die should not be passed upon you according to law.” The Doctor then addressed himself as follows :

MY LORD,

“ I now stand before you a dreadful example of human infirmity. I entered upon public life with the expectation common to young men, whose education has been liberal, and whose abilities have been flattered—and when I became a clergyman, considered myself as not impairing the dignity of the order. I was not an idle, nor I hope, an useless minister. I taught the truths of christianity with the zeal of conviction, and the authority of innocence. My labours were approved—my pulpit became popular—and I have reason to believe, that of those who heard me, some have been preserved from sin, and some have been reclaimed. Condescend, my Lord to think, if these considerations aggravate my crime, how they must embitter my punishment.

“ Being distinguished and elated by the confidence of mankind, I had too much confidence in myself; and thinking my integrity what others thought it, established in sincerity, and fortified by religion, I did not consider the danger of vanity, nor suspect the deceitfulness of my own heart.

The day of conflict came, in which temptation surprised and overwhelmed me! I committed the crime, which I ea-

treat your Lordship to believe that my conscience hourly represents to me in its full bulk of mischief and malignity.—Many have been overpowered by temptation, who are now among the penitent in Heaven !

“To an act, now waiting the decision of vindictive justice, I will not presume to oppose the counterbalance of almost thirty years (a great part of the life of man) passed in exciting and exercising charity ; in relieving such distresses as I now feel ; in administering those consolations which I now want. I will not now otherwise extenuate my offence than by declaring—what many circumstances make probable—that I did not intend to be entirely fraudulent. Nor will it become me to apportion my own punishment, by alleging that my sufferings have not been much less than my guilt. I have fallen from reputation, which ought to have given me content. I am sunk at once into poverty and scorn ; my name and my crime fill the ballads in the streets ; the sport of the thoughtless, the triumph of the wicked.

It may seem strange, my lord, that remembering what I have lately been, I should still wish to continue what I am. But contempt of death how speciously soever it might mingle with heathen virtues, has nothing suitable to christian penitence. Many motives impel me earnestly to beg for life.—I feel the natural horror of a violent death, and the universal dread of untimely dissolution. I am desirous to recompense the injury I have done to the clergy, to the world and to religion ; and to efface the scandal of my crime, by the example of my repentance. But above all, I wish to die with thoughts more composed, and calmer preparation. The gloom and confusion of a prison ; the anxiety of a trial ; the horrors of suspense ; and the inevitable vicissitudes of passion, leave not the mind in a due disposition to the holy exercise of prayer and self-examination. Let not a little life be denied me, in which I may, by meditation and contrition, prepare myself to stand at the tribunal of Omnipotence ; and support the presence of that judge, who shall distribute to all according to their works ; who will receive to pardon the re-

pening sinners; and from whom the merciful shall obtain mercy!

“For these reasons, my lord, amidst shame and misery, I wish yet to live; and most humbly implore that I may be commended by your lordship to the clemency of his Majesty.”

Here he sunk down, quite overwhelmed with agony, and after some little time, the Recorder spoke to him as follows:

“Dr. William Dodd,

You are convicted of the crime of uttering a bond as true, knowing the same to be forged: you have had a very fair candid trial, and every opportunity of exculpating yourself the law can give you. You, yourself, have admitted the crime which you have committed, and I am glad to see the contrition and sorrow which you express for the same, which is the best preparation you can make for the dreadful consequence:—It would therefore be highly improper for me to enlarge upon the heinousness of the crime which you so fully acknowledge. But one thing I could wish you to avoid, that is every attempt, to palliate or extenuate a crime of such magnitude. Your education, abilities, rank in life, and above all, your sacred function, are the circumstances that aggravate the matter, and spread the pernicious effects of the bad example among mankind. By no means, therefore, go about to extenuate your crime, but prepare yourself for the awful event. It remains, therefore, only for me to perform the painful task of passing the sentence upon you which the law has provided, that is, You, Dr. William Dodd, are to be taken to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of Execution, where you are to be hanged till you are dead, and so the Lord have mercy upon your soul!”

The unhappy Divine then retired with tremblings, groaning with unutterable anguish, and exclaiming in the most lamentable moanings, “Lord Jesus receive my soul.”

The following gentlemen attended Dr. Dodd in Court; the Rev. Mr. Butler, Dr. Cogan, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Hatcher, Mr. Denham, and Mr. Hawes.

It appears that Lord Chesterfield was somewhat reviled at the time, for giving evidence against Dr. Dodd, who had de-

clared to him his intention of making good the amount ; but it also appears that his lordship, under some pretence, had quitted his room, and left the fatal instrument under Dr. Dodd's controul thus giving him the opportunity of destroying the bill in question. Notwithstanding petitions in his favour, measuring many yards, were signed by thousands of persons of the first consequence, it could prove of no avail, as the two unfortunate Perreaus had been recently executed for a similar crime.

Dr. Dodd's last solemn declaration which he delivered to the ordinary of Newgate, at the place of execution, on the 27th May, 1777, was as follows :—

“ To the words of dying men regard has always been paid. I am brought hither to suffer death for an act of fraud, of which I confess myself guilty with shame, such as my former state of life naturally produces, and I hope with such sorrow as he to whom the heart is known, will not disregard. I repent that I have violated the laws by which peace and confidence are established among men ; I repent that I have attempted to injure my fellow creatures, and I repent that I have brought disgrace upon my order, and discredit upon religion ; but my offences against God are without name or number, and can admit, only of general confession and repentance.—Grant Almighty God, for the sake of Jesus Christ, that my repentance, however late, however imperfect, may not be in vain.

“ The little good that now remains in my power, is to warn others against those temptations by which I have been seduced, I have always sinned against conviction, my principles have never been shaken, I have always considered the christian religion as a revelation from God, and its divine Author as the Saviour of the world, but the laws of God, though never disowned by me, have often been forgotten. I was led astray from religious strictness by the delusion of show, and the delight of voluptuousness. I never knew or attended to the calls of frugality, or the needful minuteness of painful economy. Vanity and pleasure into which I plunged, required expence, disproportionate to my income ;

expense, brought distress upon me, and distress importunate distress urged me to temporary fraud.

For this fraud I am to die; and I die, declaring in the most solemn manner, that however I have deviated from my own precepts, I have taught others to the best of my knowledge, and with all sincerity the true way to eternal happiness. My life, for some few unhappy years past, has been dreadfully erroneous; but my ministry has been always sincere. I have constantly believed, and I now leave the world solemnly avowing my conviction that there is no other name under heaven by which we can be saved, but only the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom my sins may be forgiven, and my soul received into his everlasting kingdom.

WILLIAM DODD.

Several years ago, the Doctor and Mrs. Dodd went on a pleasurable jaunt to Bristol. Whilst they were there, it was usual with them to ride out in the morning for the benefit of the air, in the outskirts of the town. In one of these excursions they met a flock of gipsies who surrounded them, and begged they might lay open to them the future incidents of their lives.

Mrs. Dodd was for complying to their humour, not through any reliance upon their predictions, but merely to divert herself with a little harmless merriment. Accordingly she told one of the Sybils that she might begin her prognostications. The Doctor, all this time, heard with silent disapprobation, the researches of the old hag, who was trumping up a long string of fortunate events that were to happen to his wife. But when the dame had finished, and was going to proceed with a solution of the Doctor's destiny, he could no longer keep his patience: but in very severe terms reprehended the insolence of the woman in interrupting him, and amusing his wife with a jargon of ridiculous stories. The gypsies however continued to entreat; the Doctor in a tone of anger, persisted in his refusal to hear a syllable of the pretended disclosure.

Mrs. Dodd paid the gypsies something; the Doctor having had no consideration, they consequently had no demand upon him. One of the gypsies, when the chaise moved, bawled out, "since you will not give anything I'll tell you your fortune for nothing. You seem to carry your head very high now, but it will be raised higher yet before you die, for you will be hanged." The Doctor was so far from paying any serious attention to what the woman said, that the same day he related the affair to Sir Richard Temple and his Lady, with whom he dined, in such a vein of ridicule and pleasantry, that it created no small degree of mirth among the company present.

Some time afterwards, the Doctor and Mrs Dodd going together with Mr. Angelo and several others in the packet from Dover to Calais, a violent storm arose, and the passengers were under dreadful apprehensions of being cast away. Doctor Dodd, who thought there was danger, in order to cheer up the drooping spirits of the company very facetiously said, "you may be assured that no harm will arise; for as *I* am to be hanged, *you* cannot be drowned."

The few following passages are selected from the convict's address to his unhappy bretheren, delivered in Newgate on Friday the 6th of June 1777, by Dr. Dodd.

"To teach others what *they must do to be saved*, has long been my employment and profession. You see with what confusion and dishonour I stand before you—no more in the pulpit of instruction, but on this humble seat with yourselves. You are not to consider me now as a man authorised to form the manners, or direct the conscience, and speaking with the authority of a pastor to his flock; I am here guilty, like yourselves, of a capital offence; and sentenced like yourselves, to public and shameful death. My profession, which has given me stronger convictions of my duty than most of you can be supposed to have attained, and has extended my views to the consequences of wickedness farther than your observations may have reached, has loaded my sin with peculiar aggravation, and I entreat of you to join your prayers with mine, that my sorrow may be

proportionate to my guilt !

“ I am now like yourselves, enquiring—*what must I do to be saved ?* and stand here to communicate to you what that enquiry suggests. Hear me with attention my fellow prisoners, and in your melancholy hours of retirement, consider well what I offer to you from the sincerity of my good will, and from the deepest conviction of my heart.

“ Salvation is promised to us christians on the terms of *faith, obedience and repentance*. I shall therefore endeavour to show how, in the short interval between this moment and death, we may exert *faith* perform *obedience* and exercise *repentance* in a manner which our heavenly Father may, in his infinite mercy vouchsafe to accept.”

The unfortunate Divine then proceeds to explain and enforce the above duties ; for his arguments on which heads the reader is referred to the Pamphlet itself ; and we shall only add here the following sentiments of this gentleman on the repentance of persons in the unhappy situation of himself and his fellow prisoners.

“ Our repentance is like that of other sinners on the death bed ; but with this advantage, that our danger is not greater, and our strength is more. Our faculties are not impaired by weakness of body. We come to the great work not withered by pains nor clouded by the fumes of disease, but with minds capable of continued attention, and with bodies of which *we* need have no care ! we may therefore better discharge this tremendous duty, and better judge of our own performance.

Of the efficacy of a death bed repentance many have disputed ; but we have no leisure for controversy. Fix in your minds this decision “ Repentance is a change of the heart, of an evil to a good disposition.” When that change is made repentance is complete. God will consider that life as mended if he had spared it. Repentance in the sight of man, even of the penitent, is known but by its fruit ; but the Creator sees the fruit, in the blossom or the seed. Such were the last statements of this eminent man.

On the 1st of July 1777, came on in the court of King's Bench, before Lord Mansfield and a special Jury at Guild-hall, an extraordinary cause, wherein Mr. Hayes, Surgeon, was plaintiff, and Jacques——Broker defendant. The plaintiff had paid the defendant one hundred guineas, for which the defendant had signed a policy of insurance, to pay the plaintiff seven hundred guineas whenever he could prove that the chevalier D'Eon was a female. Mr. Buller opened for the plaintiff, and concluded he should prove *he* was a woman, which occasioned much laughter.

Mr. Wallace opened the cause, and though he said he could not go so far as his friend required, he should prove that the person called the chevalier D'Eon was a woman.

Two French Medical Men were called on to prove that from their own certain knowledge and observation, the chevalier D'Eon is a female; and one of these gentlemen could not speak a word of English, therefore Monsieur De Morande was called to be his interpreter. This gentleman had previously undergone a very long examination himself, and after much ceremony, circumlocution, and relation of presumptive circumstances, proved the last demonstration—that he was sure she was a woman. The other gave positive proofs of the same, by relating particulars too indelicate for us to mention.

Mr. Mansfield, on the part of the defendant, pleaded, that this was one of those gambling incidents and unnecessary cases, that ought never to be permitted to come into a court of justice, that, besides the inutility and indecency of the case, the plaintiff had unfairly taken in his client, being in possession of intelligence that enabled him to lay with greater certainty, although with such great odds on his side; that the plaintiff, at the time of laying the wager, knew that the court of France treated with the chevalier as a woman, to grant her a pension; and that the French Court must have some very strong circumstances, to imbibe the idea, therefore he hoped the jury would reprobate such fraudulent wagers. The defendant's counsel did not attempt to contradict the plaintiff's evidence, by proving the masculine gender.

Mr. Wallace in reply observed, that the defendant thought it no indecent thing to take a hundred guineas of his client, and sign a policy, and to keep the money three or four years, leaving the plaintiff under the *onus probandi*, the difficulty of proving the sex in question : that even since the institution of the suit, he had not thought proper to pay into the court the hundred guineas, but had prudently kept all the money, trusting to the impracticability of the proof ; but now it was come to the proof, truly it was indecent. It would not have been indecent to let him keep the money. that so far from the plaintiff being in possession of certain intelligence about the wager, he had sold Baron Nollekin a moiety of his chance, upon the same terms he had laid, eleven or twelve months after signing the policy, which he would not think of doing if he had been sure of winning.

Lord Mansfield, with his usual delicacy and precision, expressed his abhorrence of the whole transaction, and the more so, their bringing it into a court of justice, when it might have been better settled elsewhere ; wishing it had been in his power, in concurrence with the jury, to have made both parties lose ; but as the law has not expressly prohibited it, and the wager was laid, the question before them was—*Who had won ?* His Lordship observed, that the indecency of the proceeding arose more from the unnecessary questions asked, than from the case itself ; that the witnesses had declared, they perfectly knew the Chevalier D'Eon to be a woman. If she is not a woman they are certainly perjured. There is therefore, no need of enquiring how and by what methods they knew it, which was all that was wanted to be known.

As to the fraud suggested, of the plaintiff's knowing more than the defendant, he seemed to think there was no foundation for it. His lordship then recited a wager entered into by two gentlemen, in his own presence, about the dimensions of the Venus of Medicis, for a 100 pounds. One of the gentlemen said—" I will not deceive you ; I tell you fairly, I have been there and measured it myself." " Well says

the other, and do you think I would be such a fool as to lay, if I had not measured it?—I will lay for all that.”

This short anecdote, accompanied by a facetious pointed manner of telling it, set the whole court which was very full, into one universal fit of hearty laughter and good humour, beyond all that the indelicate part of the trial had done. His lordship then went on with becoming dignity to state to the jury, that this chevalier had publicly appeared as a man, had been employed by the court of France as a man, as a military man, in the civil office, and as a minister of state here and in Russia: that there was all the presumption against the plaintiff, and the *onus probandi* lay upon him, which might never have been come at; for it appeared, the only proposition of a discovery of sex that had been made to the chevalier, by some gentlemen upon an excursion, had been resented by D'Eon, who had instantly quitted their company on that account, it might therefore have never been in his power to have proved his wager, but for some accidental quarrels between D'Eon and some of her countrymen.

His lordship was therefore of opinion that the jury would find a verdict for the plaintiff. The jury, without going out of court, after consulting about two minutes, gave a verdict for the plaintiff of seven hundred pounds and forty shillings.

Lord Mansfield seemed to think that the court of France knew not the secret respecting her sex, until the demise of the late king; but the French ministry knew D'Eon to be a woman. It was known to many of them, that she had appeared in her true female capacity at the court of Russia. Having recognized her as *Charge des Affaires* at the court of London, it would not have comported with the dignity of France, to have entrusted that nation to the management of a woman. This accounts for the secrecy observed by France on the occasion.

Besides the seven hundred pounds given by the verdict to Mr. Hayes, he recovered three thousand pounds on other policies. Immense sums in policies were depending on the above suit.

In the early part of the year 1777, the Rev. John Horne was tried and found guilty of writing and publishing an advertisement, stating that his Majesty's troops at Lexington, in America, had committed murder. He was in consequence, sentenced to one year's imprisonment, two hundred pounds fine, and to find security for his good behaviour for three years.

The author having the original advertisement in his common place book, taken from the London Evening Post of January 1777, inserts it from the circumstance of keeping up the feature of Mr. Horne's political life.

Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, came on in Guildhall, before Lord Mansfield and a special jury, the trial of the Printer of the London Evening Post, on an information filed against him by the Attorney General, for printing and publishing, so far back as June 1775, the following advertisement.

“ King's Arms Tavern, Cornhill, June 7, 1775.

“ At a special meeting this day of several members of the Constitutional Society, during an adjournment,

“ A Gentleman proposed that a subscription should be immediately entered into (by such of the members present who might approve the purpose) for raising the sum of one hundred pounds, “ to be applied to the relief of the widows, orphans, and aged parents of our beloved American fellow-subjects, who, faithful to the character of Englishmen, preferring death to slavery, were, for that reason only, inhumanly murdered by the King's troops at or near Lexington and Concord, in the Province of Massachusetts, on the 19th of last April,”

“ Which sum being immediately collected, it was thereupon resolved.

“ That Mr. Horne do pay to-morrow into the hands of Mess. Brownes and Collison, on the account of Dr. Franklin, the said sum of one hundred pounds; and that Dr. Franklin be requested to apply the same to the above mentioned purpose.

JOHN HORNE.”

Mr. Buller opened on the side of the prosecution, by generally setting forth the substance of the record.

He was followed by Mr. Attorney General, on the same side, who reprobated in very severe and general terms the conduct of Newspapers ; said the publishers of them carried on an infamous trade of describing every respectable character in the kingdom they thought proper, in the most indecent and abusive terms ; he then stated the particulars of the advertisement which caused the prosecution, and called it a scurrilous and inflammatory libel on Government ; said it must be particularly designed as such, as it was worded in such a manner that it was impossible to mistake it for any thing else ; and he was sure the persons who wrote and published it could mean no other, and wish for no other at the time, than to call forth the attention of the legislature, which it was originally and obviously calculated to insult. After ringing the changes on this doctrine for about ten minutes, he called the witnesses on the side of the prosecution.

The first evidence was Joseph Morris, who only proved he bought the paper wherein the advertisement was contained, at No. 6, in the Old Bailey ; but on cross examination, could not say it was from Mr. Miller he bought it, or of his servant, or that he even so much as knew him.

The next evidence, Robert Harris, generally swore to Miller, or his order, paying the stamp duties, but could not swear that he paid them at the time, June 1775 ; on the contrary, he confessed, and was confirmed by a receipt produced in Court, that it was Robert Page who paid the duties at that time, and the receipts were given in his name.

Charles Edward Berresford swore to Miller's giving in a bond to the Stamp-Office, in conjunction with two others, for the payment of duties ; but this bond appeared to be given in the year 1768 ; whereas the advertisement for which Miller was prosecuted, was not inserted till June 1775, some time before which and since, it was given up by the other two evidences, the printer did not appear as the ostensible person, the receipts for the duties being given in the name of R. Page.

In the course of cross examination, he was asked whether Mr. Page had not given a subsequent bond to that of 1768 to the Stamp-office, which he positively denied.

This evidence being concluded, Mr. Leigh replied on the part of the defendant. He observed, it was stated on the side of the prosecution, that the advertisement for which Millar was prosecuted, arose from a wicked malicious intention, injurious to government, to all laws, and good order; but he contended, to prove this, it would be first necessary to establish that this was really, obviously the case; in all criminal prosecutions he said it was the *intention* alone constituted the crime, and gave it its complexion; and who can say, or suppose that this was the case with the printer? At the time that this advertisement appeared there was a very divided opinion respecting the description of the Americans; and some of the most respectable persons of this kingdom differed widely respecting the construction that is now put on this advertisement.

It came not as a paragraph of news, which in some respect would bring it home to the publisher, but it came in the form of an advertisement, not even originally to his paper, but after first being printed in others. He said, therefore, it would be a very hard circumstance if for every advertisement which should slip into a paper, with the *name of the author publicly at the bottom of it*, as in the present case, and which, in some respect, presupposes it would not be done without its being maturely considered, should be imputed to the printer as a *malicious & libellous act*. That in respect to the import of the advertisement, "arraigning the military at Lexington and Concord," it had been frequently done, without the least imputation to government, as was the case in St. George's-fields, which had been frequently arraigned as a murder. without carrying any implication upon government; and some persons stood their trials for the charge at the Old Bailey.

He then adverted to the nature of the evidence produced; here says he, is only proved the paper in question being bought at No. 6, in the Old Bailey: no body swears Miller sold it; no body swears Miller lives there; the only fact

comes out that J. Miller is at the bottom of the paper. The evidence respecting the bond likewise is equally inconclusive, as this bond was given in 1768 : whereas the information is laid in 1775, a kind of evidence, says Mr. Leigh, I hope not sufficient to convict a man of a great crime, as it cannot possibly be taken as a fair inference, that because a man published a paper seven years ago, he should publish the same within a year and a half.

The Attorney General in reply, said little more than to *freshen* the memory of the jurors in what he had said before ; except in reply to one part of Mr. Leigh's speech, when he said a *name* had been given at the bottom of the advertisement, which should screen the publisher. Here he observed, if he filed his information against that reverend gentleman, (meaning Mr. Horne,) it would be difficult to prove it, and he did not doubt, (speaking ironically) but that reverend gentleman, might say that he was traduced, he therefore thought it readier to his proof to apply to the printer at once.

The arguments being finished, Lord Mansfield, briefly recapitulated the *jut* of the evidence, told the jury, that it rested with their consciences to judge of the nature of the evidence, and publication, and bring in a verdict accordingly.

Upon which the jury, after conferring for some minutes, brought in the defendant Guilty.

The conviction principally turned on its being denied that a second bond in the name of R. Page, had been given to the Stamp-office, subsequent to that of 1768 ; whereas the fact is, a bond had been given to R. Page in 1773, when he became printer of the paper, as may be hereafter particularly proved.

Immediately after which came on the trials of Messrs. Wilkie, Randal, and Baldwin, for the publication of the same advertisement, and who were severally found guilty."

In the course of this year, 1777, Mr. Bowyer the celebrated printer, &c. Dr. Haller, author and physician, and Woodward, Foote and Fierville, three popular comedians, died—Peter Fierville lived to the advanced age of 107. A few months afterwards, (1778,) Yates and Brook sold the opera-house to Messrs. Harris and Sheridan for £22000 ! In the

same year the following celebrated characters died, viz. the great Earl of Chatham, Voltaire, Rousseau, Linnæus the naturalist, and Dr. John Gregory.

In 1779, the British stage lost its greatest attraction—the celebrated David Garrick : he died at the latter end of January, and was interred in Westminster Abbey with great funeral pomp and solemnity. The Rev. Doctor Ashe, author of an English Dictionary, also died this year ; the work would have done him great honour had he survived to finish it ; but its being slighted in the finishing by other hands, prevented its rising into celebrity ; he also wrote an Essay upon Education, and a short introduction to Lowth's Grammar. Dr. Armstrong, the Poet, and Dr. Wm. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, died in the same year, as did also the celebrated and caustic critic, Dr. Kenrick.

In 1780, Lord George Gordon presented a petition to parliament from the protestant association, for the repeal of the law in favour of the Roman Catholics ; and in less than six months afterwards he headed 50,000 men who presented their petition to the House of Commons, out of which arose the most alarming riots, in which several persons were killed, many were hanged, and numbers became intoxicated from drinking the spirits out of the channels in the streets, that flowed from Langdale's distillery in Holborn, which was attacked by the infuriate mob. Upwards of £20,000 damage was done to the public prisons ; and the author perfectly recollects there was scarcely a building in the town of Croydon and the neighbouring villages, but had the inscription of " No Popery " written upon it. The persons who had the care of the old palace at Croydon (in the Archbishop of Canterbury's jurisdiction) removed from alarm, and the author, then a school boy of ten years of age, daily expected a visit from the *mobility*. At the latter end of January, Lord George Gordon was arraigned for high treason, and acquitted. The planet of the Georgium Sidus was discovered in this year by Herschel.

In the following year, (1781) several of the proprietors and printers of the London Newspapers were visited with fines

and imprisonment for a libel on the Russian Ambassador.—Admiral Lord Hawke died in this year.

In 1782 the celebrated Mr. Grattan had the sum of £50,000 voted to him by the Irish Parliament, for the purchase of an estate that was settled upon him. Dr. Solander who sailed round the world with Captain Cooke and Sir Joseph Banks, died in 1782, also Mons. Bernouille, the great Swiss Philosopher, H. Home, Lord Kaimes, and the famous Hyder Ally. The talented Ryland the Engraver, was tried, found guilty and executed, for forgery; he was discovered from the name in his shoe, and was in the act of destroying himself as the officers entered the room. He was the last person that was hanged at Tyburn—His engravings, from the exquisite drawings of Angelica Kauffman were beautifully executed.

In 1783, the legislature instituted a prosecution against Governor Hastings, and Sir Thomas Rumbold, for extortion, peculation, and cruelty to the natives of the East Indies; and in this year General Washington gave up the command, and took leave of the American Army, and retired into private life, with the blessings of his countrymen, after a contest of Eight years war with England. The author perfectly remembers the peace of 1783, and the general illuminations upon that occasion. The silent attention which he paid to a village Politician from time to time, during the progress of the old American War, is now so strongly impressed upon his mind, and the character so appropriate to the sketch drawn by Hogarth (not included in his works) that we present it to our readers.

The expense incurred by the American war, amounted to £129,123,091.

In this year, 1783, died the celebrated John Dunning, Lord Ashburton, to whom the Letters of Junius have often been attributed, as well as to John Horne Tooke, but without foundation. That great anatomist, Dr. William Hunter, also died in the above year; and Prince Octavius, the eighth son of George III. The great French Philosopher, D'Alembert, and Euler the famous mathematician, likewise died in 1783.

In 1784, Charles Macklin the player, had £500 awarded to him by Lord Mansfield, from the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Lunardi ascended in the first balloon that went up in England; he ascended from the artillery ground, Moorfields. Charles Edward Louis Stewart, grandson to James II. died. Dr. J. Mills, president to the royal society, W. Whitehead, the poet laureat, and lastly on the 13th of December, Dr. Samuel Johnson, the Lexicographer, and great and powerful writer.

The author was much interested with the latter event, as it produced a conversation that caused his going to London and becoming a Bookseller. Several trades had been proposed to him, but he disliked them all; until his brother in announcing the death of Dr. Johnson, from Baldwin's Weekly Journal, exclaimed—that great man that I have so often seen is gone; and observing at the same time, that there was so much amusement, improvement, and instruction, to be derived from authors, books and booksellers, that he could never reconcile himself to any trade, but that of a bookseller, (in which business he had served five years.) This had a simultaneous effect on the author; a journey to London was determined upon, an opening occurred, the result of which, will form a variety of incident in the following pages. The author, however in closing the first and most uninteresting stage of his Recollections and Retrospect, up to the 14th year of his age, cannot take leave of his native village, without drawing a sketch of the principal character, who with his predecessors had for many years adorned it with a dignity, hospitality, and liberality, that, in that spot, appears to have died with their family.

The character and costume of John Parker, Esq. father of the late John Dewy Parker, Esq. has already been alluded to; that of his son was as follows:

John Dewy Parker, Esq. was highly educated, and intended for the bar; but his apparently affluent fortune, and his having to cultivate the extensive tract of upwards of 2,000 acres of the finest land in the county of Surrey, which belonged to him, caused him to give up all thoughts of the pro-

fession of the law; although it was believed that his father left him involved. He was gifted with a good education and high-minded feelings, was also a magistrate of the first order, and of great loyalty. A court leet was held at his mansion, at Waddon Court; and the society that joined the social board at this mansion, were of the first respectability, such as the distinguished agriculturists, Marshall, Arthur Young, &c. The celebrated Captain Grose, as we have before remarked, was a constant guest under the roof of Mr. Parker, indeed they were brother officers and Captains in the Surrey Militia. Parker raised a corps at his own expense; and his short squat figure was so similar to that of his friend Grose, that the annexed caricature of Grose, drawn by himself, as a captain accoutred according to the absurd order, of the commander, Lord O——w, was equally applicable to the figure of his friend.



Parker was as eccentric in his military, as in his private capacity. He raised a corps, composed of his own yeomanry. Military evolutions were performed with the utmost precision, upon the lawn surrounding his mansion. Some order or message from government, however, displeased him, upon which he loudly addressed his men, exclaimed, "my lads, I am no longer your commander, drew his sword from its scabbard, threw it up in the air, and disbanded his troop.

In his private character he was sometimes proud and austere, and even upon trifles, litigious; at other periods he was not only frank, open, amiable and kind; but also liberal to profusion. He was more careless, indolent, and indifferent in receiving his rents and other large sums of money due to him than he was in paying the constant and heavy demands upon him, both upon his estate and in the metropolis. From these circumstances his affairs became embarrassed, and the author's father, (at the risk of a large sum of money he had placed in his hands) pointed out the dangers to which he was exposed; a commission of Bankruptcy was soon after issued against him, which made a great noise in the law courts, and caused several trials in the making him a Bankrupt as a trader; it was however accomplished by subsequently proving that he made an immense quantity of bricks, for building and that he had sold the residue; this constituted him a trader, and he failed for nearly £50,000. His property was sold during his absence in France for upwards of £60,000; his creditors were paid in full, and he superseded the commission.

In his usual dress, his appearance was most grotesque. He wore an immense large flat topped cocked hat, with a long queue, descending below his waist. His boots were like boards, for they were made of thick boar skin, and his whip, of part of a bull's hide; sometimes he wore his amazing long white hair flowing over his shoulders; but in his military capacity had it shortened and tied as represented in the annexed spirited wood cut.

During his visits to London he associated with many literary characters, was fond of exploring the old book shops, and of

purchasing largely, solid works, upon General History,—Agriculture—Irrigation, &c.—He was also attached to, and well versed in several languages—Old Minshew's Dictionary of NINE LANGUAGES, was a great favourite of his, and he used to boast, that he almost intuitively *knew them all*.

On Parker's estate, upon the summit of one of the loftiest of the Surrey-hills, the ploughlands were divided from the sheep walks, by a land-mark formed of a fine cluster of fir and holly trees, planted by the author's father, in the year of the Scotch Rebellion, 1745.* They have however, many years since, from their exposed situation, been shivered with the wintry blast, but still retain a picturesque appearance. They stand between Lambert's Oaks, the seat of the Earl of Derby, and *Purley*, the farm house of the late Mr. Tooke, whose name was taken up by the late Rev. John Horne, at the wish of Mr. Tooke, who left him a handsome property, merely from an attachment formed from the lively and animated manners of Horne; at an early period, when each of them had hired chambers in one of the Inns of the law courts. It was at Tooke's country farm house, that John Horne Tooke, wrote his celebrated grammatical treatise, "*The Diversions of Purley*," a work that has ever since continued in high repute, and in great request. Some laughable incidents have occurred from its Title Page; certain *literary cockneys*, *country gentlemen* and *boarding school misses* have been caught by it, for instead of meeting with the light and airy *diversion* of a *novel*, a more solid mental treat, is in that work presented to them.

In writing the preceding Retrospect and Recollections in chronological order, and in the third person, it has been awkward enough; many unforeseen inconveniencies in using the term author, and clashing that term with other authors so

* In commemoration of this event, as a token of remembrance of an affectionate father, and from local attachment, I have preserved my favourite walking stick, cut from an holly tree in the above cluster. And as perhaps it may be as deserving a poetical strain as many other objects; it is probable the reader will be presented with a short effusion upon the subject, in a subsequent part of this work.

repeatedly and unavoidably referred to, will hereafter be avoided. An ingenious, familiar writer, M. Hutton, in the preface to his life, observes "that a man cannot speak of himself without running into egotism, but I have adhered to facts. Some writers, in speaking of themselves, appear in the third person; as the "*author*, the *recorder*, or the *writer of this narrative*; which seems rather far fetched. I see no reason why a man may not speak in the first, and use the simple *I*."

But without entering into the propriety of these methods, I have adopted the last. If I speak of myself, why not *from* myself? A raree-showman may be allowed to speak through a puppet, but it is needless in an author."

On the——day of December, 1784, having just turned my fourteenth year, I set out on foot, accompanied by my elder brother, upon a journey to London, with a view of being bound to the trade of a bookseller, and to the person with whom he had been several years. The distance was about eleven miles from my native village, which I left with all the unsophisticated feelings of a lad brought up in the country with the greatest tenderness. My mother, who had eleven children, and had bestowed rather an ill judged liberality upon my elder brother, (who had expended his own patrimony and drawn largely upon her) was not however, the less affectionate, and careful of me. The day was excessively severe, she caused me to be *doubly clad*, (even with two pair of small clothes) and I set off ere break of day. After walking to London, making the necessary arrangements, and exploring the city, seeing all the *lions* that came in our way; we proceeded to the *Tower* for the purpose of a real gratification in that way; from thence we returned to the city, proceeded to the *then* extreme end of the town westward, beyond Oxford-street, and at a late hour returned home on foot, the whole journey amounting to 36 miles. This was my first, and considering my age, a very severe trial, for my feet were blistered and the night so intensely cold, that it was with difficulty I could keep myself warm in walking. When I reached the cheerful fire side of my paternal roof, I was unable to answer the most *anxious* enquiries respect-

ing my *journey to the great metropolis*, which strange to say, in a village at so short a distance, was then thought as important, as though it were an hundred miles off.

After a few weeks had elapsed I repeated my journey and in the evening of January (1785,) passing over Blackfriars bridge, I could only just perceive St. Paul's with its dome towering amid the smoke and fog that surrounded it. As I proceeded to Paternoster-row, through a dark and narrow entry, (*London-house yard*) my mind was pervaded with a kind of awe at the gloomy appearance of the stores of literature before me.

The scene of action for my future exertions, was planted exactly facing the narrow entry, which I have since recalled a thousand times. It was a large old fashioned house, with a long range of low windows, which have undergone little change for the last century. The person who possessed it at this period, and for several years preceeding, was Thomas Evans, a considerable wholesale bookseller, and well known to the literary world, as the original publisher of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *London Packet*, the *Antiquarian Repertory*; and, of a periodical work under the title of the *London Review*, conducted by the caustic and celebrated Dr. Kenrick. Evans was also the publisher of the trial of Sir Thomas Rumbold, (who like W. Hastings, was termed the peculating governor of India) and of reports of the secret, and select committees of the House of Commons, which caused so much noise upwards of half a century ago. He subsequently published the principal works of the great Richard Watson, late Bishop of Landaff; but as I shall have much to notice respecting these and other personages, suffice it to say, I was placed here under the most agreeable and favourable auspices. From my early application to agricultural pursuits, my education was very limited, still I was passionately fond of reading, and in idea, conceived that I could almost swallow the contents of my employer's shelves. Being placed as is usual, upon *liking*, as it is termed, for a month or two previously to being bound an apprentice, an incident oc-



RICHARD WATSON.

BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

In^o Unkle's Lith. 26 So Mall Cork.

curred, characteristic of Alexander Chalmers, Esq. that great labourer in the field of literature. At that time it was usual for booksellers to take back the first number of any new work if not approved; Chalmers perceiving me a stranger, and of the young fry, placed his hand upon my head (now fifty years since) and exclaimed—Evans, “I suppose this is number one, if you do not approve of it you can return it.” Evans took his pinch of snuff, with his usual arch and sarcastic smile, and with an eye as piercing as that of a rattle snake, replied “just so,” however he was very kind to me, and I soon became a favourite. My natural bashfulness and timidity were so great, that I dreaded the idea of being sent out in the great mart of bustle and gay confusion, in which I frequently lost myself by missing some turnings, exploring others, and by being always unwilling to ask my way of any one. At home under the austere manners of Evans, I was not less timid, which even affected my writing—insomuch that as I gradually gained a little confidence, and my usual style of writing, my employer was astonished at what he conceived to be a *rapid improvement*, under his *discipline*, which had in reality retarded it. But I was firmly planted in the field of literature, and shall endeavour to delineate the variety of character and features of objects and persons that have from that period come under my notice.

I was approved by my employer, and bound as an apprentice in 1785, to Robert Colley, a freeman and liveryman of the Stationers Company, for the purpose of being free of that body, and of being turned over to Evans, who belonged to that of the *Musicians*, in which, from economy, he became free by purchase.

The gentleman that presided as Master of the Stationers Company at the period of my being bound, and who presented me with a bible (as is usual) and his best advice, was Alderman Wright, the eighty-seventh benefactor of the Stationers company, (from 1555 up to that period,) and of whom, the late venerable veteran in literature, John Nicholls, Esq. thus speaks, “This gentleman, (Alderman Thomas Wright) was

for upwards of 50 years in partnership with Mr. Gill, as a wholesale stationer in Abchurch-lane, and survived his partner only a fortnight. He died suddenly after taking a walk in his grounds, at Dulwich in Surrey, and without any previous complaint. He was attacked by an epileptic fit, and expired before any medical assistance could be procured. Alderman Gill was supposed to have amassed the sum of £300,000, and the fortune of Alderman Wright was supposed to have been equal, if not to a greater amount. They commenced business together, as stationers on London bridge, retained the most respectable characters, and were remarkable for great attention and frugality."

Mr. Wright was several years one of the common-council for Candlewick Ward, where he was elected Alderman, 1777. He was Sheriff in 1779, and Lord Mayor in 1785. In 1786 he presented to the Stationer's Company a large silver tea urn. He died April 7, 1798; and in his will, dated Nov. 24, 1794, he left £2000 to the company to which he was an ornament, for various beneficent purposes. His partner Alderman Gill, who was for many years one of the common council of the ward of Candlewick, and was in 1781 elected Alderman of Walbrook, during which year he also served the office of Sheriff. In 1785 he was elected treasurer of Christ's hospital, and served the office of Mayor in 1788, he died the 26th of March 1798, bequeathing by his will, *thirty shillings a year* to be added to Cater's dinner !!!—"He was, as may be imagined, very parsimonious, and if what I have heard currently reported be true, his wife was still more so.

Mr. Dalton, at a late period of the above business became an active partner, and a more amiable or more worthy character could not exist. He retired with a competence, and made way for Key and Sons, the present wealthy proprietors of this great concern. Quitting digression I return to my initiation, having now become a member of the body just alluded to, I shall endeavour to describe my initiation at home, after quitting the stationers hall. Reader imagine if you can the situation of a boy—giving a treat to his fellow appren-

tices, on the above occasion, and you may form some estimate of my importance. A grand supper provided, (dinner and dissipation not agreeing with the hours of business) at the table two chairs one fixed within the other, was placed for me, where being seated as the *noble grand* or president, with a smart looking cocked hat placed a-skance, till the supper was announced, it was with difficulty that I could summons a serious face or command it from others, until the music of knives, forks, and plates struck a tune of a more interesting nature than my own countenance.

Supper removed, the rosy god unlocked his purple store, and two immense bowls (the custom of that day) of negus and brandy punch graced the head and foot of the table.

Up to this period I had never tasted ardent spirits, except some brandy administered in a fever, and had scarcely drank half a dozen glasses of wine or punch in my life, and so great was my dread and horror of inebriety upon this alarming occasion, that it fortunately secured to me that great caution, and strong resolution of saying little among my noisy companions, which would alone preserve me from intoxication; I found by experience that I was right, and I might in a wordly sense exclaim, as BROOME does in a scriptural one "Silence is the first thing that taught us our *initiation* into sacred mysteries." Besides I had a serious warning from one of my companions, who like a character in the Spectator, "had been *initiated* into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty." I was aware that his time, talent and patrimony had vanished in his too fatal experience, and all must agree with the immortal poet, that "Providence would only *initiate* mankind into the useful knowledge of her treasures, leaving the rest to employ our industry."

The festive board being cleared, and the scene of revelry of "prenticed kings" having passed fairly time, I take my leave of it. It made a strong impression—and I never have forgotten it.

To return to my employer, Evans, he was a man of the most regular habits, possessed a strong natural understanding, was strictly honourable, rigidly punctual in business, and principle. His industry was as unceasing as his acuteness was ready and perspicuous. His remarks were generally bitter and sarcastic. Under the plain, simple and unadorned dress of the Quakers (to whom he was very partial, and by whom he was much respected,) he evinced much sound sense, and some pride.

His coat, waistcoat, and small clothes were universally cut from one piece of cloth. He dispensed with knee buckles, wore plain worsted stockings, plain steel shoe buckles, and a neat scratch wig covering as clear a head as most of his superiors in education and fortune could boast of. I frequently, in the language of Goldsmith "traced the day's disasters in his morning's face." Upon one occasion he cast his piercing black eye upon me while I was gazing into the window of a print shop, at another time he met me whistling; on the slightest forgetfulness or omission in business for months afterwards, he, with his satirical smile, accompanied with a *resentful* pinch of snuff, would exclaim—"No wonder at an omission, when a lad will gaze in a *print shop* or *whistle* in the *street*." This soon cured me of inattention; and after slaving six days in the week, I had the honour of being employed with him and others in checking his books on Sundays. One penny undercharged or overcharged to a country correspondent, was noted upon a large sheet of parchment, pointing out the page &c. to be corrected in the next invoice; his extreme punctuality procured him the best, and most select customers in England, Ireland and Scotland. He always kept a good account at the bank of England, where he was by some of the clerks, taken for his own porter, and used with the *prigs* as he termed them, enjoy their mistake, although he had at a former period of his life filled a similar capacity. He never suffered a banker's clerk to call twice, and was a strict disciplinarian. If any person in his establishment attempted to cut the string in opening a parcel, or to use a sheet of new brown paper in packing one, when an old one

would answer the purpose, they could not escape his severe censure. On one occasion, I recollect a poor fellow, David Jones, his porter, a countryman of his own, was tricked out of a parcel by two swindlers in the street; it amounted to about 8*£*. he made him pay for it at 2*£* per annum, although he had but 10*£* a year wages at the time: but he lived in the house until he had four times that amount, sported a powdered head and pig tail, black satin breeches, stone set knee buckles, silver shoe buckles, blue silk stockings, and frilled shirts, such was the foppery and frippery of "by gone days." The old French revolution, and the *poll*, or hair powder tax corrected these follies.

Of Mr. Evans, a still more faithful description (with one or two exceptions) has been drawn by the late John Nicholls, Esq. who thus speaks of him:—"Mr. Thomas Evans, who died July 2, 1803, aged 64, had been for some years a considerable bookseller in Paternoster-row, to which situation he advanced himself by industry and perseverance, as he had, in common with many other respectable characters who have trod in the same path, very little to boast of in point of origin; living, when he first came to town, with Mr. W. Johnston, a bookseller on Ludgate-hill, in the humble capacity of porter. He afterwards became publisher of the *Morning Chronicle* and *London Packet*, which introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Kenrick, Mr Macfarlane (author of the history of George III.) and several other literary characters, from whose friendship and conversation he obtained much valuable information. During the publication of the former of these papers, a paragraph appeared in it against Dr. Goldsmith, which so incensed the poet, that he was determined to seek revenge: and no fitter object presenting itself than the publisher, he was resolved all the weight should fall upon his back, accordingly he went to the office, (No. 54, Paternoster row,) cane in hand, and fell upon him in a most unmerciful manner. This Mr. Evans resented in true pugilistic style; and in a few moments the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was disarmed and extended on the floor, to the no small diversion of the by-standers. Mr. Evans next succeeded to the

business and connection of Messrs. Hawes, Clarke, and Collins, No. 32, Paternoster-row: the success he met with in this house is well known, and the youths who were bred up under his instruction, are now the ornaments of the profession. He had for some years retired from business. By his will, made two years before his death, he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to Mr. Christopher Brown, (late assistant to Mr. Longman and father of Mr. Thomas Brown, now a partner in that respectable house,) with whom he had continued on terms of the closest friendship for above forty years. A nephew of his was clerk in the house of Messrs. Longman and Co. To his wife, with whom he had not lived during the last five years, he bequeathed £40 a year, and also £20 a year to a niece. The cause of separating from his wife has been attributed to her partiality for one of her sons, who failed in business as a bookseller a few years ago in Paternoster-row, and afterwards was literally reduced to beggary, and died in the street a year and a half before his father: he had another son at sea. Mr. Evans requested in his will that he might be buried without coffin or shroud, and that the whole of his funeral expences should not exceed 40s."

Such is the statement of Mr. Nicholls, and which is correct, with one or two trifling exceptions, which I take the liberty of explaining, and of including a few additional particulars of an eccentric and extraordinary man.

Mr. Nicholls, in page 712 of vol. V. of his Anecdotes, corrects the principal error in his Statement, in vol. III. page 720, 721. The correction is as follows:—"Mr. Thomas Evans never had more than one son, who married, in 1790, a daughter of the second Mr. Archibald Hamilton. He commenced business for himself in his father's life time, which he ruined in a few years, deserted his family, and went to America; came back, and died in absolute distress."

The fact is, Evans notwithstanding his great industry, integrity, and apparently strong mind, had like all other men, his weak side—but the disappointment of great expectation centred in an only son and rendered more acute in pro-

portion to the partial fondness which he had always felt for him, must serve to throw a veil over much of his subsequent conduct, or at least to palliate the painful antipathies which were so strongly rooted in his mind, that no argument or interference of friends could ever remove them. His example is worthy of being noticed as a caution to every parent placed in a similar situation.

As regards my recollections respecting Mr. Evans and his family, as well as his literary and commercial connections, I have always felt a peculiar sensation, and so lively an interest in the variety of incidents attached to them and his friends, with my own vicissitudes, that I trust I shall be pardoned for entering into minutiae. At the time my brother was bound an apprentice to Evans, about the year 1778, his principal assistant was Mr. John Harris, a gentleman who had then been with him several years, possessing considerable ability, with every other requisite, in attention, expedition and perseverance, to acquire a fortune, and which has been realized. I believe, that after remaining with Mr. Evans for nearly fourteen years, he in compliance with his employer's wish settled for a short period, as a bookseller at Bury St Edmund's, but, from the activity of his disposition, and the energies of his mind, he soon became disgusted with so dull and inactive a life, compared with the extraordinary and necessary exertion required of a wholesale bookseller in Paternoster-row. At the period of his return, in 1785, my brother had left Evans, and I supplied the vacancy. Mr. Harris returned to his avocation as manager, *pro tempore*, but his disposition, and Evans's eccentric and positive habits, (added to a blind partiality to his son) but ill accorded. A separation took place, and for a short period, Mr. H. conducted the business of the late John Murray, (father of the present well-known bookseller of that name) a gentleman of good education and of considerable tact in that day, but being a man of strong passions, as well as of a strong mind, the irritability of the Scotchman (Murray) even surpassed that of the Welchman (Evans) and Mr. Harris.

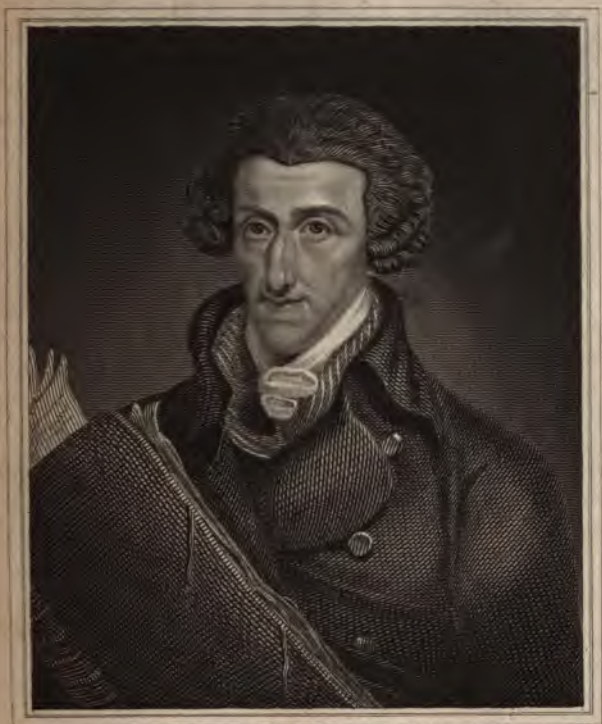
gladly made his retreat to a spot more congenial to his mind, which was the establishment of the late Mr. Francis Newberry, bookseller, at the west end of St. Paul's, who was, for several years, publisher of the Gentleman's Magazine, he died in January 8, 1780. His widow survived him many years, but retired from business which Mr. Harris having conducted for a length of time, succeeded to, and has retired from with an ample fortune, leaving the establishment to his son, the present Mr. John Harris, who can boast of one of the most respectable concerns, in its way, in the kingdom.

The person next in Mr. Evans's confidence to Mr. Harris, was the late Mr. Christopher Brown, before alluded to; a gentleman whom I have often been glad to see entering Evans's shop, to assist and get over the labours of what the booksellers term *Magazine Night*.—This, generally, on the last and first days of the month, brought on the hours of one or two o'clock in the morning, ere the packing of country orders was finished. In this arduous duty Mr. Brown assisted Mr. Evans for many years, on those pressing occasions, after the business of his employers establishment had ceased.

In a late publication, (*Tavern Anecdotes*) I gave a sketch of this gentleman, accompanied with a portrait, as I do in this. The account is as follows:—

The introduction of the portrait of the late Mr. Christopher Brown into this publication requires, perhaps some apology, or an explanation, without which justice would not be done to his character; for let it not be imagined that Mr. Brown was a wine bibber—an advocate for, or a frequenter of, taverns or coffee houses, merely from the circumstance of his having been secretary, for many years, of a respectable society, where several eminent tradesmen, particularly booksellers, retired after the fatigues and labours of the day, to unbend, over a bowl of Tabby's exquisite punch,* or a tankard of Whitebread's entire, at the Three

* Tabby, a famous punch-maker of that day, as the father of a late publisher of periodicals, and many other respectable booksellers; experienced, and whose fame perhaps caused the interest in so apparently trifling a house to sell for near £2,000.



Copied from the Original of Johannes Eckstein

MR CHRISTOPHER BROWN.

To the free & easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower.

This Portrait of MR BROWN their worthy Secretary.

is respectfully dedicated by their very humble Servt

JOHANNES ECKSTEIN.



Jolly Pigeons† that will be remembered as long as Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" shall be admired, and as long as that sign shall continue to have a Tony Lumpkin for its advocate.

† The Three Pigeons is situate in Butcherhall-lane, bounded by Christ Church and Snow-hill on the west, St. Martin's-le-Grand and Cheapside on the east, by Newgate-street, and Ivy-lane (where Dr. Johnson's club was held) and Paternoster-row (which we have already adverted to) on the South, and by Little Britain on the north: of the last mentioned, Washington Irving has given an admirable picture in his "Sketch Book," but, as he has not given a portrait of the last resident bookseller of eminence, in that ancient mart of bibliopolists, he has left us the pleasing task of performing an humble attempt in that way: but even we, who knew the character, are almost spared the trouble; for could the old literary frequenters of Button's and Wills' coffee houses again appear in human shapes, with their large wiry, white curled wigs, coats without a collar, raised hair buttons square perpendicular cut in front, with immense long hanging sleeves, covering a delicate hand, further graced by fine ruffles; a long waistcoat, with angled-off flaps, descending to the centre of the thigh, the small clothes slashed in front, and closed with three small buttons; with accurate and mathematically cut, square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with a large tongue, to prevent a small sized square silver buckle hurting the instep or soiling the fine silken hose, they would present an exact and faithful portrait of the late Edward Ballard, standing at his shop, at the *Globe*, over against the pump, in Little Britain. He was the last remaining bookseller of that school, if we except the late James Buckland, at the sign of the Buck, in Paternoster row, with one or two others, who put one in mind of Alexander Pope, in stature, size, dress, and appearance. The writer of this article recollects, when a boy, frequently calling at Ballard's shop, and purchasing various books, in a new and unbound state, when they were considered to be out of print, and some of them really scarce. This arose from the *obscurity* of the once celebrated Little Britain, and the great age of its last resident bookseller, who, till his demise, retained some shares and copyrights (notwithstanding he and his brother had sold the most valuable to Lintot,) in school and religious books; with the last remains of a stock, principally guarded and watched by an old faithful female servant, Mr. John Nicholls gives the following interesting account of the family.

"The Bullards of Little Britain, famed, for more than a century, as the supporters of literature, were noted for the soundness of their principles in church and state. The father of them was celebrated by John Dunton; [a]

[a] The original name, as appears by the auction catalogues, was Bullard,

Mr. Brown was of the old school of booksellers, and, perhaps, there never was an assistant, in any establishment, that possessed more assiduity and integrity, with an acuteness of feeling for the interest of his employer that could not be exceeded; it was unceasing for upwards of thirty years, and the business he got through, even at an advanced period of life, with clearness, precision, and expedition, was truly astonishing. The writer of this sketch remembers him, with all the early associations and pleasing recollections of that period of his life, above forty years back; and, even then, his thin spare form and bending figure would almost convey the idea that he was worn out by exertion. But it was otherwise, for his cheerfulness and exertions continued unabated for upwards of twenty years afterwards. It was owing to his natural cheerfulness, the suavity of his manners, and amiability of disposition, (to which was added a great portion of humour) that he was chosen a permanent secretary in the society of "*Free and Easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower*."* and never was there a society conducted with more decorum and prudence. It consisted of steady men of business, who

and, of the second grandson, there are a few Bibliomanists still living who recollect his integrity and civility. School-books and divinity catalogues were their particular forte. The father, Samuel, who was many years deputy of the ward of Aldersgate Within, died August 27, 1761. The only son Edward, died January 2, 1796, at the age of 88, in the same house in which he was born. He had out-lived his mental faculties, and for some time used to be carried about in a chair. He was the last of the profession in Little Britain, once the grand emporium of books.

It is not many years since two booksellers, who resided there, were used to sport their *rubric posts* close to each other, as Tom Davies did in Russell-street. Perhaps Sewall in Cornhill, was the last who exhibited the leading authors in his shop in that way. How few remember when it was not an uncommon thing to do so!

Note.—The writer recollects Mr. Buckland, of Paternoster-row, and one or two persons in the Strand, adopting these rubric posts, that prevented many good works being soiled, by placing them in the windows.

* The large cauliflower painted on the ceiling was intended to represent the cauliflower-top on the *gallon of porter*, which was paid for by every member who sat under it at his initiation.

at that day retired from fatigue, and enjoyed a glass in moderation, a pipe, and a cheerful song; and the writer, with hundreds of others, well remembers the vocal powers of Mr. Brown, when poured forth in favour of *Anacreon*, or the gods and goddesses; † but, to turn to his more serious avocations, as a man of business, as a faithful assistant, as an affectionate husband and father, no man could possibly stand higher. Of his talents and industry we shall endeavour to give a faint idea. So long ago as the year 1785, he presented the figure that has already been described, and of which our portrait may be relied upon to be an accurate resemblance, and, we trust, an acceptable one, both to the young as well as to the old *fray*. Nursed in the cradle of the wholesale book trade, Mr. Brown had, as before noted, been many years an assistant to the late Mr. Thomas Longman, of Paternoster-row, until the death of that truly respectable gentleman, by whom he was not forgotten in his last moments for his long and faithful services; nor did Mr. Brown quit that great establishment for several years, until a vast extension of the wholesale foreign and domestic trade, a new and general system of publishing modern works, and his *good old age*, rendered it necessary for him to retire into the bosom of his family.*

A few years subsequent to the above period, Mr. Brown's friend (Evans) whom he used occasionally to assist, resigned business in favour of an only son, who was unfortunate, when the whole of the finest and best selected wholesale book connection, in the trade, was handed over to the respectable firm of Messrs. Longman, Rees, and Co. This, with the original capital, stock, and connections, of that house, together with subsequent exertions in the wholesale country and foreign trade, and in publishing the most expensive, valuable and useful works, has rendered an establishment, for-

† Loyal, Anacreontic, and classical songs, were the worthy president's favourites.

* His friend, Mr. Thomas Evans frequently offered to forward his prospects in business by advancing him money for that purpose: but Mr. Brown as constantly refused, saying, he could not think of leaving Mr. Longman: nor did he ever attempt to do so.

merly conducted by two principals and three assistants, now the first of its kind in the world ! and it affords us peculiar satisfaction to state, that the eldest son of our friend is a partaker in the harvest reaped in the field where his father was so many years a faithful steward and a constant labourer.

The portrait which accompanies this work was taken from an admirable likeness, by John Eckstein, sen. He (Eckstein) was well known in London and Birmingham about 40 years ago. In the latter place he was a constant visitor, and, I believe, a member of a club, held at *Freeth's Coffee House*. *Freeth* was a poetical publican, and some of the most respectable men in Birmingham frequented his house. Eckstein painted portraits of twelve of the principle members of the club, in one large oil picture. The likenesses are said to be good, and the conditions were, that the last of the survivors should have the painting. Only two are now living, of whom the well-known Mr. Bisset, of Leamington, is one, and Mr. Wilkes of Birmingham, the other. The painting still remains in its original station.

Spouting Clubs, in *my* youthful days were greatly in vogue, but the vein of ridicule thrown on them, in the prologue to "The Apprentice," not only checked the mania at the time, but brought them into a disrepute, from which, fortunately, they have not recovered. The following will serve to convey an idea of them :—

PROLOGUE TO THE APPRENTICE.

By Arthur Murphy, Esq.

Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before a hearse ;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings for the dead behind.
To-night, no smuggled scenes from France we show,
'Tis English—English, sirs !—from top to toe.
Though coarse the colours and the hand unskill'd,
From real life our little cloth is fill'd
The hero is a youth,—by Fate design'd
For culling simples,—but whose stage struck mind
Nor Fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.

A place there is where such young Quixotes meet,
 'Tis called the "Spouting Club,—a glorious treat,"
 Where prentic'd Kings alarm the gaping street :
 There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
 Who all the day enacts—a woollen draper.
 There hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,
 Cries out with hollow voice,—“ List, list, O list !”
 And frightens Denmark's prince, a young tobaccoist,
 The spirit too clear'd from his deadly white,
 Rises,—a haberdasher to the sight !
 Not young attorneys have this rage withstood,
 But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood !
 And (strange reverse !) die for their country's good.
 To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
 To bring them back to reason—and their shop,
 Our author wrote ;—O you Tom, Jack, Dick, Will ;
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill !
 Who wield the yard, and simpering pay your court,
 And at each flourish, slip an inch too short,
 Quit not your shops ; there thrift and profit call,
 Whilst here young gentlemen are apt to fall !

[Bell Rings.

But soft !—the prompter calls !—brief let me be—
 Here groans you'll hear, and flying apples see,
 Be damn'd perhaps ; farewell !—remember me !*

Returning to the subject of booksellers, it may not be uninteresting to give some of their Signs.

The reader has doubtlessly heard of the origin of many signs, and the cause of the discontinuance of those projections, that not only darkened the metropolis, but, among other *benefits*, in heavy city showers, bestowed gratis, those baths that were not considered the most salutary. Striking instances of this nature were produced at the various inns, &c. where separate signs were hung across the street, describing the places of destination they had conveyances to ; but what appears most ridiculous in the signs of our forefathers was, the inapplicability of many of them. I shall instance a few, particularly such as attach to literary friends.

* Among the heroes of the Sock and Buskin, may be enumerated several printers of some celebrity, among whom were Crowder, Munden, Hemstead, Foote, &c. besides some of their companions, who returned to their legitimate profession, and one of them has since shone conspicuously in city honours !!!

Amongst the booksellers, of no very early date, may be enumerated; Crowder at the sign of the *Looking-Glass*; but as knowledge is the mirror of the mind, perhaps it was not objectionable. Next is Longman, at the sign of the *Ship*; and as the members of that respectable house have sailed through with so high a character, no objection ought to be made to their symbol: but Baldwin, at the sign of the *Rose*, and Evans (with whom I served my apprenticeship,) at the sign of the *Red Lion*, cannot so well be accounted for. Of Buckland, at the sign of the *Buck*, except from the etymology or similarity of sound, we cannot perceive the sense. Key at the sign of the *Hare*, perhaps, may be more allowable; for *Jonathan*, like his Transatlantic namesake, was early in the field of the book tribe, with his specimens of paper. White, at *Horace's Head*, in Fleet-street, and Rivingtons, at the *Bible and Crown*, in St. Paul's Church-yard, were classically and religiously correct; the latter have continued their sign for about a century. Cobbett put up the *Bible, Crown, and Constitution*, in Pall-Mall; but if we may judge from his general habits, he could only have done so, that he might be afterwards able to say *he had pulled them down*.

As the following title-pages, copied from old books, give a tolerable idea of the whimsicality of booksellers' signs, at a time when every tradesman had his distinguishing emblem, and may not be altogether unacceptable to the bibliomanist, they are here preserved; they will, at least, be an excuse for any absurdity that may present itself, in that way, in modern times:—

Barclay's Shyp of Folys. Imprentyd in the Cyte of London, in Flete Stre, at the sign of Saynt George, by Richard Pynson, at hys coste and charge. Date, 1509.

Berner's (Juliana) Booke of Hawking, Hunting, Fyshing. Impryntyd at London, in Flete Strete, at the sygne of the Rose Garlande, by William Copland.

Barnes' (Barnabe) Divine Centvrie of Spirituall Sonnets. London, printed by John Windet, dwelling at Poule's Wharf, at the signe of the Crosse Keys.

The Workes of Geoffrey Chaucer. Imprinted at London,
by Wylliam Benham, dwelling in Paule's Church Yarde,
at the signe, of the Reed Lyon.

Chaucer's Asseble of Foules. Imprynted in London,
in Flete Strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, agaynst the Con-
d yte, by me, Wynkyn de Worde, the xxiii day of January,
in the yere of our Lorde, 1530.

Churchyard's General Rehersall of Warres. Imprinted in
London by Edward White, dwellyng at the little north door
of Paule's Church, at the signe of the Gunne. 1579.

Goodall's Tryall of Trauell. London, printed by John
Norton, and are to be sold by James Upton, at his shop in
Paul's Church Yard, at the sign of the Fox. 1630.

Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas. Printed by
Thomas Slater, in Duck Lane. 1637.

Hayman's Quodlibets, &c. London printed by Elizabeth
All-de, for Roger Mitchell, dwelling in St. Paul's Church
Yard, at the signe of the Bull's Head.

Willfride Holmes' Fall and Euil Success of Rebellion, &c.
Imprinted at London, by Henry Binneemann, dwelling in
Knight rider Strete, at the signe of the Memaide. 1573.

Ben Johnson's Poems. Printed for Thomas Passenger, at
the Three Bibles, about the middle of London Bridge, 1672.

Literature from the North, & News from All Nations. Prin-
ted for John Dunton, at the Black Raven, in the Poultry.

[I believe this was the first review of books published in
London; but Mr. Nicholls does not refer to it in his enter-
taining book, "The Life and Errors of John Dunton," I
remember meeting with a copy of Dunton's review at Clons-
mell, in Ireland. It had a copy of his sign, "The Black
Raven," as a frontispiece, and a very curious woodcut of a
beehive, as a vignette.]

Of Milton's Paradise Lost, it may not be amiss to insert the
names and signs of the early publishers. We find a copy
noted in the "Bibliotheca Anglo Poetica,"—London, prin-
ted and are to be sold by Peter Parker, under Creed Church,
near Aldgate, and by Robert Boulter, at the Turk's Head, in
Bishopsgate Street, &c. 1667. 1st edition.

Another Edition, being also the first, with an altered title-page. London, printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thompson, at the Bishop's Head, in Duck Lane, &c. 1668.

Another Edition, to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel, in Little Britain.

Anthony Munday's Banquet of Daintie Conceits. At London, printed by J. C., for Edward White, and are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne, at the little north door of Paule's. Anno 1588.

A Night's Search, by Humphrey Mill. London, printed by Richard Bishop, for Laurence Blacklock, at the Sugar Loaf, next Temple Barre.

Men, Miracles, &c. Printed for William Sheares, Jun., at the Blue Bible, in Bedford Street, in Covent Garden. 1656.

Manby's Triumph of Oliver Cromwell. London printed for John Tey, at the White Lion, in the Strand, near the New Exchange, 1652.

The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence; or, the Arts of Wooing and Complimenting, as they are managed in Spring Garden, Hide Park, the New Exchange, &c. &c. London, printed by James Rawlins, for Obadiah Blagrove at the Black Bear and Star, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1685.

Before 1766, the signs are described as large, finely gilt, and very absurd; golden perriwigs, saws, axes, razors, trees, lancets, knives, cheese, salmon, blacks heads with gilt hair, half-moons, sugar loaves, and Westphalia hams, were repeated unmercifully from Whitechapel to Piccadilly. One perambulating the streets must have felt rather unpleasantly during a high wind, when hundreds of signs were swinging on rusty hinges above him, threatening a descent; and pent-houses and spouts pouring cascades upon his luckless head.

To return to Mr. Evans, and the internal arrangement of his family and household. His son James, received every pecuniary and other indulgence from his father while at school with the talented Mr. Macfarlane, author of the "History of George III." and subsequently with the Rev. Vicesimus Knox, master of Tunbridge School, author of "Essays,"

2 vols. "a Treatise on Education," in 2 vols. "Personal Nobility," &c. &c. and the original compiler of the "Elegant Extracts."* Under such men, young Evans received a liberal Education, and his instructors were always welcome guests at his father's house. On his leaving school, to pursue his father's profession, the greatest expectations were formed by a fond parent, but a froward and untoward disposition on the part of the son, soon blighted these hopes, which a previous over indulgence, after coercive measures, and the satirical disposition of the father, were not calculated to restore, although he put him at the head of his establishment.

Mr. E. had two apprentices elder than young Evans; one the son of a gentleman in Cheshire the other the son of the Rev. Wm. Rider.† I was a year or two younger than either, and only a silent observer of the jarring interests between them. From some indifferent family arrangements, the two former left the house ere their apprenticeship was expired, leaving me to witness the disunion between the father and son. The latter, at about 19, married (as Mr. Nicholls has stated) the daughter of the second Archibald Hamilton, the well-known printer of the "Critical Review," "New Annual Register," &c. Evans became a partner with his father in a fine wholesale trade, and Miss Hamilton had a handsome marriage portion. Notwithstanding these circumstances,

* Such was the success of this Selection, that in addition to the compiler's profits shared with the late Mr. Dilly, it is said the latter gentleman made Dr. Knox a present of a carriage and a pair of horses.

† The Rev. Wm. Rider B. A. was lecturer at St. Vedast Foster-lane, Cheapside, and curate of St. Faith's, at which latter church I frequently attended his sermons, in company with Mrs. Evans, his friend, and the wife of my employer. He was rather a pompous but talented little man; he occasionally wrote some witty productions for Evans, and edited the "Lady's Magazine" for several years, but the reader will be surprised, on referring to Watt's "Bibliotheca" to perceive his numerous other elaborate productions; among which were his "History of England" in 50 volumes (originally intended to be 25 vols.) 18 mo. He also compiled "a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences" and wrote an extensive "Commentary on the Bible," which was published with the Bible itself in 3 volumes, in folio, with his name affixed.

quarrels between the father and son became more frequent; a separation in trade took place; the son had a separate maintenance, kept his livery servant, and, unfortunately, remained unemployed. I at an early age (18) became manager, and having at this period, unknown to my employer or parents, contracted marriage, soon became the father of a family, having three of my children born ere my apprenticeship had expired.

To do Mr. Evans, sen. justice, he behaved generously to me, and soon after gave up the business to his son, who requited my services still more liberally. It is impossible to describe the anxiety of my mind, from the necessarily incessant attention and application to business, blended with my family cares, at so early an age, and the privation of advantages from the fortune which my brother had not only passed through, but drawn considerably upon the slender fund of fond parents. Young Evans's feeling and kindness can never be forgotten by me, for, notwithstanding an overbearing disposition, he had many amiable and good qualities. I have witnessed him as an affectionate husband, and an affectionate and tender father weeping over his sick child; and experienced his friendship, in allowing me, (although still an apprentice) a handsome weekly stipend, and an additional annual one of £50, for accompanying him in exertions in an increase of trade that would have produced him an ample fortune, but for an unfortunate turn he suddenly took to expensive living, in town and country, associating with expensive and gay companions, keeping unseasonable hours, and not only neglecting business and retarding those under him, but also of putting it out of his own power to protect them. I had, at length, not only served out my seven years' apprenticeship, but continued, partly from a feeling of gratitude, and partly from necessity, nearly three years longer, in almost a state of slavery, and a series of anxieties and trials that I shall hereafter describe, both on the part of young Evans and myself. For the present I shall quit the painful task, for the more pleasing one of retracing my steps and earliest recollections of the elder Evans's literary friends, up to the latest period of my connexion with that family.

Soon after I was placed under Mr. Evans's roof, I paid much attention to his conversation respecting literary men. Among the first, it referred to Dr. Kenrick, the person who was suspected to have written the offensive paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle* of that day, against Dr. Goldsmith, to which I have before alluded. I heard Mrs. Evans say that Kenrick, who had caused the *fracas* separated the combatants, and that Goldsmith was much condemned for striking a man in his own house; in fact, legal proceedings commenced, but the Welch bookseller forgave the Irish poet, upon his paying £10 to the *Welch Charity School*. At all events, there was more to be forgiven in the poet than in the critic. Kenrick was extremely bitter and caustic; he was said to be the author of "*Lexiphanes*," a satire on the style of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and of the following epigram upon a celebrated medical writer, who had also written a farce or two: (I believe Dr. Shebbeare.)

"For *Physic* and *Farces*,
His equal there scarce is;
His *Farces* are *Physic*,
His *Physic* a *Farce* is."

Of Dr. Kenrick, the following biographical memoir, written by a more able hand than mine, will best illustrate his character.

"William Kenrick, the son of a stay maker, at or near Watford, in Hertfordshire, is said to have been brought up to some mechanical employment in London, most probably that of mathematical instrument maker, or, as others have reported, that of scale maker. Whatever it was he seems to have early abandoned it, and devoted his talents to the cultivation of literature by which he supported himself during the remainder of a life, which from his unhappy temper, and irritable vanity may be said to have passed in a state of warfare, as he was seldom without an enemy to attack or defend himself from. One account informs us that he was for some time a student at Leyden, and there received a degree of L. L. D. it was, however, more generally current that he

had been indebted for this honour to some of the Scotch Universities. In either case it was not unworthily bestowed, for Dr. Kenrick was really a man of talents, and deficient only in the knowledge of making a proper use of them; it was his misfortune likewise to settle upon no regular plan of study, and to fancy himself equal to any task which his necessities imposed upon him.

“The first appearance he made as an author, as far as we can trace him was in a pamphlet, entitled ‘The Grand Question debated; or, an Essay to prove that the Soul of Man is not, neither can it be, Immortal,’ 1751, which was immediately followed by a ‘Reply to the Grand Question debated, fully proving that the Soul of Man is, and must be, Immortal.’ Both are superficial enough, and seem intended as a trial of that author-craft, which he afterwards so often practiced in attacking or defending himself under anonymous signatures, when he found no one else disposed to do either. About the same time he published a poem entitled, ‘Kapeli-on; or, the Poetical Ordinary,’ which was followed, in 1753, by the first of those attacks on his bretheren, which kept him in perpetual warfare. It was entitled the Pasquinade with Notes variorum, book the first, 4to.’ and intended as an imitation of the Dunciad; Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Hill, and Christopher Smart, were the chief heroes. This was immediately followed by another imitation, equally unsuccessful, of Dodsley’s ‘Economy of human Life’ (which then passed for Lord Chesterfield’s) entitled, ‘The Whole Duty of Woman, 12mo.’

“His ‘Epistles, Philosophical and Moral; or, Epistles to Lorenzo,’ appeared in 1753, and may be reckoned among the best specimens of his poetry, which is not without ease and elegance. As it was rather severely handled in the Critical Review, he defended himself in a pamphlet without his name entitled ‘A Scrutiny; or, the Critics Criticised.’ It was not easy for him, however, in any shape to vindicate what was too plainly a defence of infidelity, nor was it much excuse that it was written while under confinement for debt. About his time he probably obtained an engagement as a writer in

the Monthly Review, which ceased in 1766, silently on the part of the proprietors of that work ; but Dr. Kenrick thought the rupture of too much consequence to be concealed, and therefore announced in the newspapers, in 1766 “ that he declined to write any more in the Monthly Review ; that he had been author of the appendix to that work, consisting of a review of foreign publications, from the volumes 28 to 33 inclusive ; and that he had formed connections with several gentlemen of the first rank in the world of letters for establishing a Literary Review on a new, liberal, and independent plan.’

“ This last threat he did not carry into effect for years : but as a specimen of his liberal and independent style, he published about this time, 1765, ‘ A Review of Dr. Johnson’s new edition of Shakespeare,’ which being answered by a young man of Oxford, of the name of Barclay, in a pamphlet called ‘ An Examination of Mr. Kenrick’s Review, 1766,’ he immediately published ‘ A Defence of Mr. Kenrick’s Review, under the name of ‘ A Friend,’ which was a very proper assumption, as he seldom had another. In this last year, he produced his ‘ Falstaff’s Wedding,’ a comedy in imitation of Shakespeare, and, as far as the language of Falstaff and his companions are concerned, not an unpleasant one, although rather approaching to the extravagant.’ It went through two editions, but was acted only once, for a benefit. This was followed by another comedy, ‘ The Widowed Wife,’ with some difficulty, which the author, with a degree of gratitude peculiar to himself, attributed to the very person to whom it had been most indebted.

In 1768, he published an ‘ Epistle to George Colman,’ poems ludicrous, satirical, and moral ; and ‘ An Epistle to James Boswell, Esq.’ occasioned by his having transmitted the moral writings of Dr. Johnson to Paschal Paoli. By all these he acquired but little reputation, and no enemies : for Colman, Johnson, and Boswell, disdained to notice him. In 1770 and 1771, he published two pieces connected with his discovery of the perpetual motion ; the one,

'An Account of the Automaton; or, Perpetual Motion of Orfxyreus, with additional remarks, &c.' the other, 'A Lecture on the perpetual Motion,' which harmlessly, if not successfully, employed him, and certainly evinced a considerable knowledge of the science of mechanics. About the same time he published a translation of, De Lolme on the Constitution, which we presume he did not execute.

In 1772, he disgraced his character by an atrocious attack on Garrick, called "Love in the Suds" for which that gentleman commenced a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. Kenrick immediately published "a Letter to David Garrick, &c." in which he informed the public the cause of his quarrel with him, and the motives of his writing "Love in the Suds." A public apology appeared in the newspapers, November 26, as mean and false as the libel itself.—The issue of the prosecution we have not discovered.

In 1773, he collected the works of Lloyd, 2 vols. 8 vo. with a life of that unfortunate poet, remarkable for being written without any dates. In the same year, he produced "The Duellist," a comedy, acted only one night; and published a "Dictionary of the English Language, 4to." in the preliminary parts of which are many shrewd and useful discussions and remarks. The little credit he had with the world at this time, must, we think, have impeded the success of this work, in which he shews himself a philologist of no mean talents.

In 1774, we find him giving lectures at the Devil Tavern, which he called "A School of Shakspeare," and about the same time addressed the artists and manufacturers of Great Britain respecting an application to Parliament for ascertaining the right of property in new discoveries and inventions. Fancying that he had discovered the perpetual motion, he was at this time alarmed by the literary property bill; but we hear no more afterwards of his discovery.

In January, 1775, he commenced his "London Review," and along with his own name, placed in the title those of H. Reimarus, J. U. D.; R. Williams, M.D.; E. Warner, A.M.

and the Rev. S. Maty.* Except Reimarus, we believe it will be difficult to find these names in any list of "gentlemen of the first rank in the world of letters." The Review, however, went on for some years, and contains, from the pen of its chief author, repeated attacks upon his bretheren in every profession. It continued a few months after his death, and then sunk into oblivion. In the same year, 1775, he began a translation of Buffon, to be published in numbers, and in 1778 a translation of Voltaire's works. His last dramatic attempt was "The Lady of the Manor," a comic opera, taken from Johnson's "Country Lasses;" and, his last original publications, both of some degree of merit, were "Observations on the Marriage Contract;" and "Observations on Jenyn's View of the Internal Evidence, &c." This last had formed an article in his Review, whence other articles of equal ability might be selected, were they not all contaminated by a style vituperative and malignant. In his latter days, his constitution was so much injured by inebriety, that he generally wrote with a bottle of brandy at his elbow, which at length terminated his career, June 10, 1779, less lamented than perhaps any person known in the literary world, yet possessed of talents, which, under a steady and virtuous direction, might have procured him an honourable place among the authors of his time."

Thomas Evans was the publisher of Kenrick's London Review, in eleven volumes, and after the author's death, frequently relieved his family.

Gilbert Stuart, (or Gibby Stuart, as he was frequently called,) was also another literary friend of the elder Evans; and of the late Mr. Goldsmith; another bookseller of the old school, with whom, and many literary characters of that period; it was their afternoon's practice to take their *Nips of Burton Ale*, at a once celebrated house in Gray's Inn-lane.

* I must be pardoned for making a remark here. A Review continued for some years after Kenrick's death, under the title of "Maty's Review." Maty I believe was Under-Librarian at the British Museum. It was published by the elder Wilkie (John) whose health, it was in the year 1783, my office for some time to enquire the state of.—W. W.

The talented Mr. Alexander Chalmers has given an admirable biographical memoir of his countryman, Stuart, which I conceive will be found interesting.

"Gilbert Stuart, a Scottish historian, was born at Edinburgh, in 1742. His father, Mr. George Stuart, who died in 1793, was professor of humanity in that University, and a man of considerable eminence for classical taste and literature. Gilbert Stuart having made the usual preparations in the Grammar School and the University, applied himself to the study of Jurisprudence. For that profession, however, he is said to have been disqualified by indolence; and he early began to indulge his passion for general literature and boundless dissipation: yet his youth was not altogether wasted in idleness, for before he had completed his twenty-second year, he published "An Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution," which had so much merit as to obtain for him the degree of doctor of law, from the University of Edinburgh. After an interval of some years, in which he could not have neglected his studies, he produced 'A View of Society in Europe, in its progress from Rudeness to Refinement; or, Enquiries concerning the History of Laws, Government, and Manners.' This is a valuable work, and proves that he had meditated with much attention on the most important monuments of the middle ages. About the time when the first edition of this book appeared, Dr. Stuart applied for the professorship of public law in the University of Edinburgh; but being disappointed, removed soon after to London. He there became, from 1768 to 1773, one of the writers of the *Monthly Review*: he then returned to Edinburgh, where he began a *Magazine and Review*, called from the name of that city, the first number of which appeared in October 1773. In this he was assisted by William Smellie, but owing to the virulent spirit displayed by the writers, it was obliged to be discontinued in 1776. In 1778, his 'View of Society' was republished. In 1782, he again visited London, and engaged in the 'Political Herald' and the 'English Review';* but being attacked by two formidable disorders,

* These two periodicals were published by the late John Murray.

the jaundice and the dropsy, he returned by sea to his native country, where he died, in his father's house, August 13, 1786.

The other works of Dr. Gilbert Stuart were, "An Anonymous Pamphlet against Dr. Adam," who had published a Latin Grammar, in 1772.—"Observations concerning the Public Law and Constitutional History of Scotland," Edinburgh, 1779, 8vo. In this work he critically examined the preliminary book to Dr. Robertson's "History of Scotland." "The History of the Establishment of the Reformation of the Religion in Scotland," London, 1780, 4to. a work commended for the easy dignity of the narrative, and for the more extraordinary virtue of strict impartiality. "The History of Scotland, from the Establishment of the Reformation to the Death of Queen Mary," London, 1782, 2 vols. His chief purpose in this book, was to vindicate the character of that Queen, but the whole is well written, and has been very generally read and admired. He also revised and published "Sullivan's Lectures on the Constitution of England," this was about 1774. Dr. Stuart was about the middle size, and justly proportioned, his countenance was modest and expressive, sometimes announcing sentiments of glowing friendship, of which he is said to have been truly susceptible; at others, displaying strong indignation against folly and vice, which he had also shewn in his writings. With all his ardour for study, he yielded to the love of intemperance, to which, notwithstanding a strong constitution, he fell an early sacrifice.

His talents were great and his writings useful; yet in his character altogether, there appeared to have been little that is worthy of imitation. He is painted in the most unfavourable colours by Mr. G. Chalmers,* in his "Life of Ruddiman" who says, "such was Gilbert Stuart's laxity of principle as a man, that he considered ingratitude; one of the most venial of sins. Such was his conceit as a writer, that he regarded

* Chalmers's Life of Ruddiman. p. 289.

† Kerr's Life of Smellie. vol. 1, p. 393.

no ones merits but his own. Such were his disappointments, both as a writer and a man, that he allowed his peevishness to sour into malice; and indulged his malevolence till it settled in corruption. If this character be not too harshly drawn, it is impossible that much should be alleged in its defence."

The next literary character in succession, within my recollection, was John Huddleston Wynne, a person of a very different cast to the preceding ones; he was not, indeed, even in his decline (at the period I knew him) what was termed a Grub-street writer, but like others of his brethren, termed a hackney writer, or rather a *garretteer*; it may be well to give a definition of each, ere I draw his portrait; a Grub-street writer has generally been considered of the lowest grade, in the world of letters, a mere fabricator of false tales, wonderful narratives, the composer of common ballads, and of making the last dying words which never were spoken; this is, however, an error, for upwards of a century ago, many productions of merit issued from it and a paper entitled the "Grub-street Journal," contained some curious controversial effusions amongst others Joseph Trapp, D. D. contributed several pieces, viz upon Impudence, upon Henley's Grammar, upon Answering and not Answering Books, &c. and Mr. Nicholls in speaking of Dr. Middleton's Dissertation on the Origin of Printing," notices the following animadversions upon it from Mr. Bowyer, (ironically it is true) in the Grub-street Journal," March 20, 1736, the substance of which is preserved in the notes to "The Origin of Printing."

"To Mr. Barius, Secretary to the Society of Grub-Street.

"Sir,—As the numerous writers of your Society are the chief support and ornament of printing, you must be nearly interested in every circumstance that contributes to the honour of it. I congratulate you, therefore upon the advantageous figure which Caxton, our Countryman and fellow citizen, makes, in Dr. Middleton's Dissertation concerning the Origin of the Art of Printing in England." But good Mr. Barius, is not the old man's authority placed a little too high, when most, if not all, our English Chronicles are made to

submit to his; and a new era is prescribed to one of our kings by it? Dr. Middleton maintains from him, p. 3, that Edward IV. was proclaimed in London at the end of 1459, according to our computation, upon the 4th of March, and crowned about the Midsummer following (i. e. 1460). Is not Caxton, you'll say a good evidence of a fact that happened in his own time? may be so; but the good Doctor's dissertation is even built upon the supposition that the press was not infallible in those days; and might not MCCCCLIX, by an easy transposition, escape instead of MCCCCLXI? I need not appeal to other cotemporary historians, where we are capable of producing demonstration. The first instrument in Rymer, under Edward IV. begins thus: 'Memorandum quod die Martis decimo die Martii, anno regni regis Edwardi primo, &c.' Now in the year 1460-1, the tenth of March fell on a Tuesday; but in 1459-60, on a Monday. I will venture, therefore, to vindicate the true reading of our old Almanacks, and to exterminate a false one from Caxton's Chronicle.

At a subsequent period to 1735, Grub-street fell into decay and disrepute, and the houses were miserable residences; a cotemporary describes *Grub-street* as "the proverbial residence of poor authors, which now gives a name to mediocre and silly productions, and was formerly entitled Grape-street. Perhaps the corruption has arisen from the said authors writing for the means of existence, vulgarly called their *grub*, the juice of the grape never being tasted by them; consequently their writings were uninspired, mere matters of fact, shewing no signs of genius. The makers of every thing relating to archery anciently had their residence here. Here lived, in total seclusion from the sight of any living person for the space 44 years Henry Welley, Esq. whose life being attempted by a younger brother, he resolved to seclude himself from the world, notwithstanding he was possessed of an ample fortune, this he found means to apply to charitable and pious purposes, and in other respects his life was most exemplary, to the day of his death, which happened on the 29th October, 1636." This is another proof, if any were wanting, that persons may reside for a long time "unknown in London."

Quitting Grub-street, I proceed to give a sketch of a hackney writer:—a hackney writer is of a higher class, for amongst them may be included many of our best authors, employed by the booksellers to write and compile books, or to review them at certain agreed sums per sheet. The members of the Old Beef Steak Club, in Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row (now a booksellers warehouse) came under this class, even Dr. Samuel Johnson, the founder of it, Dr. Smollett, Oliver Goldsmith, and others, executed a large portion of their literary labours upon these terms. Dr. Goldsmith evidently alludes to the fraternity of authors, bookmakers, and literary drudges, in his epitaph:

"Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back."

poor Chatterton too, composed many of his poems upon these terms, at the Chapter Coffee House, in Paternoster-row, for the town and country Magazine, published by the Robinsons: Authors of the present day, however, whether they are paid by the sheet, volume, or entire work, or for miscellaneous contributions to the periodical press now rank very differently, and wherever talent is displayed, they are very handsomely and liberally paid by the booksellers.

The Garreteer is in one sense of a *higher* order of writer, and seldom condescends to descend from his elevated *garret*, or, if you like it better, *attic story*. His business is to abridge, compile, write notes, and make a liberal use of the *scissors*, *paste*, and *brush*, for the publishers of weekly or monthly numbers of Bibles, Voyages and Travels, Dictionaries of Arts and Sciences, Histories of Wars, and of the World, &c. for which all the names of the greatest divines, historians, and travellers, are sometimes adopted, with the alteration of a letter or two, or a different christian name; many laughable instances of which may be produced hereafter, suffice it for the present to state, the personage that I

am about to introduce was for many years reduced to the 3rd or last class, but I shall place him under his real name of John Huddleston Wynne. I have his form at this moment in my mind's eye: a small thin worn-out emaciated figure, worn down more from disappointment than dissipation, and with a disposition naturally honourable but irritable, rendered still more petulant by the heavy imposed daily labours of the mind, to procure a daily support for the body; he was lame from accident, and always walked with a cross-handled crutch cane, which he was ready to raise on being thwarted on the slightest occasion, like the celebrated Worthington,* of street writing notoriety. I recollect being sent by Mr. Evans (his countryman) with a message in which the rendering him a service was the object, but upon my delivering my errand, he displayed the greatest contempt and irony and retreated in an ungovernable passion, a kind of behaviour fully accounted for in the following biographical sketches of this eccentric character. . . . They are written by different hands, but agree in the main points. Mr. Nichols, in noticing his "Fables of Flora" for the female sex, written for the amusement of the Princess Royal, observes, that: "Whilst I was compiling a short biographical article for this ingenious but unfortunate writer, a friend pointed out to me the following memoir, which was written by his son in 1806: . . . and being well worth preserving, I shall only add to it the titles of a few of his works: . . ."

* Worthington was well known, about forty-five years ago, for his uncommonly fine writing with chalk on the flags in the streets, or more particularly in Westminster Hall: he always wrote backwards, and his letters and flourishes were as finely formed as the penmanship of Ashby, Milnes, Tompkins, &c. He was excessively passionate, felt his importance in the *World of Letters*, in which, although he had a *wide* scope, if any approached the boundary he prescribed, his crutch cane was called into requisition.—He wore an old stocking under a small cocked hat, and my ardent curiosity in pressing through the crowd to witness his extraordinary writings, caught his penetrating eye, and awakened his ire upon more than one occasion.

Edward Wynne, Richard Wynne, and Thomas Wynne, were sons of a gentleman of Welsh extraction, who gave them respectively a liberal education. Edward enjoyed a situation under government, and resided on a small estate in Southampton. Richard had a classical education, obtained the degree of Master of Arts, became Chaplain to the Earl of Dunmore, and Rector of St Alphege, London; was author of 'An Universal Grammar of the Learned Languages,' 'Letters on Education,' and several other productions; and Thomas held a situation in the office of the Duke of Bedford. Edward was considered handsome, and had a good address: he married thrice, and had portions with all his wives. By the first of these ladies he had one son only, who was christened John Huddleston, the subject of the present memoir. Mr. John Huddleston Wynne, a character pretty generally known in the literary world, was born in the year 1743, and flourished between the years 1760 and 1786. Being an only child, his mother was particularly solicitous for his safety; and as it generally happens that the impressions received in childhood are retained, and pervade our ideas the rest of our lives, so it happened with the subject of the present essay, who imbibed some eccentricities from his too-indulgent mother, of which he never afterwards became entirely divested. Her anxiety for his health and preservation kept her in a perpetual state of alarm. He was encompassed with flannels winter and summer, bled and physicked for the most trifling indisposition; and, calling him to her bed-side, when on the point of death, she made him solemnly promise that he would attend to her injunctions; which, among several others, were to shun horses, never to go into a boat, or enter a belfry. Had not these cautions been much heeded, and occasioned a peculiarity of manner in his conduct, which seemed unaccountable, these circumstances would not have been noticed; but though the care and attention he received from his mother during her life time, plainly indicated he was a great favourite with her, yet it seems he was in no high estimation with his father and other of his relations, who, as appears by their conduct to him, rather envied or strove to suppress his dawning genius, than

used any endeavour to foster it. Taught by his father early to condemn mechanical employment and expecting that he should be bred to some liberal profession, he was much disappointed by being contrary to his expectations, prematurely apprenticed at the age of thirteen, as a compositor to a letter press printer. His education was by no means finished; he had been initiated in latin at St. Paul's School; the progress he afterwards made in classical knowledge must have been attained during his leisure hours, when the business of the day was over, undirected by any, and the sole result of his own exertions. Very early in life he evinced his poetical talent, having, when scarce eight years of age, written a poem which he afterwards declared would not have disgraced his riper years. During his apprenticeship, he sent many of his effusions to different periodical publications, where they obtained a ready insertion, and were generally approved by those who read them. Shortly after completing his term, not choosing to follow the business of a printer, he obtained a lieutenancy in the East-India service, whither he went; but, on account of some unhappy controversy with a superior officer, and from a disgust he had taken to some unfair proceedings in that hemisphere, he, in less than two years from his departure, returned to England; and, having been received coldly by his relations, who were not pleased at his quick return, he resolved on the expedient of trying his success as an author. He got, accordingly, introduced to several booksellers of that day, among whom were Kearsley, Riley, Bell, Evans, and Wilkie, who gladly availed themselves of his literary talents. Mr. Wheble engaged him to conduct the *Lady's Magazine*, for which he received a regular monthly stipend; nor had he any reason to complain of their liberality for his labours, as it is certain several of these gentlemen were great friends to him in future life. Many of Mr. Wynne's poetical productions are to be found in a publication intituled, '*The British Magazine and Review*.' Some of these appeared in his own name, others under the fictitious signature of '*George Osborne Esq.*' Mr. Wynne also wrote '*The History of England in Verse*,' which has not yet appeared in print. Though Mr.

Wynne excelled as a poet, his prose productions are likewise numerous. It was by the advice of Dr. Goldsmith, who was his contemporary, that he first began the 'History of Ireland,' which he afterwards dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland. The Doctor jocosely observed, 'that it would be better to relinquish the draggle-tail muses; as for his part, he found productions in prose were more sought after and better paid for.'

Mr. Wynne's reputation as an author soon became established, and had his economy kept pace with his success, it is certain he might have passed through life, if not in affluence, at least above indigence; but want of economy was his prevailing fault. Possessing a sanguine imagination, and having the highest sense of honour and rectitude himself, he was easily imposed upon; and while he had money, he considered but little the value of it; yet, wanting it, perhaps none suffered more from the poignancy of poverty than he did. His acquaintances, knowing his failings, took advantage of his unsuspecting benevolent disposition, by soliciting him to become surety for a person of the name of Stevenson, which he did, for goods to a considerable amount, which were to be disposed of in India, whence Stevenson was to remit the value at a stated period; but, through change of climate and intemperance, Stevenson died,—no remittances came from India,—and his security, unable to pay the demand, was forced to prison, where he remained, in great distress, for a considerable time; until, by the assistance of his uncle Edward, the debt was paid, and he obtained his discharge. In the beginning of the year 1770, he married the daughter of an eminent mason of Lambeth, who had at his death bequeathed £1000 to each of his daughters; but the brother, being principal executor to the will of his father, applied his sister's fortune to his own use in trade; and, through his ill success, not a guinea of Mrs. Wynne's portion was ever paid. This lady, however, had received a good education, possessed an agreeable person, and was not more than seventeen when she was married. She was accomplished, and had an excellent understanding, which became afterwards materially improved by

her connexion. Before she was eighteen, the produce of their union was the writer of this memoir. From the great number of acquaintances Mr. Wynne at this time had, some of whom were persons of wit and erudition, it was almost impossible, for a man of his ardent imagination, to avoid on every occasion sacrificing too freely at the shrine of Bacchus; and it frequently happened that it was one or two o'clock in the morning when he returned home. This occasioned an unquiet house; and his bride, being very abstemious, often admonished him, in strong terms, on the impropriety of his conduct; but notwithstanding such remonstrances, he was too frequently led to err in the same way; and though gentle means would probably have brought him to reform, harsh treatment had a contrary effect. Had his wife's good sense led her to adopt those endearing methods of persuasion which some few women of discernment know how to employ with such great effect, she would ultimately have succeeded; but alas! in this respect she only copied the generality of her sex. Repeated brawls at home not suiting her husband's irritable disposition, and tending to disturb his studies, constrained him at length to seek an asylum elsewhere, so that the remainder of his life passed more like a single than a married man. Nor can it occasion much surprise that a man of literary pursuits, should, under such circumstances, abandon his home, especially when it is so well known that a Xantippe was never a friend to the students in philosophy, or the suitors of the muses.

Mr. Wynne was for a considerable time Editor of the *Gazetteer*, and was a well known speaker at the Robin Hood and Coach Makers Hall Debating Societies; but, being unhappily a staunch supporter of an administration whose measures were extremely unpopular, he obtained little good by his political speculations. In those days such topics were freely discussed, and often agitated with much warmth. Mr. Wynne in this respect acted the part of a Champion, and undertook to defend the Ministry in their war with America, and other ruinous measures. This was done in the most disinterested and ingenuous manner possible, as he acted purely

from the dictates of his own opinion. On his return from these heated debates, way-laid by some of the opposite party, many an unmerciful drubbing has he suffered, and twice was so cruelly beaten that his life was endangered. It was in one of these rencontres that the lachrymal vessels of his right eye became contused, and occasioned him to undergo at times the most excruciating agonies, to alleviate which he had recourse to large doses of opium. But the most fatal accident happened at the time he was in the zenith of his fame, about the year 1778, when, crossing Snow-hill on a dark night, he was run over by a hackney coach, and his leg broken in three places. Surgeon Young reduced the fracture as well as he could, being loth to amputate the limb; but owing to the terrible manner in which it was shattered, sixteen weeks elapsed ere it was judged proper to shift the leg from the cradle that encompassed it. The limb, from remaining so long in one posture, became constricted, and an instrument was obliged to be had to enable him to walk, and by degrees to reduce the contraction of the sinews, which in time it nearly affected. It was during this confinement (although obliged to remain nearly in a horizontal position) that he wrote the *Elegy on the Death of Garriek*, published by Mr. Harrison.* This accident was severely felt by his family, and occasioned himself much more pain and anxiety. After writing many volumes, of which the writer of this article can give no satisfactory account, an asthmatic complaint, with which he had long been afflicted, occasioned his death,

* Mr. Harrison was the original publisher of the *Old Novelist Magazine*, in 23 volumes, 8 vo. ornamented with a number of beautiful engravings, which gave employment to the most celebrated artists of that day. Mr. Harrison was an excellent poet, as well as a prose writer of considerable talent, but his writings during the 20 years that I knew him were chiefly confined to his own publications, "*The Poetical Magazine*," "*The British Magazine*," "*The Vocal Magazine*," "*The New Novelist Magazine*, &c." At the latter period of his life, he wrote for several of the booksellers, and for the Newspapers. His resemblance to the late Hon. Charles James Fox was very great.—It is perhaps worthy of remark, that the celebrated James Montgomery, of Sheffield, was indebted to Mr. Harrison, as a cause of ushering his early poetical talent into notice; for when a youth he left his native town, and became an assistant to Mr. Harrison as a bookseller. On his connection with Mr. Gale, the Printer of the *Sheffield Iris*, and also of Mr. Montgomery's connection with that paper, of his subsequent poetical productions, and literary fame, the world is well acquainted. W.

November, 1788, in the 45th year of his age. His wife survived him but a few days, leaving three children totally unprovided for, the eldest of whom alone survives, and has now a wife and six children of his own. Mr. Thomas Wynne died at an advanced age. The Rev. Richard Wynne lived till the year 1793, being more than eighty years of age when he died. The whole of his fortune he left to his only daughter. Mr. John Huddleston Wynne was below the middle size (about five feet four inches in height) of a clear complexion, dark hair, of a sanguine temperament, irritable and nervous. Previous to his lameness, though he always took short steps, yet he walked remarkably fast. In his youth he acquired a bad habit of stooping, which his subsequent infirmities tended to increase; his eyes were piercing; his brow remarkably fine, and had the appearance of being pencilled; his nose aquiline, which, as Lavater well observes, always indicates a good arrangement of features. He certainly had many peculiarities, was very absent and negligent in his external appearance, and the dress worn when himself a youth he seemed always to prefer, and would probably have done the same had he lived in affluence.

Amongst the *Garretters*, or men of *Attic Wit*, that distinguished themselves fifty years ago, not only as industrious compilers for the booksellers, but also as men of original genius and talent, may be enumerated Thomas Bellamy, the Projector of the General Magazine, the Monthly Mirror, and author of some dramatic pieces, and elegant poetical effusions. He was born at Kingston upon Thames, in 1745, and after having been twenty years in trade, as a Hosier, he relinquished it for Literature, under the auspices of Mr. Harrison the Bookseller, and friend of Montgomery.—I knew him intimately, as also Mr. Lloyd, the continuator of Smollett, and the eccentric Whalley Chamberlain Oulton, a man of diversified talent, of whom I shall speak hereafter, but a more *weighty* object claims my attention, in noticing Captain Grose, whom I knew from my childhood, he therefore claims a precedence.

SKETCHES
OF THE LIFE OF
CAPTAIN GROSE.

Captain Grose was associated with my earliest "Recollections." On his first visit to Ireland, he was most anxious that my brother should accompany him in the prosecution of his Antiquarian researches, but some family arrangements prevented it. I believe he took over a clever lad with him that might be considered a rough diamond, he was sometimes known by the term of *Badger*, but Grose called him his *Guinea Pig*!

My first old and respected friend in Ireland, Mr. R. E. Mercier, was particularly kind to Grose, and had in his possession an original drawing of him on Vellum, from which Bartolozzi made an Etching; and from which the full length Portrait I have given is taken.

Being anxious to collect the scattered *relics* of this great *Antiquarian*, I have herewith given from Mercier's *Anthologia Hibernica*, a short sketch of his Life and Character, and also Burns's poetical description of his Peregrinations through Scotland, his Poetical Envelope covering his Letter to a Brother Antiquary of the North; together with Mr. Allan Cunningham's Commentary. The intimacy between Grose and Burns is well known, and I believe the celebrated Poem of Burns's Tam O'Shanter first appeared in the pages of Grose's Antiquities of Scotland.

In the following pages will be found another *poetical* sketch of Grose, written by his friend Mr. Davis of Wands-
worth, which is admirably Characteristic of him; and an accurate memoir written by Mr. Hone, and inserted in his "Every Day Book."

SIR,

Knowing that literary biography makes a distinguished part of your plan, I shall make no apology for sending you the following Memoir. It appeared, anonymously, for the first time, in the *Dublin Chronicle* for the 25th of May 1791; but was generally known to have fallen from the pen of Joseph C. Walker, Esq.

Dublin, Nov. 1 1794.

T. Z.

THE author of this little memoir cannot boast an early acquaintance with Captain Grose; he only knew him since his second visit to Ireland in the year 1790. The Captain then introduced himself to him in a very flattering manner; an event on which he now reflects with pleasure mingled with pain. As an Artist and Antiquary, Captain Grose is known to all the enlightened part of Europe; and where his character is known it is admired. His pencil and his pen were guided by taste and genius—sometimes they were directed by humour. Nor was he less admirable for his companionable qualities. Few men shone more in conversation than Mr. Grose.—In his society time passed with an audible step; naturally cheerful himself he flashed merriment around him; nor did his sallies of pleasantry or poignant humour ever give pain, for they were not excited either by the mental or personal defects of his auditors. Associating with the ornaments of literature, he abounded in literary anecdote; and having read extensively, and observed narrowly, he edified while he exhilarated.

The author of this feeble attempt to do justice to the memory of Captain Grose, is ignorant of the year in which he commenced his literary career; but he believes he began at an early period, to exercise his pencil on the military and ecclesiastical ruins of England. To this he was not excited by the hope of emolument; for he made a free gift to his printer, Mr. Samuel Hooper, of the drawings for *The Antiquities of England and Wales*. But it should not be forgotten, that the great success of this work enabled Mr. Hooper, with unparalleled generosity, to present Mrs. Grose with a bank note for £800.

The Antiquities of England and Wales were followed by *A Treatise on ancient Armour and Weapons and Military Antiquities*. Nor did his humour sleep during the execution of those laborious works; for while they were passing through the press, he published *A Provincial Glossary—A Guide to Health Honor and Riches—and Rules for Drawing Caricatures*; works abounding in genuine humour. He occasionally too, furnished the different editors of Shakespeare with valuable notes.

The state of his health demanding the exercise of travel, and encouraged by the success of his first Antiquarian Essays, he was induced to undertake *The Antiquities of Scotland* in the year 1789,

Having completed this arduous undertaking, he engaged in a work of a similar nature for Ireland, and had actually put several drawings, which he had made in the North of Ireland, into the hands of his engraver, when he was suddenly snatched away from the anxious public, and his inconsolable friends, on the 16th of May 1791.

The author of this desultory memoir cannot conclude without mentioning the liberal manner in which Captain Grose diffused his drawings among his friends. They were never known to solicit one in vain. Nor was his *portefeuille* ever closed to those engaged in any literary undertaking which his elegant pencil could illustrate.

And it is with pleasure the author adds, that Ireland, with her wonted generosity and respect for literature, is now about to raise a Monument to the memory of him, who, had Heaven spared him a few months longer, would have eternized the venerable remains of her antiquities.

A very beautiful and elegant model was made for this purpose by the celebrated Mr. Gandon an ingenious English architect, who studied his profession under Sir William Chambers. He was the first who gained the gold medal as an architectural prize from the Royal Academy, and early acquired considerable professional reputation, which was much enhanced by the publication of his "*Vitruvius Britannicus*," 3 vols. folio. He soon after went to Ireland, where he built the Royal Exchange at Dublin, the portico of the house of Lords, the four courts, and other highly esteemed buildings in that Capital. He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, as also of the Royal Irish Academy, and died at Canon-brook near Lucan, in 1824, being then in his eighty-fifth year. He was buried at Drumcondra Church, near Dublin, by the side of his friend Grose.

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it!

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to one ye'll find him sang in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L——d sae's colleaguin'
At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
We'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——cs!

It's tauld he was a, sodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
 And dog-skin wallett,
 And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
 Rusty airm caps and jinglin jackets,
 Wad hand the Lothians three in tacketts,
 A towmount guid;
 And parritch-pats, and auld sant-backetts
 Afore the flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-school and fencer;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg,
 The cut of Adam's philibeg:
 The knife that nicked Abel's craig
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a fauldin jocteleeg,
 Or lang-kail gully.—

But wad yee see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him;
 And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him!

Now by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!—
 Wha'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair misca' thee;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say Shame fa' thee

"The person whom this facetious poem celebrates was a zealous antiquary and fond of wit and wine. He had served in the army, and, retiring from it, dedicated his leisure and his talents to investigate the antiquities of his country. He found his way to Friars-Carse, where some of the ablest antiquaries of Scotland occasionally met: and at the "board of Glenriddel," he saw Burns for the first time. It is a tradition in the vale that the Englishman heard with wonder the sarcastic sallies, epigramatic remarks, and eloquent bursts of the Scot; while the latter was struck with the remarkable corpulency of the "little round fat oily man," and the almost poetic feeling with which he talked,

"Of parritch pats and all sant backetts
 Afore the flood."

The wine of Glenriddel, too, aided in tightening the bands of acquaintanceship. The poem flew before Grose over Scotland—it is said he was not pleased to be so heralded, and above all, little relished the allusions to his corpulency—he thought too, that his researches were treated with too little gravity. These sentiments had not, however, reached the Poet, when he writes to Grose to call on his friend Dugald Stewart.—"Mr. Stewart's principal characteristic is your favourite feature; that sterling independence

of mind, which though every man's right so few have the courage to claim, and fewer still the magnanimity to support: unseduced by splendour and undisgusted by wretchedness, he appreciates the merits of the actors in the great drama of life, merely as they perform their parts—in short he is a man after your own heart, and I comply with his earnest request in letting you know that he wishes above all things to meet with you." The meeting took place at Catrine as the antiquary was on his way to examine the ruins of Sorn Castle."

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER, ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?

Igo and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south or is he north?
Igo and ago,
Or drowned in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's besome gane?
Igo and ago,
Or haudin Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo and ago,
As for the deil, he daur na steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
Igo, and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo, and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

"It appears that Burns made out some antiquarian and legendary memoranda respecting the ruins in Kyle, and addressed them to his late facetious gossip Grose, under cover to Cardonnel, a well-known northern antiquary. As his mind teemed with poetry, he could not let this opportunity pass, but humming, as he folded up the letter, the well-known air of "Sir John Malcolm," wrote these lines on the wrapper. Here, again, he touched on the captain's corpulency, and raised a laugh louder than the latter liked. Cardonnel read the verses wherever he went, and the condoling enquiry over all Edinburgh was—

"Is he slain by Highlan' bodies,
And eaten like a wether haggis?"

The old song of "Sir John Malcolm," which the Poet had in his mind when he wrote to Cardonnel, is to be found in "Yair's Charmer;" it has some humour."





FRANCIS GROSE Esq. F.A.S.

THE LIFE

OF

FRANCIS GROSE, Esq. F. A. S.

As no regular Biographical memoir has been given of this agreeable and facetious personage, I have taken much pains to collect the scattered relics, in prose and verse respecting him. I had printed a short account from Mr. Hone's 'Every Day-Book,' but on perusing MARK NOBLE'S "History of the College of Arms, and the Lives of all the Kings, Heralds and Pursuivants, from the Reign of Richard the III. founder of the College, to the present time."—I find such ample justice bestowed upon Captain Grose, and his family, that, I have in addition to Mr. Hone's and Mr. Nichols's Prose, and Burns's and Mr. Davis's Poetical Sketch of an old favourite, given the entire.

“ FRANCIS GROSE, Esq. F. A. S. was son of Francis Grose, Esq. a native of Switzerland, who, settling in England, became so eminent a jeweller, that he was employed in fitting up the crown for the coronation of George II. Retiring from business, he resided at Richmond, and became a justice of peace for the county of Surrey. Dying in December, 1769, his prints and shells were disposed of in the following year. By Ann, Daughter of Thomas Bennett, of Kingston, in Oxfordshire, he had the herald and several other sons; they were, Mr. John Grose, F. A. S. author of "Ethica." John Henry Grose, Esq. who wrote the Voyage to the East Indies, printed in 1772, in two volumes, father of Daniel Grose, Esq. F. A. S. captain of the royal regiment of artillery. Edward Grose, Esq. a merchant in Threadneedle Street; and Sir Nash Grose, justice of the King's Bench. Francis Grose, Esq. Richmond, the eldest son, born at Greenford, in Middlesex, having a taste for heraldry and antiquities, his father procured him a place in the College of Arms. At his death he left him a fortune, which, with oeconomy, was sufficient to have supplied all reasonable demands; but eccentric, easy, a lover and promoter of pleasantry, he never reflected about contingencies. Resigning his tabard in 1763, he became adjutant and paymaster of the Hampshire militia; here he found others equally disposed to frolic and mirth; his moments passed pleasantly: the only books of account he kept, as he used to own, were his right and left hand pockets; into the

one he put what he received; from the other he paid: the designing and the careless, regarded him as their dupe, and he soon felt the effects of his credulity. He found resources in his excellent classical education, and his fine taste for drawing; this gave rise to his projecting those elegant, splendid, and curious volumes which adorn our best libraries. His works are, *Antiquities of England and Wales*, in four volumes; the same of *Guernsey and Jersey*, in two volumes; of *Scotland*, in two volumes. The works he published upon this interesting subject, are faithful sketches of Druidical remains, and of the ruined castles and monasteries in the British Isles. He was often assisted by his friends, both in drawing, and oftener in the historical part, but never without the most grateful acknowledgements. Mr. Grose had been for some time a Fellow of the Societies of Antiquaries of London and Perth; the former in March 31, 1757. He also had risen in his profession to be a captain in the Surrey Militia; and as he had published his volumes of the *Antiquities of Guernsey and Jersey* in 1787, he applied himself to what related to his military situation. In 1786, 1788, he printed his "*Military Antiquities respecting a History of the English Army, from the Conquest to the present time*," in two volumes, 4to. illustrated with a great variety of plates; and, like the former works, published in numbers. As a kind of prelude to these volumes he published "*A treatise on ancient Armour and Weapons*, illustrated by plates taken from the original armour in the Tower of London, and other arsenals, museums, and cabinets, in 1785, 4to." To which he gave a Supplement in 1789, 4to. The plates in both were etched by Mr. John Hamilton, vice-president of the Society of Artists of Great Britain, "executed in a free painter-like manner." In 1785 he published a *Classical Dictionary of the vulgar Tongue*, which by no means added to his reputation, and "*a Guide to Health, Beauty, Honour and Riches*; being a collection of humorous advertisements, pointing out means to obtain those blessings," with a suitable introductory preface. In 1786, "*The History of Dover Castle*, by the Rev. William Darrel, chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. The Latin MS. from which this was printed, was transcribed from the original by William Oldys, Esq. Norroy. It is elegantly printed in quarto and octavo, the same size as the large and small editions of the *Antiquities of England and Wales*, with ten beautiful views finely engraved, from drawings taken by himself on the spot. In 1788. "*A provincial Glossary. with a collection of local Proverbs. and popular Superstitions.*" 8vo. In the same year appeared without his name, but which was generally ascribed to him, "*Rules for Drawing Caricatures, the subject illustrated with four copper Plates, with an Essay on comic Painting.*" In 1789 he began his Scottish tour: the result of it appeared first in 1790. Before the whole was completed he went to Ireland, which was to be viewed as the sister kingdom, and its antiquities, comprised in forty numbers, in the same sizes as his other works of that kind, were to be given; but, when only in the fifty-second year of his age, he was carried off by an apoplectic

stroke, May 12, 1791, in the house of Mr. Hone, in Dublin.* Since his death a small 8vo. volume of miscellaneous subjects were published, by the late Mr. John Williamson, from which I have given the lives of Warburton, Somerset, and Oldys, Norroy. It is wonderful that he was able to publish so much, and that generally so excellent. Besides these extensive works, he drew the new plates in Mr. Martin's History of Thetford, 1779. Mr. William Flackton, bookseller at Canterbury, and Miss Gosling of that city, have many of his drawings, taken whilst he resided there, which he did for some years, having married a lady of that place. Cromwell, the vicar-general, the furious fanatical reformer Knox, and Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, were founders of his celebrity, by destroying the ecclesiastical and military structures of our ancestors; but the hand of time had prepared them for Grose's pencil, by fracturing the walls, and rearing upon and around them, the ivy, the moss, and the shrub. There is an original miniature portrait of him, drawn from the life, by Dr. Bruce, then surgeon of a regiment of foot, in the possession of Mr. Flackton, who long knew and highly esteemed him; it represents him sitting in a chair, in his military uniform, and was esteemed, when taken, twenty-seven years before his death, a very striking likeness. There is a whole length portrait of him by Dance, engraved by Bartolozzi which I have given. Yet he seems to have disliked a personal representation of himself sleeping in a chair, which Mr. Nichols pronounced "an excellent" likeness; a copy of which we have here given. This sleeping portrait is attributed to the Rev. James Douglas, one of his brother antiquaries, who dedicated the print to their "devoted bretheren" of the society. Beneath it were inscribed the following lines:

"Now GROSE, like bright Phœbus, has sunk into rest,
Society droops for the loss of his jest;
Antiquarian debates, unseasoned with mirth,
To genius and learning will never give birth.
Then wake, brother member, our friend from his sleep,
Lest Apollo should frown, and Bacchus should weep."



He was remarkably corpulent, as the engravings show. In a letter to the Rev. James Grainger, he says, "I am, and ever have been, the idlest fellow living, even before I had acquired the load of adventitious matter which at present stuffs my doublet." On the margin of this letter, Mr. Grainger wrote "as for the matter that *stuffs* your doublet, I hope it is all good *stuff*; if you should *double* it, I shall call it morbid matter and tremble for you. But I consider it as the effect of good digestion, pure blood, and laughing spirits, coagulated into a wholesome mass by as much sedentariness. (I note this long word) as is consistent with the activity of your disposition." In truth, Grose was far from being an idle man; he had great mental activity, and his antiquarian knowledge and labour were great. He was fond however of what are termed the pleasures of the table; and is represented in a fine mezzotinto, drawn and engraved by his friend Nathaniel Hone with Theodisius Forrest, the barrister, and Hone himself, dressed in the character of monks, over a bowl which Grose is actively preparing for their carousal.

'Another, styled "The English Antiquary," is amongst the caricature portraits of Mr. Ray, of Edinburgh. That in "The Lounger's Miscellany" was not designed for, though it well represents him. There is another which does not do justice to the subject it professes to represent. None more laughed at his figure than himself, and it being unique, could not be mistaken; he often signed not his names to his letter, but sketched his person. How inimitable has that sweet bard, the unfortunate Burns, portrayed the man when larding the lean earth in his perambulations in that kingdom.

Grose, to a stranger, might have been supposed not a surname, but selected as significant of his figure ; which was more of the form of Sanch Panca than Falstaff ; he partook greatly of the properties of both. He was as low, squat, and rotund as the former, and not less a sloven ; equalled him too in his love of sleep, and nearly so in his proverbs. In his wit he was a Falstaff. He was the butt for other men to shoot at, but it always rebounded with a double force. He could eat with Sancho, and drink with the Knight. In simplicity, probity, and a compassionate heart, he was wholly of the Panca breed ; his jocularly could have pleased a prince. His learning, sense, science, and honour, might have secured him the favour, not the rejection of the all-accomplished conqueror of France.—My personal knowledge of the original enables me to vouch for the justness of the character I have drawn. In the " St. James's Evening " was proposed as an epitaph for him, the following appropriate words :

Here lies Francis Grose.
On Thursday, May 12, 1791,
Death put an end to
His views and prospects.

* Mr. Grose, I believe, chiefly resided at Wandsworth, in Surrey, he married the beautiful Catherine, daughter of Mr. Jordan, of Canterbury, by whom he had two sons and five daughters ; 1, Francis Grose, of Croydon-Crook in Surrey, Esq. a colonel in the army, governor of New South Wales ; 2, Onslow Grose, Esq. captain of the pioneer corps on the Madras establishment, who died very lately in India ; 3, Catherine-Ann-Maria, born in the parish of All Saints, in Canterbury, August 19, 1752 ; 4, Ann-Elizabeth ; 5, Mary-Caroline ; and 6, Phæbe. One of these daughters married to Anketel Singleton, Esq. lieutenant-governor of Landguard-Fort, in Essex."

A

POETICAL SKETCH

OF FRANCIS GROSE, Esq. F. A. S.

BY HIS FRIEND MR. DAVIS, OF WANDSWORTH,

Which will give to those unacquainted with Mr. Grose some idea of his character and person ; while to those who had the good fortune to know him, it will be recognized as a spirited and well-drawn portrait.

Since thanks to heaven's high bounty free,
And blest with independency,
I taste, from busy scenes remote,
Sweet pleasure in a peaceful cot ;
While other bards for interest, chuse
To prostitute their venal muse,
And offer incense, with design
To please the great, at falsehood's shrine ;
Suppose for pastime I portray
Some valu'd friend in faithful lay.

Gross to my pen a theme supplies,
 With life and laughter in his eyes,
 Oh ! how I can survey with pleasure,
 His breast and shoulders ample measure ;
 His dimpled chin and rosy cheek,
 His skin from inward lining sleek.

When to my house he deigns to pass
 Through miry ways, to take a glass,
 How gladly ent'ring in I see
 His belly's vast rotundity !
 But though so fat, he beats the leaner
 In ease, and bodily demeanour ;
 And in that mass of flesh so droll
 Resides a social, gen'rous soul.

Humble—and modest to excess,
 Nor conscious of his worthiness,
 He's yet too proud to worship state,
 And haunt with courtly bend the great
 He draws not for an idle word,
 Like modern duellists, his sword,
 But shews upon a gross affront,
 The valour of a Bellamont.
 On comic themes, in grave disputes,
 His sense, the nicest palate suits ;
 And more, he's with good nature blest,
 Which gives to sense superior zest.

His age, if you are nice to know,
 Some two and forty years ago,
 Euphrosyne upon his birth
 Smil'd gracious, and the God of mirth
 O'er bowls of nectar spoke his joy,
 And promis'd vigour to the boy.

With Horace, if in height compar'd,
 He somewhat overtops the bard ;
 Like Virgil too, I must confess,
 He's rather negligent in dress ;
 Restless besides he loves to roam,
 And when he seems most fix'd at home,
 Grows quickly tir'd, and breaks his tether,
 And scours away in spite of weather ;
 Perhaps by sudden start to France,
 Or else to Ireland takes a dance ;
 Or schemes for Italy pursues,
 Or seeks in England other views ;
 And though still plump and in good case,
 He sails or rides from place to place,
 So oft to various parts has been,
 So much of towns and manners seen,
 He yet with learning keeps alliance,
 Far travell'd in the books of science ;
 Knows more, I can't tell how, than those
 Who pore whole years on verse and prose ;
 And while through pond'rous works they toil,
 Turn pallid at the midnight oil.

He's judg'd as artist to inherit
 No small degree of Hogarth's spirit ;
 Whether he draws from London air
 The cit, swift driving in his chair,

O'erturn'd, with precious sirloin's load
 And frightened madam in the road ;
 While to their darling vill they haste,
 So fine in Asiatic taste ;
 Or bastard sworn to simple loon :
 Or sects that dance to Satan's tune.

Deep in antiquity he's read,
 And though at college never bred,
 As much of things appears to know,
 As erst knew Leland, Herne, or Stowe :
 Brings many a proof, and shrew'd conjecture
 Concerning gothic architecture :
 Explains how by mechanic force
 Was thrown of old, stone, man or horse :
 Describes the kitchen, high and wide,
 That lusty Abbot's paunch supplied :
 Of ancient structures write the same,
 And on their ruins builds his name.

O late may, by the fates decree,*
 My friend's Metempsychosis be ;
 But when the time of change shall come,
 And Atropos shall seal his doom,
 Round some old castle let him play,
 The brisk Ephemeron of a day ;
 Then from the short-liv'd race escape,
 To please again in human shape.

In taking leave of Captain Grose, I must not omit noticing a Burlesque translation of *Homer's Iliad*, that was attributed to him, and I believe the first Work written by him in the hey-day of life ; it abounds in a strong vein of coarse humour, and although so truly laughable and ludicrous it would have been well perhaps that it had never appeared or that it had with his " Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," been consigned to oblivion. The first volume of *Homer Travestied* appeared when Grose was about 30 years of Age, and was published by an obscure bookseller of the name of *Mariner* in 1762. The Second volume was published by Grose's *favorite*, but as he terms him *negligent* bookseller " Master Sam Hooper," to whom he was very partial, although, he says, that " He never did any one thing that he told him to do" A second edition of this Work appeared in 1778, and subsequently third and fourth editions, with spirited Etchings, were published by Hooper in conjunction with the Robinsons, the mutual friends of both, and although this work is omitted in the list of Grose's Works,

* He was a believer of the doctrine of Transmigration.

in Watts Bibliotheca and other publications, I have no doubt upon the subject. The only apology he appears to make for this extensive range of doggerel, may be gathered from his preface where he says :—

The writers of the merry class,
E'er since the times of Hudibras,
In this strange blunder all agree,
To murder short-legg'd Poetry :
Words though designed to make ye smile,
Why may'nt they run as smooth as oil ?
No Poet-taster can convince
A man of any kind of sense :
That verse can be the greatest treasure,
Because it wants both weight and measure ;
Or can persuade that false rough metre,
Though true and smooth, by far is sweeter.

I close this portion of my book, with some few remarks upon the Robinsons and the eminent authors who associated with them in their Literary pursuits, and at the festive and social board. George Robinson, Senr., might be considered the Prince, nay, the King of Booksellers ; for added to his fine, manly, prepossessing appearance, and dignified manners, his walk was as majestic as that of his friends Drs. Glover and Buchan ; never shall I forget these personages each standing 6 feet in height, at their great climaeterick.—The elder Robinson, was perhaps, the most enterprising, intelligent and communicative bookseller with authors of his day, and among those who partook of his hospitality, were the celebrated Arthur Murphy, Charles Macklin, John Louis Delolme, Gentleman Aicken, Dr. Glover, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Wallis, Mr. Holcroft, Alexander Chalmers and others ; and in his more select parties Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Radcliffe, &c., &c., visited at his town house in Pater Noster Row, where the wits and critics of the day assembled ; he possessed a vast share of ready wit and repartee himself, and his having published the Critical Review for nearly half a century, and the New Annual Register from its commencement, as well as the most popular Works of Voyages and Travels, from *Abysinia Bruce*, down to those of Savary, Volney, and endless other Popular Works, as well as Translations from

the French and German ; and original Novels and Dramatic Works in abundance ; these brought him in contact with the first men of the age. He was a most social companion and according to the habits of that period, was said to be a six bottle man, sometimes knocking up, as it was termed, some of his Irish and Scotch friends, and Correspondents, among whom were the celebrated Luke White, John Archer, and Patrick Byrne of Dublin, and the Elliot's and Kayes, &c. of Edinburgh, as well as their English friends

Nothing could be more gratifying than meeting Robinson and his son and brothers with their parties at their villa at Streatham, about six miles from London. Here I have often seen Holcroft, Godwin, Chalmers and others.

This snug retreat was a farm house shingled, or blue-boarded ; with diamond latticed cottage windows, the gable end fronting the road was sheltered by a venerable Yew tree, and the whole encircled by substantial out houses and excellent gardens ; John Louis De Lolme was a visitor here, when his eccentricities would admit ; he was naturally of a gloomy disposition, and disappointments from higher quarters in his expectations from his Essay on the Constitution and other able political writings encreased his irritability. It is rather remarkable that one of the best histories of England, and the best Essay on the English Constitution, have been written by Frenchmen, namely, Rapin and De Lolme ; of the latter the Monthly Review thus speaks :—

The reputation of this book, the French original of which is known to many of our readers, has not been a little increased by the great character given of it by the celebrated Junius. He speaks of it more than once with high encomium, and has recommended it to the public as a performance, deep, solid, and ingenious. Nor is it Junius alone who hath praised it in the strongest terms. It has been mentioned, with equal applause, by some of the most illustrious members of the British senate ; among whom, if we recollect aright, may be reckoned the names of a Camden and a Chatham. These circumstances cannot fail of exciting the attention, and raising the expectation of those who have not read the original ; and they will now have an opportunity of perusing Mr. De Lolme's treatise with peculiar advantage. This English edition of it comes from the author himself, and is not merely a translation of his former production, but presents itself to us much improved and enlarged.

Three new chapters, including nearly an hundred pages, are added towards the close of the second book ; and there are several considerable additions beside, which are interspersed through the body of the work.

" Mr. De Lolme observes, in the introduction, that he is aware, that it will be deemed presumptuous in a man who has passed the greatest part of his life out of England, to attempt a delineation of the English Government. But to this he answers, that, though a foreigner in England, yet as a native of a free country, he is no stranger to those circumstances which constitute or characterize liberty ; and that even the great disproportion between the republic of which he is a member and in which he formed his principles, and the British empire, has perhaps only contributed to facilitate his political inquiries."

Mr. John Nicholls gives the following interesting account of De Lolme :—

* This eminent Political Writer was born at Geneva about 1745 ; received a liberal education, and embraced the profession of the Law ; but did not long practise as an Advocate, before he formed the resolution of quitting his native country, that he might display his lively talents and his literary acquirements on a more conspicuous theatre of action, and might personally observe the constitutions and customs of more powerful States. The English Government, in particular, excited his curiosity, and he resolved to study its nature, and examine its principles, with particular care and attention. He even endeavoured, in the first work which he published after his arrival in England, to lead his Readers into an opinion that he was a native of this favoured country. It was written in our language, and appeared in 1772, with the title, " A Parallel between the English Government and the former Government of Sweden ; containing some Observations on the late Revolution in that Kingdom, and the Examination of the Causes that secure us against both Aristocracy and Absolute Monarchy." Many of our Countrymen were apprehensive that our Constitution might be subverted, like that of Sweden ; but the learned Doctor (for M. De Lolme had previously taken the degree of L. E. D.) by contrasting with the polity of England the Government which Gustavus III. had overturned, plausibly argued that such fears were ill founded. He soon after commenced the work which established his literary and political fame, " The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government : in which it is compared, both with the Republican Form of Government, and the other Monarchies in Europe." It was applauded, on its first appearance (in Holland) in the French language, as a very ingenious and spirited performance, combining originality of thought with justness of remark and perspicuity of expression. A translation of it being earnestly desired, the Author enlarged and improved it, and published the first English edition in June 1775, 8vo. It was supposed that he was the Translator of his own work from the French ; and his great knowledge of our language was the subject of high encomium. But, if the general style of the work be compared with that of the dedication, which, in every sentence, bears marks of a foreign pen, it will readily be concluded, that the body of the publication was chiefly translated by an Englishman, under the Author's eye. His next publication was the above-mentioned " History of the Flagellants ; or, Memorials of Human Superstition." His attention being afterwards more usefully called to the subject of the Legislative Union between England and Scotland, by an intended re-publication of De Foe's History of that memorable transaction, he wrote in 1787, a judicious essay, calculated for an introduction to that work. The fate of this Essay, however, was somewhat singular. When it was completed at the press, the Author and his Bookseller quarrelled about the price ; and the Essay (enlarged by the Author into a separate Work,

"on the Kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland") remained, unpublished, and unpaid for, in the Printer's warehouse, and was finally converted to waste paper. In the following year appeared his "Observations relative to the Tax upon Window-lights, the Shop-tax, and the Impost upon Hawkers and Pedlars." In these he urges his objections with humour as well as argument. When the question of the Regency agitated the minds of the public, he wrote, in 1789, "Observations upon the National Embarrassment, and the Proceedings in Parliament relative to the same." In this Pamphlet he coincides with the plan proposed by Mr. Pitt, and adopted by the Parliament, with the concurrence of the great majority of the Nation. These are supposed to be all Mr. De Lolme's avowed publications; but he wrote some Letters in the Newspapers, particularly a very ingenious paper on the question, "whether the Impeachment of Mr. Hastings abated by a Dissolution of Parliament?" He wrote also, in 1779, a long and laboured "Justification of the Council at Madras;" an 8vo pamphlet of about 170 pages (of which 2000 copies were printed) on a subject which was settled without the necessity of making it public. It is not exactly known at what time he left England; but he died in Switzerland in 1807, leaving a name certainly of considerable eminence in the Annals of Literature. His Perception was acute, and his mind vigorous. Not content with a hasty or superficial observation of the characters of Men and the affairs of States, he examined them with a philosophic spirit and a discerning eye. He could ably speculate on the different modes of Government, develop the disguised views of Princes and Ministers, and detect the arts and intrigues of demagogues and pseudo-patriots. His work on the Constitution of England has been generally supposed the most rational and enlightened survey of the subject; but De Lolme was not much a gainer by it. It was discouraged on its first appearance; and, though mentioned with high respect by some leading men in Parliament, nothing substantial was done for its Author. His private life, however, had many singularities; and De Lolme was not a man to be provided for by casual bounty, or casual patronage. He expected, and had reason to expect, some permanent reward that might have led to independence. Disappointed in this, his pride of spirit would not suffer him to solicit inferior rewards. At times he was a successful speculator in the Public Funds. The Writer of this article has more than once seen a handfull of Bank Notes so obtained; with which it was his habit to retire from the world till all was consumed. For some years, when inquiries were made by men of rank, who probably meant to have assisted him, it was almost impossible to trace his lodgings, which he frequently changed, and in some of which he passed by fictitious names. He was discovered, however, in his retreat, by a benevolent member of the "Literary Fund;" and condescended to accept, as a present, some welcome pecuniary relief. In 1807, an Edition of his work on the Constitution was published, illustrated by Notes, and a critical and Biographical Preface by Dr. Charles Coote.—See more of him in Mr. Chalmers's Edition of the "Biographical Dictionary;" and Mr. D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors."

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

The late Thomas Holcroft, Esq., was amongst the earliest of my recollections, and is the last personage I shall advert to before I enter into a further retrospection, or commence with the main object of my memoirs. He was in reality the architect of his own fortune. He wrote a small portion of his own life, from which, and other sources, the conduct,

character experience, and fancy of this extraordinary man, in rising above every obstacle, is a proof of what perseverance can effect for the most humble and even unfortunate, for Holcroft's early days were clouded by poverty, pain and disappointments. The talented Mr. Hazlitt was fortunately acquainted with him for the last four years of his life, and has produced three volumes of the most entertaining and instructive pieces of biography that we have witnessed. He says in an advertisement prefixed to them,

"Mr. Holcroft had intended, for several years before his death, to write an account of his own life. It is now to be regretted that he did not begin to execute this design sooner. Few lives have been marked with more striking changes; and no one possessed the qualities necessary for describing them with more characteristic liveliness in a greater degree than he did. It often happens, that what we most wish done, we fail to do; either through fear lest the execution should not answer our expectations, or because the pleasure with which we contemplate a favourite object at a distance, makes us neglect the ordinary means of attaining it. This seems to have been the case with Mr. Holcroft, who did not begin the work he had so long projected, till within a short time of his death. How much he had it at heart, may however be inferred from the extraordinary pains he then took to make some progress in it. He told his physicians that he did not care what severity of treatment he was subjected to, provided he could live six months longer to complete what he began. By dictating a word at a time, he succeeded in bringing it down to his fifteenth year. When the clearness, minuteness, and vividness of what he thus wrote, are compared with the feeble, half-convulsed state in which it was written, it will be difficult to bring a stronger instance of the exertion of resolution and firmness of mind, under such circumstances. The whole of this account is given literally to the public. This part comprises the first seventeen chapters, or Book I. The remainder of the life has been compiled from Mr. Holcroft's letters; from journals and other papers to which I had access; from conversations with some of his early and most intimate friends; and from passages in his printed works, relating to his own history and adventures, pointed out to me by them. Some of the anecdotes I have also heard mentioned by himself; but these are comparatively few. I first became acquainted with Mr. Holcroft about ten years ago; my chief intercourse with him was within the last three or four years of his life."

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

"I was born in London, in Orange Court, Leicester Fields, on the 10th day of December, 1795, old style; and was baptized and registered in St. Martin's Church, where my name is erroneously written Howlcroft. In a will of one of my uncles, which may be seen in Doctors' Commons, the name is spelt Houldecroft. From this it appears that our family did not pay much attention to subjects of orthography, or think the manner in which their name was spelt, a matter of importance.

Most persons, I believe, retain through life, a few strong impressions of very early childhood. I have a recollection of being played with by my parents, when very young, and of the extreme pleasure it gave me. On another occasion, as I and one or two of my brothers or sisters were playing in the court, and kneeling and peeping down a cellar window, where there were some fowls, a shutter that belonged to the window, and was fastened up, by some means or other got loose, and entirely cut off one side of my sister Anne's thumb;—a disaster never afterwards to be forgotten. My father one day whipped me very severely for crying to go to a

school in the neighbourhood, where children were sent rather to keep them out of the way, than to learn any thing. He afterwards ordered an apprentice he had to take me to school. This apprentice was an exceedingly hard-featured youth, with thick lips, wide mouth, broad nose, and his face very much marked with the small-pox, but very kind and good tempered. I perfectly remember his carrying me in my petticoats, consoling me as we went, and giving me something nice to eat. Perhaps I bear his features in mind the more accurately, because I occasionally saw him afterwards, till I was seven or eight years old, when he used to visit my father, who was then under misfortunes. He seldom came without something kind to say, or good to give ; but his last and capital gift, too precious to be ever forgotten, consisted of two small books. One was the History of Parismus and Parismenes, and the other, the Seven Champions of Christendom, [then called *Chapman's Books*] These were to me an inestimable treasure, that often brought the rugged, good natured Dick to my remembrance, with no slight sense of obligation."

The effects upon the young mind of first impressions produced by similar works, are not less extraordinary than frequent, the great Edmund Burke, was fond of these, *Chapman's Books*, or what in Ireland were termed *Burtons*; among these collections were the Siege of Troy, Don Belianis of Greece, and others, which he read with avidity.

"Mr. H. continues, till I was about six years old, my father kept a shoe-maker's shop in Orange-Court, and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters. After I became a man, my father more than once pointed out the house to me; the back of it looks into the King's Mews ; and it is now No. 13. My father was fond of speculation, and very adventurous. I believe he had been set up in-trade by my uncle John, who lived several years, first as a helper, and afterwards as a groom in the King's stables ; where, being an excellent economist, he saved money. For a time, my father, through John's influence, was admitted a helper in the stables, but he did not continue there long, not having his brother's perseverance. How or when he procured the little knowledge of shoe-making which he had, I do not recollect ; though I have heard him mention the fact. He was not bred to the trade. He and a numerous family of his brothers and sisters all spent their infancy in the field country ; or, as I have heard him describe it, the most desolate part of Lancashire, called Martin's Muir, where my grand-father was a cooper ; a man, according to my father's account, possessed of good qualities, but passionate, and a dear lover of Sir John Barleycorn. My grand-mother was always mentioned by my father with very great respect.

At the period of which I speak, the west end of London swarmed with chairmen ; who, in order that they might tread more safely, had their shoes made differently from those of other people ; to which particular branch of the trade my father applied himself with some success. But he was not satisfied with the profits he acquired by shoe-making : he was very fond of horses, and having some knowledge of them, he became a dealer in them. Few persons but the great, at this time kept any sort of carriage. It was common for those who wished to ride out, to hire a horse for the day ; and my father kept several horses for this purpose. If his word was to be taken, they were such as were not very easily to be matched. The praise he bestowed on them for their performances, and his admiration of their make and beauty, were strong and continued. Young as I was, he earnestly

wished to see me able to ride. He had a beautiful poney [at least so he called, and so I thought it:] but it was not more remarkable for its beauty, than its animation. To hold it, required all my father's strength and skill; yet he was determined I should mount this poney, and accompany him, whenever he took a ride. For this purpose my petticoats were discarded; and as he was fonder of me than even of his horses, nay, or of his poney, he had straps made, and I was buckled to the saddle, with a leading rein fastened to the muzzle of the poney, which he carefully held. These rides, with the oddness of our equipage and appearance, sometimes exposed us to the ridicule of bantering acquaintance; but I remember no harm that happened.

About the same time, my father indulged another whim; whether he was led to it by any other particular accident, I cannot tell. I must have been about five years old, when he put me under the tuition of a player on the violin, who was a public performer of some repute. Either parental fondness led my father to believe or he was flattered into the supposition, that I had an uncommon aptitude for the art I had been put to learn. I shall never forget the high praises that I received, the affirmation that I was a prodigy, and the assurances my teachers gave that I should soon be heard in public. These dreams were never realized.

My father was under great obligations to my uncle John, and was afraid, especially just at that time, of disobliging him. My uncle's pride took the alarm; and after marking his disapprobation he asked with contempt, "Do you mean to make a fiddler of the boy?" My practice on the violin therefore ceased; and it is perhaps worth remarking, that, though I could play so well before I was six years old, I had wholly forgotten the art at the age of seven; for, after my master left me, I never touched the instrument. In the days of my youthful distress, I have sometimes thought, with bitter regret, of the absurd pride of my uncle.

Thus far my infantine life had passed under much more favourable circumstances than are common to the children of the poor. But, when I was about six years old, the scene suddenly changed, a long train of increasing hardships began, and I have no doubt my sufferings were rendered more severe from a consciousness of the little I had suffered till then. This may therefore be properly considered as the first remarkable era of my life.

Mr. Holcroft continues his narrative by describing his father's laborious pedestrian excursions, and his own privations and disappointments in wandering from place to place, sometimes begging, and at others tramping the villages with his mother, with pins, laces, tapes, and other small haberdashery; they also visited the country fairs. In describing one of their routes, he says:—

"The things of which I have the most distinct recollection as connected with the Isle of Ely, are its marshy lands, multiplied ditches, long broad grass, low and numerous draining mills; with the cathedral of Peterborough, which I thought beautiful: but above all, those then dear and delightful creatures, a quack doctor, peeping from behind his curtain, and that droll devil his merry Andrew, apparitions first beheld by me at Wisbeach fair. It was a pleasure so unexpected, so exquisite, so rich and rare, that I followed the merry Andrew and his drummer through the streets, gliding under arms and between legs, never long together three yards, apart from him; almost bursting with laughter at his extreme comicality; tracing the gridirons, punchinellos, and pantomime figures on his jacket; wondering at the manner in which he twirled his hat in the air, and again caught it so dexterously on his head. My curiosity did not

abate, when he examined to see if there was any little devil hid within it, with a grotesque squint of his eyes, twist of his nose, and the exclamation, "Oh, ho! have I caught you Mr. Imp?"—making a snatch at the inside of his hat, grasping at something, opening his hand, finding nothing in it, and then crying with a stupid stare—"No, you see, good folks, the devil of any devil is here!" Then again, when he returned to the stage, followed by an eager crowd, and in an imperious tone was ordered by his master to mount,—to see the comical jump he gave, alighting half upright, roaring with pretended pain, pressing his hip, declaring he had put out his collar bone, crying to his master to come and cure it, receiving a kick, springing up and making a somerset; thanking his master kindly for making him well; yet, the moment his back was turned, mocking him with wry faces; answering the doctor, whom I should have thought extremely witty, if Andrew had not been there, with jokes so opposite and whimsical as never failed to produce roars of laughter. All this was to me assuredly "the feast of reason and the flow of soul!" As it was the first scene of the kind I had ever witnessed, so it was the most extatic. I think it by no means improbable, that an ardent love of the dramatic art took root in my mind from the accidents of that day."

Mr. Holcroft then describes his journey to Coventry, speaks of Lady Godiva, Peeping Tom, &c. In speaking of his father, he says:—

"Having been bred to an employment for which he was very ill fitted, both from his physical and mental powers and propensities, the habit that became most rooted in, and most fatal to my father, was a fickleness of disposition, a thorough persuasion, after he had tried one means of providing for himself and family for a certain time, that he had discovered another far more profitable and secure. Steadiness of pursuit was a virtue at which he could never arrive: and I believe few men in the kingdom had in the course of their lives been the hucksters of so many small wares; or more enterprising dealers in articles of a halfpenny value.

"Different circumstances have fixed in my mind the recollection of many of the towns to which we went, and a variety of the articles of my father's traffic, but in all probability not a tenth part of either. I at this moment remember in particular, a market-day at Macclesfield in Cheshire; not so much from what we sold, though I believe it was some sort of woodenware, of which trenchers and spoons were in those days staple articles, as from a person that caught my attention there. This was a most robust and boisterous woman, more than middle-aged, with a very visible beard, and a deep base voice. I was never weary of listening to, looking at her, and watching all she said or did, I could scarcely think it possible there was such a woman."

"I should mention that to carry on these itinerant trades, my father had begun by purchasing an ass, and bought more as he could; now and then increasing his store by the addition of a ragged poney, or a worn-out weather-beaten Rozinante. In autumn he turned his attention to fruit, and conveyed apples and pears in hampers from villages to market-towns; among the latter of which I remember, were Tamworth, Newark-upon-Trent, and Hinckley. The bad nourishment I met with, the cold and wretched manner in which I was clothed, and the excessive weariness I endured in following these animals day after day, and being obliged to drive creatures still more weary than myself, were miseries much too great, and loaded my little heart with sorrows far too pungent ever to be forgotten. Bye roads and high roads were alike to be traversed, but the former far the oftenest, for they were then almost innumerable, and the state of them in winter would scarcely at present be believed."

"My father became by turns, a collector and vender of rags, a hardware-man, a dealer in buckles, buttons, and pewter-spoons; in short, a trafficker in whatever could bring gain. But there was one thing which fixed his attention longer than any other, and which therefore, I suppose he found the most lucrative; which was, to fetch pottery from the neighbourhood of Stone, in Staffordshire, and to hawk it through all the North of England. Of all other travelling, this was the most continual, the most severe, and the most intolerable. Derbyshire, Cheshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, the towns and cities of Birmingham, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Coventry, Derby, Barton-upon-Trent, Litchfield, Tamworth, Featherstone, Nuneaton, Lutterworth, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, nay, as far up as Warwick, Stratford-upon-Avon, Daventry, Northampton, Newport-Pagnell, Banbury, [I well remember its delicious cakes;] and on the east, Stamford in Lincolnshire, Grantham, and in short every place within possible reach, or where pottery might be sold, received visits from my father, the asses, and poor me."

Subsequently to these ramblings he passed through innumerable difficulties at Cannock Heath and Rugely, in drawing from the pits, and disposing of coals in such masses that three of them were generally an ass load, and any one of which was usually beyond his strength. From Staffordshire his father and he removed to and traversed Cheshire and Nottinghamshire. Soon after from Nottingham our hero went to Newmarket, and in succession became a stable boy, a trainer of race horses, a jockey, an ardent lover of the turf, and even a partaker in its sports. It is probable that owing to these circumstances that in after life he succeeded to such admiration in writing that first rate Comedy "The Road to Run."

Mr. Holcroft's biographer thus commences his first chapter:—

"At the expiration of his year, Mr. Holcroft left John Watson and his associates at Newmarket; and returned, as he had intended, to his father, who then kept a cobbler's stall in South Audley-street.* He was at this time near sixteen. He continued to work in the stall with his father, till the latter could afford to pay a journey-man shoe-maker, to instruct him in the business of making shoes, which in time he learned so well, as to obtain the best wages."

I take my leave of Mr. Holcroft at an age nearly corresponding with my own, and closing the two first stages of my Reminiscences. "MY OWN TIMES," or "SEVEN YEARS IN LONDON," (from 1785 to 1792,) is preparing for publication.

* "A curious coincidence here occurs both with regard to the profession and position of Mr. Holcroft, which is as follows.—The caustic and eccentric Philip Thicknesse, in order to wound the feelings of his son, to his face, had inscribed on a cobbler's bulk opposite to his residence, "Philip Thicknesse, Cobbler, and Father to Lord Audley over the way."



JOHN DUNTON.

BORN 1659, DIED 1733.

— 1898 —
Unkelas Lith. 26 So. Mall. Cork.

Three hundred and fifty years

RETROSPECTION

OF AN

Old Bookseller ;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF

PRINTING, TYPE FOUNDING, AND ENGRAVING,

IN THEIR VARIOUS BRANCHES ;

ALSO THE ORIGIN OF THE EARLIEST

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, REVIEWS,

PERIODICAL ESSAYS AND NEWSPAPERS ;

WITH

Biographical Anecdotes,

AND PORTRAITS.

" By this RETROSPECTION—vast
I view the glorious ages past."

Swift.

Cork :

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE AUTHOR,

67, SOUTH MALL,

1835.

PROSPECTUS.

THE AUTHOR of "Fifty Years Recollections of an Old Bookseller," having Published the first part of his Book without an ADVERTISEMENT or PROSPECTUS (except himself as walking ones,) relied upon the kind indulgence and liberal patronage, which he had at all times received from the Inhabitants of Cork; and which on this peculiar occasion, has exceeded his most sanguine hopes and expectation; being fully aware of the disadvantages under which he laboured in ushering into the World, with his feeble efforts, the first and most uninteresting portion of his Work.

It commenced at the year of his birth 1770, arrived only to his 15th year, 1785, and was merely Retrospective of casual events, and introductory to the more important ones of "FIFTY YEARS RECOLLECTIONS" which he proposes to lay before his Friends and the Public."

He is still compelled to solicit the indulgence of the Public, in availing himself of the latitude which he allowed himself in his title page, of an Unlimited Retrospect, for the purpose of bringing in the chain of LITERARY ANECDOTES of his "OWN TIMES." He has therefore brought within the limits of *One Hundred Pages; A Retrospection of 350 years.*

This RETROSPECT commences with the *Origin of Printing* in 1475, with accounts of some of the Antient Printers, and Portraits of them, the titles of the earliest Printed Books, and their value; the origin, titles, and dates of the first Newspapers, as they were issued in succession, in *England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales;* with curious Anecdotes of some of them, from 1588, to the commencement of the Eighteenth Century, and their rise and progress to 1785, from which period they will again be noticed, and brought down to 1835. The History and Origin of PAMPHLETS, REVIEWS, MAGAZINES, and PERIODICAL ESSAYS, are also given, and will be continued from the Harleian MSS. and various other authentic documents.

Of Type Founding, and Founders; of Stereotype Printing; of Engraving upon Stone, Copper, Steel and Wood; of Lithography and Zinco-graphy, an account will be given of their origin, with a variety of objects connected with Literature and the Fine Arts.

In conclusion—the Author hopes that he will be pardoned for indulging in a small portion of vanity, in saying that it is gratifying to him to state that he has amid anxieties, and many avocations—Written, Compiled, Printed, and completed within One Calendar Month, this portion of his labours in his Cottage; that the Lithographic Portraits have been executed by his Son, and that the Fac simile Wood Cuts have been Engraved by his GRANDSON, under the same roof; circumstances perhaps reaching almost to the summit of his ambition!



CORE—PRINTED BY AND FOR THE AUTHOR, 67, SOUTH-MALL.

1835.



In commencing my REMINISCENCES, or RECOLLECTIONS, I availed myself of the latitude of an unlimited RETROSPECT;—I am glad that I did so, it will permit me to glance at random, at the Literature of the 17th 18th & 19th centuries, without tiring my readers.—*Men* and *Books* are my objects; I shall bring them together from a remote, to a recent period, as concisely as the links of the chain will admit.

In taking a review of events from my birth in 1770, I proposed to divide my life into SEVEN STAGES, making the first fifteen years (the most uninteresting,) a *double one*; I therefore travelled to the year 1785.

In noticing particular events, the births and deaths of eminent writers, biographical sketches, &c. as Chronology may be said to be one of the eyes of history, I arranged them in that order, and as men are not born, and do not depart *Alphabetically*, I inserted them in the same way; still as I found this mode, and that of writing in the third son, dry and tedious, I shall avoid both in future.

When I commenced my book, I had not perused the "Life and Errors of John Dunton," who, in the 17th Century divided his life into seven stages, in which so many curious coincidences occur, that I shall frequently advert to them.

At the end of each stage, he gives "An idea of a new life, or the manner in which he would speak, and think, and act, might he live over again"—but as YOUNG, termed the gloomy poet, (from the strains in his Night Thoughts,) observes,

"Man resolves, and re-resolves and dies the same."

Why speak of YOUNG as a gloomy poet, the great Edmund Burke, (the gift to Ireland of a Century) once exclaimed,

"JOVE praised the verse old HOMER sung,

But GOD himself inspired YOUNG."!

Perhaps both Young & Burke were enthusiasts in their way.

I have many inducements for noticing *Dunton*, and his times, he appears to have been amongst the *ripest* of the publishers of *Newspapers, Reviews of Books, and other Periodicals*—His “*News from all Nations*,” and his “*Athenian Oracle*,” established his fame. I once met a copy of his *Review*—(now extremely scarce and valuable) with a *Pedestrian Bookseller* at Clonmell, in Ireland, while *unstrapping* his Collection, a Copy of *Dunton's Review* presented itself, which was immediately seized by a highly respectable Quaker, or Friend, who instantly paid six shillings for it. I regretted not being the purchaser—however, this gentleman invited me to breakfast the following morning, and kindly lent me the Book.

Dunton gives a good account of the periodicals and their contributors; *Nichols* continued to notice the principal ones for more than a century afterwards. As Anecdotes respecting the rise and fall of the periodical press will form a feature in this Work, I claim the indulgence of my readers as I journey onwards.

Dunton's biographer remarks, that “a brief Analysis of the Life of this ingenious, but eccentric bookseller, whose latter years were strongly tinctured with insanity, will give the reader an idea of the undisguised and desultory narrative which he has given of himself and his numerous friends and contemporaries; amongst whom will be found nearly all the Printers, Engravers, Booksellers, Stationers and Binders, of that period.”—for these we must refer to the work itself, and to the venerable John Nichols, his biographer, a very superior man, of whom I have given a portrait, and whose literary labours in *Anecdotes and Illustrations of the Literature of the 18th Century*, exceed those of any other man of his time.

John *Dunton* was a most voluminous Writer, as he seems to have had his pen always ready, and never to have been at a loss for a subject to exercise it upon: but though he generally put his name to what he wrote, it would be a difficult task to get together a complete collection of his various publications. As containing notices of many per-

sons and things not to be found elsewhere, they certainly have their use; and his accounts, it must be acknowledged, are often interesting.

Still it is remarked that "this dipper into a *thousand* Books formed *ten thousand* Projects; six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodized. His mind seemed to be like some tables, where the victuals have been ill-sorted and worse dressed."

As a wholesale Writer, Compiler, and Dealer—Dunton may be compared to *Peter Vander*, (an eminent Bookseller, of his own day) at Leyden, and a laborious publisher of Voyages, Travels, and Geographical collections, in the Dutch and French Languages.—What will the reader think of his *Gallerie due Monde*, in Sixty-six Volumes folio ?!!!

When nearly 15, to suit the peculiarity of his genius, Dunton was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, a respectable Bookseller."

In 1684, when his apprenticeship was nearly expired, young Dunton made himself conspicuous, in a political dispute between the Tories and the Whigs. Being a prime mover on the part of the Whig apprentices, and selected for their Treasurer, the Tories to the number of 5000, presented an Address to the King against the petitioning for Parliaments. The dissenting party made their remonstrances to the former in a Counter Address which they presented to Sir Patience Ward, then Lord Mayor of London, who promised he would acquaint the King with their Address; and then ordered them to return home, and mind the business of their respective Masters."

"By Dunton's own statement, his conduct during the seven years was not very regular; and at the expiration of the term, no less than 100 Apprentices were invited to Celebrate the *Funeral*."

Dunton soon become successful in business, his reputation grew with his circumstances; and August 3rd 1682, he married Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Dr. Samuel Annessley, who at that time was a celebrated preacher among the Dissenters".

At so distant a period as a century subsequent to Dunton's Matrimonial Connection with Miss Annesley, I shall hereafter relate an Anecdote of Dunton with a curious coincidence in the life of a person related to the Annesley and Wesley families; and of my participation in a romantic adventure, which I shall detail in its proper place.

"He now opened a shop at the Black Raven, at the corner of Princes Street, near the Royal Exchange; and published in 1685, *Maggots; or Poems on several subjects never before handled by a Scholar.*"† This Work is here particularly noticed as a production, (at the age of 19) of Mr. *Samuel Wesley* who by marrying a daughter* of Dr. Annesley, became the brother-in-law of Dunton, and was connected with him in several of his speculations in trade; though they afterwards parted with irreconcilable hatred."†

"The general business of Dunton, was carried on very prosperously, till the universal damp upon Trade, which was occasioned by the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth in the West; when having 500*l.* owing him in New England he determined, after much deliberation, to make a trip thither; and, after a long and tedious voyage of four months, and the loss of a *Venture* of 500*l.* in another ship, which

‡ "I once printed a Book, I remember, under the title of '*Maggots*;' but it was written by a *Dignitary* of the Church of England."—The Frontispiece to the Volume is an anonymous Portrait of the Author; the Picture of a man writing at a table, a Maggot on his Forehead, and underneath are these lines:—

"In's own defence the Author writes:

Because, when this foul Maggot bites,

He ne'er can rest in quiet:

Which makes him make so sad a face,

He'd beg your Worship, or your Grace,

Unseen, unseen, to lay it,

* Who is said to have been a woman of extraordinary abilities. Her letters to her Children bear the marks of sublime piety and great sense; particularly one to her eldest Son on the principles of natural religion, which was for some time in the possession of Dr. Priestly, with many others equally sensible and curious. By this excellent woman Mr. Samuel Wesley had one Daughter, Mehetabel Wright, Authoress of several ingenious Poems; and three Sons, Samuel, Head-master of Tiverton School, and John and Charles; the two celebrated Founders of the modern sect of Methodists. "*Literary Anecdotes*," vol. V. p. 212 247.

† Dunton, however, says "I could not be very *maggotty* on the character of this Conforming Dissenter: but except he further provokes me, I bid him farewell, till we meet in Heaven; and there I hope we shall renew our friendship, for I believe Sam Wesley a pious man.

was cast-away, he arrived safe at Boston in February 1685-6; and opened a warehouse for the sale of the Books which he had taken thither."

Carrying with him powerful recommendations, and his Books being of a class adapted to the Puritans, the success was equal to his wishes.

On the day the Prince of Orange came to London he again opened a shop, at the Black Raven, opposite the Poultry, Compter, where he traded ten years, with a variety of success and disappointments.

"Of 600 Books which he had printed, he had only to repent," he says, "of *Seven*. He made great exchanges."

In 1692, "having been put in possession of a considerable estate upon the decease of a Cousin, the Master and Assistants of the Company of Stationers began to think him sufficient to wear a Livery, and honoured him with the Cloathing; and the year following, Mr. Harris (his old Friend and Partner), and about fifty more of the Livery entered into a Friendly Society, and obliged themselves to pay 20s. annually for a handsome Dinner.

"The first year I wore the Livery," he adds, "Sir William Ashhurst being then Lord Mayor, I was invited by our Master and Wardens to dine with his Lordship. We went in a body from the Poultry Church to Grocers Hall; where the entertainment was very generous, and a *noble Spoon he sent to our Wives*.

"The world now smiled on me t. I sailed with wind and tide; and had humble servants among the Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, and Binders; but especially my own Relations, on every side, who were all upon the very height of love and tenderness, and I was caressed almost out of my five senses.

* An extensive exchange of Books appears to have been at this period a very material circumstance in the Bookselling Trade, and which in Germany is still carried on, at the Book Fairs of Leipsic, so that the Printer of one or two good Publications, can furnish himself with the stock of all his brethren, at first cost.

+ Dunton at various times employed more than thirty Printers; and dealt largely with the principal Stationers in the Metropolis.

90-91 One of the most ingenious (and, perhaps, the most useful) of his various Projects was, "The Athenian Gazette," afterwards called "The Athenian Mercury," commenced March 17, 1689-90, and continued till February 8, 1695-6. The plan of this Work originated in his own prolific brain; but in a short time he entered into a sort of partnership in the publication, with his brother-in-law Samuel Wesley, and Mr. Richard Sault, and was occasionally assisted by Dr. Norris. The Work was also countenanced by several of the most eminent writers of the age; and was honoured in particular with a commendatory poem by Swift.*

In 1697 Dunton lost his wife, whose death he bitterly lamented; though in the same year he consoled himself by another marriage with Sarah, daughter of Mrs. Nicholas, of St. Alban's. With this lady he does not appear to have added much to his comforts or his fortune. He left her, soon after the marriage, on an expedition to Dublin with a large cargo of Books. These were carried to a good market, though he became involved in a ridiculous dispute, which he afterwards detailed at large in "*The Dublin Scuffle* ; a Challenge sent by John Dunton, Citizen of London, to Patrick Campbell, Bookseller in Dublin ; together with the small Skirmishes of Bills and Advertisements. To which is added, some Account of his Conversation in Ireland, intermixed with particular Characters of the most eminent persons he conversed with in that Kingdom ; but more especially in the City of Dublin : 1699."

Dunton possessed a quaint Style and Eccentric manner of describing his *thousand* friends, and acquaintance. I select a few as specimens :

Tom Brown is a good Scholar, and knows to translate either the Latin or the French incomparably well. He is enriched with a noble genius, and understands our own Tongue as well, if not better, than any man of the age. The "Poems" he has written are very beautiful and fine, but the

* This was one of the earliest poetical productions of the Dean. Dr. Johnson says, "I have been told that Dryden having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a Poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden." See the *Dean* in the *Dean's Works*, edit. 1808, vol. XVI. p. 23.

urgency of his circumstances will not allow him time enough to lay out his talent that way. After all, I cannot but say that his Morals are wretchedly out of order; and it is extreme pity that a man of so fine parts, and so well accomplished every other way, should spend his time upon a few romantic Letters, that seem purely designed to debauch the Age, and overthrow the foundations of Religion and Virtue.

Mr. *D'Urfe*y has but a low genius, and yet some of his Farces would make a body laugh. He has written considerably in his time, and there are few Authors that have been more diverting. Yes, D'Urfe,y

Thou canst play, thou canst sing,
To a Mayor, or a King.

Tho' thy luck on the Stage is so scurvy;
Such a Beau, such a Face,
Such a Voice to disgrace,
Such a Mien—'t is the De'il, Mr. D'Urfe,y.

Mr. *Daniel De Foe* is a man of good parts, and very clear sense. His conversation is ingenious and brisk enough. The world is well satisfied that he is enterprising and bold; but, alas! had his prudence only weighed a few grains more, he would certainly have wrote his "*Shortest Way*" a little more at length.

There have been some men in all ages, who have taken that of Juvenal for their motto:

"Aude aliquid brevibus Gyris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis."

Had he written no more than his "True-born Englishman," and spared some particular Characters that are too vicious for the very Originals, he had certainly deserved applause; but it is hard to leave off when not only the itch and inclination, but the necessity of writing, lies so heavy upon a man. Should I defend his good nature and his honesty, and the world would not believe me, it would be labour in vain. Mr. De Foe wrote for me the "Character of Dr. Annesley, and a Pindaric in honour of the Athenian Society," which was prefixed to the History of it. And he might have asked me the question, before he had inserted either of

them in the Collection of his works, in regard he writes so bitterly against the same injustice in others.*

Mr. Fuller is not only a *Villain*, but he is known to be so. He has something *peculiar* in his face, that distinguishes him from the rest of mankind. However, he has been such a *mystery of iniquity*, that the world had much ado to unriddle him. His looks are so honest and innocent, that you would think it was impossible that any mischief should be lodged in his heart. He has told the World, in the "History of his Life," that Mr. Baldwin and I did improve his "Narrative of the *sham* Prince of Wales," on purpose to make it sell; which is the most formal lie I have met with, in regard the *Copy* was printed off before we saw it. In the same "History of his Life," he pretends to make public *every roguery* he committed; but says nothing of his carrying Mr. Hayhurst and myself to Canterbury, and several other places, in quest of some "State Letters" which were never in being, and of the great sum he is yet indebted to us upon that account; so that, if *his penitence* and *his confession* be in the same condition, they neither of them signify a farthing.

Mr. Ames, originally a coat-seller; but had always some yammerings upon him after Learning and the Muses. He has almost written as many pretty little pleasant Poems as Taylor the Water Poet. You might engage him upon what Project you pleased, if you would but conceal him, for his *principles* did never resist in such cases. I printed a Poem for him, under the title of "The Double Descent." At that time the French talked big, of invading England; and we were making ready for a Descent upon their coasts. Wine and Women were the great bane of his life and happiness. He died in an hospital: but I hope he was truly penitent; for a little before his decease, he said to me, with a great deal of concern "Ah, Mr. Dunton! with what another face does the world appear, now I have Death in view!"

* The famous Daniel De Foe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, and many other distinguished Writings, died on the 9th of April 1731.—He perfectly understood human nature, and how to touch the passions of his countrymen, being one of the best English Writers, considering he had received such a circumscribed Education.

"The Athenian Gazette" made now such a noise in the world, and was so universally received, that we were obliged to look out after some members; and Mr. Sault, I remember one evening came to me in great transport, and told me, "he had been in company with a Gentleman who was the greatest prodigy of Learning he had ever met with." Upon enquiry, we found it was the ingenious Dr. Norris, who very generously offered his assistance *gratis*, but refused to become a stated Member of *Athens*. He was wonderfully useful in supplying hints; for, being universally read, and his memory very strong, there was nothing could be asked, but he could very easily say something to the purpose upon it.

In a little time after, to oblige *Authority*, we altered the title of "Athenian Gazette" into "Athenian Mercury" and it was subsequently changed into the name of "The Athenian Oracle."

A little after this, was published "The new Athenian Comedy; containing the Politicks, Æconomicks, Tacticks, Crypticks, Apocalypticks, Stypticks, Scepticks, Pneumaticks, Theologicks, Poeticks, Mathematicks, Sophisticks, Pragmaticks, Dogmaticks, of our most learned society." This Play was a poor performance, written, however, on purpose to expose us, but failed so far in the design of it, that it promoted ours."

From the days of Dryden, Pope and Swift, down to those of Nichols, Lord Byron, and others; the most eminent Booksellers have frequently been honored with *effective* notice,—and *Dunton* in the double capacity of Author and Bookseller, has enumerated such a vast number of the latter fraternity, in a manner so peculiar to himself, that I am induced to select the following specimens, hoping, with the aid of Mr. Nichols, and 50 years of my own observations, to present a variety of Entertaining Subjects, connected with them, and as assimilated with Authors, and the Periodical Press.

"Mr. *Thomas Guy*, in Lombard-street. He makes an eminent figure in the Company of Stationers, having been chosen Sheriff of London, and paid the Fine; and is now a Member of Parliament for Tamworth. He entertains a very

sincere respect for English Liberty. He is a man of strong reason, and can talk very much to the purpose upon any subject you will propose. He is truly charitable, of which his Almshouses for the poor are standing testimonies. *

Mr. *Richard Chiswell*, who well deserves the title of 'Metropolitan Bookseller of England,' if not of all the World. His *Name* at the bottom of a Title-page does sufficiently recommend the Book. He has not been known to print either a bad Book, or on bad Paper. He is admirably well qualified for his business; and knows how to value a Copy according to its worth: witness the purchase he has made of "Archbishop Tillotson's Octavo Sermons."

Mr. *Samuel Manship* is Mr. Norris's Bookseller; and so long as he can turn Metaphysicks into Money, he is like to be continued.

Mr. *Nathaniel Crouch*. I think I have given you the very soul of his Character, when I have told you that his talent lies in *Collection*. He has melted down the best of our English Histories into Twelve-penny Books, which are filled with Wonders, Rarities, and Curiosities; for you must know his Title-pages are a little swelling. (*Fronti nulla fides*.) I have a hearty friendship for him; but he has got a habit of *leering* under his hat and once made it a great part of his business to bring down the reputation of 'Second Spira.'

Mr. *Samuel Smith*, Bookseller to the Royal Society, deals very much in Books of a Foreign growth, and speaks French and Latin with a great deal of fluency and ease. His Shop is very beautiful, and well furnished. He was one of those I invited to the Funeral of my Apprenticeship. His Partner, *Benjamin Walford*, is a very ingenious man, and knows books extraordinary well.

* Thomas Guy Esq. formerly a great Bookseller, and Member for Tamworth, died December 27, 1724, aged 80. He bequeathed 200,000£. to an hospital for incurables, built by himself, and nearly finished during his life time; he left many other charities, and 100£ a piece to 50 of his relations.

Mr. *Wiat*, if *Trim Tram* have any truth in it, is an honest and ingenious bookseller; but indeed it is character enough for him, that he was Mr. Robinson's Apprentice.—He prints Mr. *Dorrington's Books*. However a Bookseller is not always accountable for the Errors and Bigotry of his Authors.

Mr. *Richard Parker*. His body is in good case; his face red and plump; his eyes brisk and sparkling; of an humble look and behaviour; naturally witty; and fortunate in all he prints, and is universally known and beloved by the Merchants that frequent the Royal Exchange.

Mr. *John Salusbury* was a desperate Hypergorgonic Welshman. He would dress as it were in print. only to have the Ladies say, "Look what a delicate shape and foot that gentleman has!" He was a silly, empty, morose fellow. He had as much conceit, and as little reason for it, as any man that I ever knew. He was the first that printed "The Flying Dutch Post," and (to grief of his Author) did often fill it with, *stolen Copies*. He went to law with the Company of Stationers (to keep himself from the Livery); would hector the best man of the Trade; but now lies as *hush* and quiet as a body would wish, in the New Burying-place.

Mr. *Gilliflower*. Both his eyes were never at once from home; for *one kept house*, and observed the actions of men, while the other roamed abroad for intelligence. He loved his Bottle and his Friend with an equal affection. He was very tetchy upon some occasions: yet thriving was part of his character. He printed "L'Estrange's *Æsop*," "Lord Halifax's Advice to his Daughter," and many excellent Copies.

Mr. *Benjamin Alsop*. He was a first-rate Bookseller for some years. But see the rambling fate of some men; for Ben being a wild sort of a Spark, he left his shop to get a commission in Monmouth's Army; and as Ben told me in Holland, had the Duke succeeded, he had been made Earl, or a Baron at least; *i. e.* If the sky had fell, he had caught a lark." 1 succeeded Captain Alsop, in his shop

in the Poultry; and had lived there to this very hour, had I found any pleasure in noise and hurry.

Mr. *Lee*, in Lombard-street. Such a Pirate, such a Cormorant, was never before. Copies, Books, Men, Shops, all was one; he held no propriety, right or wrong, good or bad, till at last he began to be known; and the Booksellers, not enduring so bad a man among them, to disgrace them, cast him out, and off he marched for Ireland, where he acted as *felonious-Lee*, as he did in London. And as *Lee* lived a thief, so he died a *hypocrite*; for being asked on his death-bed, if he would forgive Mr. C—— (that had formerly wronged him), "Yes," said Lee, "if I die, I forgive him; but if I happen to live, I am resolved to be revenged on him."

Mr. *Hodgson*. He "calls a spade a spade;" and is so just in his dealings, that I verily think (were it not discretion) he would never think a thought whereof he would avoid a witness. His Word is his Parchment, and his *Yea* his Oath, which he will not violate for fear or gain. He has good Success in his Trade; and, having an honest design in every thing he does, dares publish that to the World which others would keep as a secret.

Mr. *Tonson*. He was Bookseller to the famous Dryden; and is himself a very good judge of Persons and Authors; and as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for, to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions, and will flatter nobody.

Mr. *Benjamin Harris*, in Gracechurch-street. He has been a brisk asserter of *English Liberties*, and once printed a Book with that very Title. He sold a "Protestant Petition" in King Charles Reign for which they fined him five hundred pounds, and set him once in the Pillory: but his Wife (like a kind Rib) stood by him, to defend her Husband against the Mob.—After this (having a deal of mercury in his natural temper) he travelled to New-England, where he followed Bookselling, and then Coffee-selling, and then

Printing, but continued Ben Harris still; and is now both Bookseller and Printer in Gracechurch-street, as we find by his "London Post;" so that his conversation is general but never impertinent, and his wit pliable to all inventions. But yet his *vanity* (if he has any) gives no alloy to his wit, and is no more than might justly spring from conscientious virtue; and I do him but justice in this part of his character, for, in once travelling with him from Bury fair, I found him to be the most ingenious and innocent companion that I had ever met with.

Mr. *Knapton*. He is a very accomplished person; not that thin sort of animal that flutters from Tavern to Playhouse, and back again; all his life made up with wig and cravat, without one dram of thought in his composition;—but a person made up with solid worth, brave and generous; and shews by his purchasing "Dampier's Voyages"; he knows how to value a good Copy.

Mr. *Burroughs*, in Little-Britain. He is a very beautiful person, and his Wit sparkles as well as his eyes. He has much address and as great a presence of mind as I ever met with. He is diverting company, and perhaps as well qualified to make an Alderman as any Bookseller in Little-Britain. (Little Britain was as great a mart for Bookselling in that Day as Paternoster-row, is at the present.)

Mr. *Mount*, on Tower-hill. He is not only moderate, but has a natural antipathy to all excess. He hates hoarding either Money or Goods; and, being a charitable man, values nothing but by the use of it, and has a great and tender love for truth. He deals chiefly in Paper and Sea Books, and is a hearty friend to the present Government.

This Gentleman's name has appeared in this establishment over a century.

Mr. *Malthus*. He midwifed several Books into the World, ay! and that of his own conceiving, as sure as ever Young Perkin was his who owned him! He made a shew of a great trade, by continually sending out large parcels.—But all I can say of his industry is, he took a great deal of pains to ruin himself. But though Mr. Malthus was very

unfortunate, yet I hope his Widow (our new *Publisher*) will have all the encouragement the Trade can give her; for she is not only a Bookseller's Widow but a Bookseller's Daughter, and herself free from all that pride and arrogance that is found in the carriage of some Publishers.

Mr. *Swall*. He was once a Rising Sun in Trade; but his Sun is set in a Cloud, and he is now reckoned among the unfortunate. He was owner of a great deal of Wit and Learning and perhaps, had he not *known* it, had still been as thriving as ever. He was much admired for all his Projects (especially that of *Dupin*); and even the first blossoms of his youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening manhood; while he was but an apprentice in Cornhill he could out-wit most other Booksellers and when for himself, he could find none to surpass him but himself alone:

"But here, John Dunton, is thy skill confin'd,
Thou canst not paint his nobler Soul and Mind;
No pen the praise he merits can indite;
Himself, to represent himself, must write."

Mr. *Ballard*. He is a young Bookseller in Little-Britain; but is grown man in body now, but more in mind.

"His looks are in the Mother's beauty dress'd,
And all the Father has inform'd his breast."*

Mr. *Hubbald*, in Duck-lane. He has been unfortunate, and so is every body one time or another. If we eye his carriage to his rich Uncle, we shall find how his courage and wisdom carried him with an unwearied course through both Hemispheres of Prosperity and Adversity; compassing as I may say, the whole Globe of both Fortunes! so that, if we look upon Frank Hubbald, we may all learn that no Cross is too heavy for a Christian Resolution, nor any difficulty too hard for Honesty to conquer.

* Mr. Ballard was the last of his fraternity that resided in Little Britain: I knew him extremely well, and have already given an account of him, and his antiquated Costume; he lived to the advanced age of 88, and died in 1796, in the same house in which he was born. W. W.

I shall next characterize my honest Friend Mr. *John Harris*, which is an epithet so deservedly due to his memory, that I do not think there is a Bookseller in London but what will own him a just Man as they ever knew. His little body* (as Cowley calls it) was a sort of *Cupid's bow*; but what Nature denied him in bulk and straightness, she gave him in wit and vigour

"Of all honest Booksellers † if you'd have the marrow,
Repair to King John, at the sign of the harrow."

Mr. *Bernard Lintott*. He lately published "A Collection of Tragic Tales, &c." by which I perceive he is angry with the World, and scorns it into the bargain: and I cannot blame him; for D'Urfey (his Author) both treats and esteems it as it deserves—too hard a task for those whom it flatters, or perhaps for Bernard himself, should the World ever change its humour, and *grin* upon him. However, to do Mr. Lintott justice, he is a man of very good principles; and, I dare engage, will never want an Author of *Sol-fa* so long as the Play-house will encourage his Comedies.

Mr. *Samuel Buckley*. He was originally a Bookseller, but follows Printing. He is an excellent Linguist, understands the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian Tongues, and is master of a great deal of Wit. He prints "The Daily Courant," and "Monthly Register" (which I hear, he translates out of the Foreign Papers himself). But I shall not enlarge in his Character (for I never knew him); but will venture to say, as to his morals, he is an honest man.

Mr. *Raven*. He is my brother both by sign and trade, and I do him no wrong if I call him the pattern and standard of Wit and Loyalty. He has the true art of governing himself and family; and, in a word, my Brother Raven is whatever a sober man and a good Bookseller ought to be. He is also a nice Disputant, and can dress his thoughts in very neat language.

* This reminds me of a compliment paid in the true Johnsonian style, by the late great and learned Dr. Parr, to Mr. James Belcher, an eminent Bookseller, in Birmingham, and formerly a pupil of Dr. Parrs. He was very slight in his body and legs.—Parr observed of him that "He had the body of a *Butterfly*, with the head of an *Elephant*!" W. W.

† I recollect in 1785, when Richard Watson, late Bishop of Landaff, was bringing out his "Theological Tracts" in 6 Volumes, published by my old Master Evans. The Bishop upon introducing a brother Bishop, observed "If there is an honest Bookseller in London—it is *Thomas Evans*." W. W.

I saw him on his counter, where he sat ;
 Busy in controversies sprung of late ;
 A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well,
 His grave aspect had more of Heaven than Hell ;
 Only there was a handsome picture by,
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.

Mr. D—ton. He is happy in a very beautiful Wife, and she in as kind a Husband ; they have lived so happily since their Marriage, that, sure enough, the Banns of their Matrimony were asked in Heaven. As Mr. D—ton may value himself upon his beautiful choice, so

That bright Soul which Heaven has giv'n his Spouse
 Make all her charms with double lustre shine :
 And therefore, as the ingenious Hopkins once said in another case,

“ Make beauteous D—ton with the first advance,
 Charming at every step, with every glance ;
 Sweet as her temper paint her heavenly face ;
 Draw her but like, you give your piece a grace.
 Blend for her all the Beauties e'er you knew,
 For so his Venus fam'd Apelles drew.
 But hold—to make her most divinely fair,
 Consult herself, you'll find all beauty there.”

Dunton was not deficient in gallantry, witness the compliment paid to his wife and also to

Mrs. *Elizabeth Harris*. She is the beautiful Relict of my worthy Friend Mr. *John Harris*. Her most remarkable graces are, Beauty, Wit, and Modesty. So pretty a fabric was never framed by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar guest. He shewed the value which he set upon her mind, when he took care to have it so nobly and so beautifully lodged. And to a graceful carriage and deportment of body there is joined a pleasant conversation, a most exact justice, and a generous friendship ; all which, as myself and her *She-friend* can testify, she possesses in the height of their perfection. She printed my “ Panegyrick on the Lord Jeffreys ;” “ The Great Historical Dictionary ;” “ The Present State of Europe ;” and other Copies that have sold well.

Mrs. *Tacey Sowle*. She is both a Printer as well as a Bookseller and the Daughter of one; and understands the Trade very well, being a good Compositor* herself. Her love and piety to her aged Mother are remarkable; even to that degree that she keeps herself unmarried for this only reason (as I have been informed) that it may not be out of her power to let her Mother have always the chief command in her house. I have known this eminent Quaker for many years; have been generously treated at her house; and must do her the justice to say, I believe her a conscientious person. If any blame me for being thus charitable, I cannot help it; for I cannot think it a piece of Religion to anathematize from Christ, all such as will not subscribe to all of my articles; but am conscious to so many *Errors*, speculative and practicable, in myself, that I know not how to be severe towards others; for, since Christ's Church is not limited to any nation or party (as is owned in "Robert Barclay's Apology," &c. which Mrs. Sowle once presented to me), I do believe sincerity and holiness will carry us to Heaven with any wind and with any name. At least I have so much charity as to think all those persons go to Heaven, whether they be Churchmen, Presbyterians, or Quakers, &c. in whom I see so much goodness and virtue as is visible in the life and conversation of Mrs. Sowle.

* The celebrated Mrs. Constantia Grierson, Wife of his Majesty's Printer, in Dublin, was an excellent Compositor, and a learned Woman. I here insert her lines on Printing, which were formerly distributed to the Populace, from a Printing Press, on a moving Carriage, in the Annual Procession of the Printers and other trades, on the Lord Mayors Day, in Dublin.

HAIL, MYSTIC ART! which men, like angels, taught
To speak to eyes, and paint embody'd thought!
Though deaf and dumb,—b'lest skill! reliev'd by thee,
We make *one* sense perform the task of *three*;
We *see*,—we *hear*,—we *touch*,—the head and heart,
And take, or give, what each but yields in part;
With the hard laws of distance we dispense,
And, without sound, apart commune in sense;
View, though confin'd, nay, *rule* this earthly ball,
And travel o'er the wide expanse of *all*.

Dead letters, thus with living notions fraught,
Prove to the soul the telescope of thought;
To mortal life immortal honours give,
And bid all deeds and titles last and live.
In scanty life—ETERNITY we taste,
View the first ages, and inform the last.
Arts, history, laws, we purchase with a look,
And keep like FATE all nature in a book.

"Mr. *Richard Baldwin*. He printed a great deal, but got as little by it as John Dunton. He bound for me and others when he lived in the Old Bailey; but, removing to Warwick-lane, his fame for publishing spread so fast, he grew *too big* to handle his *small tools*. Mr. Baldwin having got acquaintance with Persons of Quality, he was now for taking a Shop in Fleet-street; but Dick, soaring out of his element, had the honour of being a Bookseller but a few months. However to do Mr. Baldwin justice, his inclinations were to oblige all men, and only to neglect himself. He was a man of a generous temper, and would take a cheering glass to oblige a Customer. His purse and his heart were open to all men that he thought were honest: and his conversation was very diverting. He was a true lover of King William; and, after he came on the Livery, always voted on the right side. His Wife, Mrs. *A Baldwin*, in a literal sense, was an *help-meet*, and eased him of all his *publishing work*; and since she has been a Widow, might vie with all the women in Europe for *accuracy* and *justice* in keeping accompts; and the same I hear of her beautiful Daughter, Mrs. *Mary Baldwin*, of whom her Father was very fond. He was, as it were flattered into his grave by a long consumption; and now lies buried in Wickam parish, his native place.

The preceding, and following characters, appear rather out of place, but they are such eccentric ones, that I could not avoid inserting them.

Mr. *Samuel Bourn*. He was a man of a gay rambling temper, but was very just to those that employed him. He had his Religion to choose, which was a great grief to his pious Wife. Bourn being seized with a dangerous fever, he made great protestations how good he would be if God would please to restore him; but,

"The Devil was sick, the Devil a Saint would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a Saint was he."

After his recovery, he turned Projector, and then Picture seller, and then Rake-hell; and, I hear, came at last to an untimely end.

"Having given a Character of the most eminent Booksellers in London and Westminster, I shall next (for method sake) proceed to the *Auctioneers*; and begin with the famous

"Mr. *Edward Millington*. He commenced and continued Auctions upon the authority of Herodotus, who commends that way of sale for the disposal of the most exquisite and finest Beauties to their *Amorosos*, and further informs the World, "that the sum so raised was laid out for the portions of those to whom Nature had been less kind;" so that he will never be forgotten while his name is *Not*, or he a man of remarkable Elocution, Wit, Sense and Modesty—characters so eminently his, that he would be known by them among a thousand. Millington (from the time he sold Dr. Annesley's Library) expressed a particular friendship to me; and was so much concerned at my present misfortunes, that (meeting me one day in Bartholomew-close) he offered to go to St. Alban's on purpose to make me (as he expressed it) happy again in my dear Wife.—To conclude his Character: He was originally a Bookseller, which he left off, being better cut out for an Auctioneer. He had a quick wit, and a wonderful fluency of speech. There was usually as much Comedy in his "Once, Twice, Thrice," as can be met with in a modern Play. "Where" said Millington, "is your generous flame for Learning? Who but a Sot or a Block-head would have money in his pocket, and starve his brains?" Though I suppose he had a round of jests, Dr. *Cave* once bidding too leisurely for a Book, says Millington, "Is this your 'Primitive Christianity?'" alluding to a Book the honest Doctor had published under that title. He died in Cambridge, and I hear they bestowed an Elegy on his memory, and design to raise a Monument to his ashes."

"But I will stop here; for it would be tedious and unconscionable to go through all Cheapside, Paul's Church-yard, Little Britain and Duck-lane, to describe every Man, Woman, and Sucking Child, Bookseller, Auctioneer, Stitcher, Hawker, &c.—This in general may suffice for an impartial character of that honourable and honest employment, as far my own observations give me in London."

Dunton then takes a complete range among the principal Booksellers throughout *England, Ireland and Scotland*.—I shall barely give a specimen of *his idea* of two or three for *whims* sake.

Mr. *Thomas Wall*, in Bristol. His character resembles that of *Old Jacob*, being a plain, but sincere-hearted Man. He is well accomplished for his Trade, which is very considerable. He was first a Goldsmith, but made an exchange of that way for this of Bookselling. He is a sure Friend, and extremely civil; I have dealt very much with him, and for those two years that I kept Bristol Fair, I was treated very kindly at his house.

Mr. *Norman*. He is a middling squat man, that loves to live well, and has a Spouse who understands preparing good things as well as the best lady in Ireland. He has a hole in his nose, occasioned by a brass pin in his nurse's waistcoat, which happened to run in it; and for want of a skilful hand to dress it, the hole remains to this day, and yet without disfiguring his face. He invited me to his house when I made my Auctions in Dublin; and when I came, gave me a hearty welcome. I found Mr. Norman an excellent Florist (and he has this peculiar to himself, that whatever he has in his Garden are of the most excellent of its kind). He is a very grave, honest, man, understands his Trade extraordinary well, and has the honour to have been Master of the Booksellers' Company in Dublin.

Mr. *Ray*. He is slender in body; his head rather big than little; his face thin, and of a moderate size; a smooth tongue, and voice not shrill. His countenance is ever intermixed with joy and sweetness. He is a courteous man in his Shop; and being both Printer and Bookseller, has got a good estate in a few years. He is the best situated of any Bookseller in Dublin.

“But I shall leave Mr. Ray, to ramble to Castle-street, where *Eliphal Dobson* with his wooden leg startled me with the creaking of it; for I took it for the *Crepitus Ossium*, which I have heard some of our Physicians speak of. Mr. Dobson is a great Dissenter, but his pretence to Religion

does not make him a jot precise. He values no man for his starched looks or supercilious gravity, or for being a Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, &c. provided he is in the main points, wherein all good men are agreed."

Mr. *Knox*, Mr. *Henderson*, and Mr. *Vallenge*. I shall dispense with myself as to their Characters; for I could never see through a *Scotsman* in a little time.

"I might proceed to other Country Booksellers, and give you Epithets suitable for them all, and take in the rest of the Irish and Scotch Booksellers; but for want of room, I must beg their patience till I come to the *Sixth Stage* of my Life, and there I shall meet them again by wholesale; but though I cannot descend to particulars now, yet I will so far *lump* their Characters as to say, that of Three Hundred Booksellers now trading in country Towns, I know not of one Knave or a Blockhead among them all.

"And now Reader, having in these sheets given you the Character of the chief Booksellers in the Three Kingdoms, I hope you will pardon me if (in the last place) I allow *myself* a Character among the rest,

It is true Cowley says,

"The voyage Life is longest made at home."

However, from that small acquaintance I have with myself, I may venture to say, as to my Birth I account it no small honour that I descended from the Tribe of Levi; and I find an ingenious Author of this opinion, who says, "I reckon it among the felicities of my life to have been a Prophet's Son." And if you have faith to believe a Poet, their Children.

Do all breathe something more than common air."

"My first entrance upon the stage of life was attended with all the symptoms of death, as if I had been sensible of my future miseries, and willing to steal into the grave from the very womb of Nature; but some of the attendants were so compassionate and cruel, as to sprinkle water on my forehead, and raise me to life, though, alas! it proved but an unkind office, to chain me down to this world, when I was making my retreat, and taking wing for another; upon which emergency the following lines were written:"

" So the infant day does rise
Gilding hills, and painting skies,
Till some envious pregnant cloud
Does its blooming glories shroud.

So a short-lived Winter's sun
Sets almost as soon's begun ;
Weeping Heaven laments its fall,
Mourning Earth, its funeral.

So a Rose-bud does prepare
To salute the calmer air,
Till some piercing Northern gust
Rends and spreads it in the dust.

Such, poor Infant, was thy birth,
Such thy parents' joy and mirth ;
Roses, suns, and days can be
But a *Meiosis* of thee."

" The first appearance which I made was very mean and contemptible ; and, as if Nature had designed me to take up only some insignificant and obscure corner of the universe, I was so diminutive a creature, that a quart pot could contain the whole of me with ease enough ; whereupon was written :

" There lies a pretty little Knave,
In's cradle, dressing-room, and grave."

During Childhood and youth he had several narrow escapes from death, on one occasion from slipping headlong into a river, on another while playing with a bullet it slipped down his throat to his breast, and when nearly past hope, it suddenly bolted up, upon which he says :

Thus oft we take our leave of life and pain,
And both, yet linger, and we live again ;
Thus oft we stretch, the fatal gulph to pass,
And Death flies off, and turns the vital glass :
Thus oft we're willing when we cannot die,
And wish in vain for immortality.
Death hags the mind, then vanishes away,
And oft adjourns the last decisive day.

" I shall next characterize my *Cutters in Wood* ; who were Mr. W—st and the ingenious S——."

Mr. W—st made all the Cuts for " The Man in the Moon*," &c. and S—— such as I wanted for " Athens," &c. Mr. W—st did the curious flowers for " Salmon's Herbal ;" and exceeds all the town for cutting in Wood. He has got a habit of melting his penny, and once a month is as great as a King ; but, abating that reeling vice, W——st is an honest man, and has about him all that un-

* Dunton printed a Book with that Title.

affected neglect of pomp in clothes, lodging, and furniture, which agrees with his grave and sedentary course of life.

Dunton then proceeds to characterise all his Engravers, Rolling-press printers, Authors, Licensers of the Press, his noble friends and customers, and a comprehensive view of the life and death of Iris, his first wife, and closes his first volume with some highly interesting characters of Eminent persons and his last Prayer.

"Dunton commences the 2nd part of his Journal with a Panegyrick on the most eminent persons for piety, learning, courage, moderation, charity, and other accomplishments, living in the three kingdoms." I cannot attempt to follow him beyond two or three curious articles, selected from a small and very scarce volume, published by Dunton in 1706, entitled "The Whipping Post." His Secret history of the Weekly Writers, &c. at that day, will give the reader some idea of their character and principles.—he says "I call it *A Secret History*, as it discovers such things of our Town Authors, as have hitherto lain concealed. And I call them *Weekly Writers*, to distinguish them from "The Moderator," "Wandering Spy," "Rehearsal," "London Post," "Interloping," "Whipster," and that rabble of scandalous Hackneys, who merit no place in our "Panegyrick;" and for that reason, are kicked to my "Living Elegy," as being fit for no company or honour but a House of Correction. And there I leave them, whilst I give the World "A Secret History of those Weekly Writers that deserve a Panegyrick."

"And here I shall send a distinct challenge to "The Review," "Observator," "Gazette," "Post Master," "Post-Man," "Post-Boy," "Daily Courant," "English Post;" for these eight are Authors of credit; and for that reason I will say the worst that I know of them, to provoke them to a Paper Duel."

"Every Weekly Writer I have yet named has some excellence that the rest are strangers to; and that which recommends Boyer above the rest is that nice and large account he gives of the "Spanish and Home News." So that Boyer's "Post Boy" (published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Satur-

day,) might properly be called "The Spanish and English Intelligence." It is no small recommendation of the Post Boy, to tell the world that the ingenious Boyer writes it. The bare naming the Author is a Panegyrick upon this Paper; for it is that Boyer who writes and translates like the famous L'Estrange. Mr. Boyer is the greatest Master of the French Tongue (witness his "French Grammar" and "French Dictionary") and the most impartial Historian (witness his "Annals of Queen Anne") of any in England.

"Thus have I finished "The Secret History of the Weekly Writers;" viz. "The Review;" "Observator;" "Gazette;" "Flying Post," "Post-Man;" "Post-Boy," "Daily Courant;" and the "English-Post." Now, if you ask me which of these Eight Newspapers are the best, I should answer, "They are all best;" for "The Observator" is the best to *towel* the Jacks, &c.;" "The Review" is the best to promote Peace; "The Flying-Post" is the best for Scotch News; "The Post-Boy" is best for the English and Spanish News; "The Daily Courant" is the best Critick; "The English Post" is the best Collector; "The London Gazette" has the best authority; and "The Post-Man" is the best for every thing. And they are all so *good*, or rather *best*, as to deserve an answer, if they quarrel with this "Journal."

"I have here challenged eight of our Weekly Writers to a Paper Duel; and, as they are men of Learning and worth, I hope they will accept of it. But as to "The Rehearsal;" "Moderator;" "Wandering Spy;" "London Post;" Interloping Whipster, &c.; they are such a *Rabble* of Hackney Scribblers, they merit no place in our "Panegyrick Journal." But, though they are kicked out for Wranglers in this place, yet they are all whipt in "The Secret History" annexed to my "Living Elegy." I have often wondered what should persuade "The Rehearsal" and his Hackney Brethern to write so much of Religion and Government (for that is their usual theme). If you say their eyes are not open to discern their own weakness, and the ill success of their Tacking Projects. I wonder the more how they can see to write in the *dark*. But, be it as it will, they have no right to a Panegyrick, and indeed, are not worth my Satire; but for *this* once I have given them a few lashes in my 'Living Elegy.'

Dunton then commences his "Living Elegy" with a curious address to his Creditors, his *Summer Friends*, Weekly and Hackney Writers, and an almost endless variety of Male and Female Characters;—congratulating himself, amid all his misfortunes,—that "with the Phoenix he did as it were, flourish in his own Ashes"—Of his religion he says, in reply to the following :—

"Dunton, we find you have enemies in all Religions: Lesley is High-church; The Moderator, Low-church; The Whipster, No-church; S——ge, a Tacker; F——, a Dissenter; Malthus, a Trimmer, &c. Then what are you, that oppose them all.

To this I answer, "My Religion is—Christian; I mean entirely disencumbered of all those Names, and Sects, and Parties that have raised so much dust and noise, and have done the greatest prejudice to Christianity and the Reformation. The World, it is true has given that partial and precise name of *Presbyterian*, which I renounce for ever; and take this opportunity to tell those strait-laced souls, who are for fixing bounds and enclosures in the flock of Christ, that I am neither Churchman, Presbyterian, or Independent, Anabaptist, Quaker, &c. That this title is the best, and sufficient for me, which I obtained at Antioch under Christian Dispensation. I desire no character for the future but Christian; a lover of Jesus, and one that intends for Heaven and happiness in the life to come: and it is of small moment with me, whether a malignant World will allow me this measure of charity. My right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal Interest, have no dependence upon ill-nature and envy. This, Gentlemen, is the Religion (call it what you please) that I desire to live and die in; and, whilst others wrangle for this or that party, or way of worship, I desire to practice it. But though, as I said before, my Religion is entirely disencumbered of all those names and parties which promote divisions, and as it were, pine and shrivel Christianity into a bare skeleton; yet I profess myself an impartial lover of all good men, by what names soever dignified and distinguished: and do presume every man to be

good till I find him otherwise. I have as little zeal about things that are manifestly indifferent (either *pro* or *con*) as any man in the world, and chose to reserve it for those things which are truly worthy of it. It is a great principle with me; that the real differences between good and intelligent people are not so wide as they seem; and that through prejudice and interest they do many times contest about words, whilst they do heartily think the same thing.—And this in answer to the question “What are you?” is Dunton’s Religion, or the uncommon principle upon which he is to be saved.”

Dunton, out of his thousand Characters concludes the second part of his Journal, with that of *George Larkin*, sen. Author of an “Essay on the Noble Art of Printing,” of whom he says—“His very life is a sort of Panegrick on his (Dunton’s) Misfortunes, that he had been his first Printer and constant friend for twenty five years, and thus consoles himself.

“So that nothing can deprive me of the enjoyment of my Friend, while I enjoy myself. If I have any joy when he is absent, were such a thing possible, it is in his picture, which adorns my chamber, or in his letters, that divert my mind. Cowley says,

“There are fewer friends on Earth than Kings.”

And George Larkin is one of them.”

His Poem of “John Dunton’s Shadow; or the character of a Summer Friend, has some excellent points in it, and his “DUBLIN SCUFFLE, or John Dunton’s account of “Three Auctions to be held in the City of Dublin” was thus stated :

To the Wise, Learned, and Studious Gentlemen in the Kingdom of Ireland, but more especially to those in the City of Dublin.

GENTLEMEN,

Dublin, June 21. 1698.

THOUGH the Summer be a time for Rambling, and the season of the year invite all men abroad that love to see Foreign Countries; yet it was not this alone, but the good acceptance the way of Sale by Auction has met with from

all lovers of Books that encouraged me to bring to this Kingdom of Ireland a general Collection of the most valuable pieces in Divinity, History, Philosophy, Law, Physick, Mathematicks, Horsemanship, Merchandize, Limning, Military Discipline, Heraldry, Music, Fortification, Fireworks, Husbandry, Gardening, Romances, Novels, Poems, Plays, Bibles, and School-Books, that have been printed in England since the great Fire in London in 1666, to this present time. In this general Collection you will find that many a good Book has lain asleep, as not being known; and when a Book is not published, it cannot be nourished by the favourable acceptance of the World. I might instance in Mr. Turner's "History of the remarkable Providences which have happened in this Age," of which there are near a thousand disposed of in London, and scarce twenty of them sold in Ireland; though in viewing the Contents of this Work (which are given *gratis* at Dick's Coffee-house in Skinner-row) it will evidently appear that there is not a more useful Book."

He includes some amusing addresses to the Nobility and Gentry. His allusions to his Auctions at *Dick's* and *Patt's* Coffee-houses and of the former letting his room, over his head, to his *Scotch* rival, *Patrick Campbell*, are bitter and sarcastic.—Of the unfairness of *Dick* he remarks "I say, had *Dick* reflected on these things, his eyes had been proof against the double price, that *Dick* in his Letter tells me *Patrick* had agreed to give him; and the *Scot* might have ganged with his *Pack of Benks* to another place."

In an appeal to his customers on the conduct of *Pater-son*—he thus commences—"Gentlemen by what I have mentioned, you see what the *Scotchman* itched to be at; and to add to his favours, he now takes my room over my head; which I must tell him resembles a man I once met in my Travels, who sold the same Book with two different Titles, turning *Hodder* into *Cocker*, *Cumpstey* into *Whaley*, &c. according as his Customer wanted, with as much dexterity as the Suttler in King James's Camp, who drew Ale out of one end of the barrel, and Beer at the other."

This reminds me of a double *Literary Christening*, in a similar way. A work was published some years since under the title of "*Collards Logic*" and the same Book appeared under the title of "*Drulloc's Logic*"—thus spelling the name of *Collard*, backwards—I never have questioned the *Logic* or the policy of this. Dunton's farewell to Dublin is highly entertaining, and his *Conversations in Ireland*, embrace a variety of curious and novel information, not to be found elsewhere.

To follow him through all the mazes of his Adventures, Eccentricities, Exertions, and extraordinary Flights of Fancy, Opinions and Speculations, would fill an entertaining volume.—SWIFT gratified his vanity by noticing him, and POPE, who was born in the year 1688, (the year that Dunton commenced business at the Black Raven, in the Poultry,) notices him in his *Dunciad*; which Poem POPE said "Cost him as much pains as any thing he ever wrote."

Dunton certainly threw more light upon the periodical publications and the general Literature of his day, than any other Writer. He appears to have laid the foundation of the plan, upon which Mr. Nichols has so much improved; and pursued with unwearied industry, and talent during the 18th Century.

Mr. Nichols improved upon the ideas of Dunton, in not only giving interesting sketches of works issued from the learned Bowyer's, his own, and other presses during the 18th century, but also Biographical sketches of the most eminent Authors, Booksellers, Engravers, and all persons connected with the Fine Arts; it will be my endeavour to add a few to the number, bringing the feature down to the close of this Publication.

JOHN NICHOLS, Esq. F. S. A.,

(Late Editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, &c.)

To give a correct Biographical memoir of this Gentleman, and a fair outline of his labours, would fill more than a quarto volume. I can only refer my Readers to an admirable Memoir from the able pen of Alexander Chalmers, Esq., forming 30 closely printed columns in the *Gentleman's Ma-*



JOHN NICHOLS,

Printer.

F.S.A. OF LON: EDIN: & PERTH.

Born Feb. 2. 1744 & 5. living 1822.

Printed from Stone by Unkle & Tason 26 Sth Wall Cork.

gazine for December 1826, in which his truly amiable character, his great ability, and extraordinary labours are developed. What can the reader imagine of one individual, Compiling Writing, or Editing, at least one hundred volumes in octavo, nearly half that number in quarto, and about half a dozen volumes in folio, altogether exceeding in quantity the productions of Voltaire or Cobbett, and to so much better, and very different a purpose—and, in addition to all this, what will hereafter be thought of this extraordinary man, who not only passed through all this great labour of mind, but was also the Printer of all his own Works, as well as a general Printer to several eminent Authors, and to many of the most respectable Booksellers; added to all this he Printed the votes of the House of Commons for 50 years, as well as the Gentleman's Magazine (containing more than any other) for 50 years, and Edited it for nearly half a century. I know of nothing equal to those labours upon record, and regret, that my space will only admit of the very abridged sketch of him, from the Autobiographical Memoirs in the Literary Anecdotes, thus transcribed in Gorton's Biographical Dictionary:

“NICHOLS (JOHN) fellow of the antiquarian societies of London, Edinburgh, and Perth, and for nearly half a century editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. He was born at Islington, February 2, 1744, and having received a liberal education, he became at an early age an apprentice to Bowyer, the learned printer. He was subsequently admitted into partnership with his master, on whose death he succeeded to the management of one of the first typographical establishments in the metropolis, and long conducted it with high reputation. In 1778 he became coadjutor with Mr. David Henry, in the publication of the Gentleman's Magazine; and on the decease of that gentleman, the duties of editor devolved on Mr. Nichols, who, besides his regular contribution as conductor of that useful miscellany, inserted in almost every number some of the productions of his pen, relating chiefly to British topography and antiquities. He was admitted into the common council of the city of London

in 1784, to which he belonged till 1801; and in 1804 he was chosen master of the Stationers' company. In 1808 his printing office was destroyed by fire, when a great number of valuable works perished in the flames. Among his numerous literary publications may be mentioned. "Anecdotes, literary and biographical, of William Bowyer," 1778, 8vo, which formed the basis of his "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," 9 vols. 8vo. Illustrations of the Literature of the 18th Century, supplementary to the preceding work, 3 vols. and "The History and Antiquities of Leicestershire," 4 vols. folio. Mr. Nichols died Nov. 26. 1826."

I regret extremely that I cannot furnish more than the above imperfect sketch, and do no more than refer to Mr. Chalmers' admirable account of him, and to a chronological list of the very numerous (sixty seven) publications of which Mr. Nichols was either the Author or Editor. I shall have to refer to his Authorities during the whole of the 18th and Part of the 19th Centuries, and shall for the present conclude with a tribute to his Memory, by W. Hersee—and an Epitaph on him by John Taylor Esq.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
J. NICHOLS, Esq.

LATE in the vale of life, and full of years,
Cheerful and happy was his cloudless day,
When lo! bewept by Friendship's grateful tears,
He slept in peace—his spirit pass'd away.
While Earth admir'd the Historian of his time,
Domestic virtues were his highest praise,
These gave to life an energy sublime,
A beauteous lustre to his lengthen'd days.
Unfeign'd affection liv'd within his heart,
A store of blessings which he freely gave,
Blessings that he delighted to impart
To numerous friends now mourning o'er his grave.
Various his talents, as his heart was kind,
The page of ancient lore he lov'd to scan;
Learning's bright gems enrich'd his liberal mind,
And form'd his studies thro' the age of man.

With patient industry and wondrous toil,
 Thro' dark antiquity he sought his way;
 And persevering in the hard turmoil,
 He brought its treasures to the light of day.

In later years instruction from his pen
 Delighted thousands by his pleasing page;
 A faithful painter of the lives of men,
 He gave the history of a learned age.

His labours o'er, he rests beneath the sod.
 His lamp consum'd his various studies cease,
 His happy spirit soars to meet his God,
 And rest for ever in the realms of peace. W. HERSE.

—♦—
 EPITAPH

ON THE LATE JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

By JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

HERE NICHOLS rests, whose pure and active mind
 Thro' life still aim'd to benefit mankind.
 For useful knowledge eager from his youth,
 To lengthen'd age in keen pursuit of Truth.
 What ruthless time hath destin'd to decay,
 He well explor'd and brought to open day,
 Yet still he search'd not with a Bigot's zeal
 To gain what time would for Oblivion steal,
 But that such works recorded should remain
 As taste and virtue gladly would retain.
 And though intent to merit public fame,
 Warmly alive to each domestic claim:
 He like the Patriarchs rever'd of yore,
 To all his kindred due affection bore.
 Prompt with good humour all he knew to cheer,
 And wit with him was playful, not severe,
 Such was the Sage whose reliques rest below,
 Belov'd by many a friend, without one foe.

is somewhat extraordinary, that in the preceding account
 of him, that his great labours should have been so
lightly passed over, and so many original productions of his
 omitted;—witness—His poetical productions, his origin of
 things, his royal and noble Wills, his history of the Royal
 Abbey of Bec, and his account of Alien Priors, his Biblio-
 theca Topographica Britanica, (in conjunction with Gough,) about 20 Volumes quarto; His Biographical Anec-
 dotes of Hogarth, His progresses of Queen Elizabeth, in four

Volumes, quarto. His progresses of James 1st, 2 vols, 4to. besides numberless other Works; and the editions he edited and completed of Swift, Shakespear, Lyttleton, Chesterfield, Atterbury, King, Steele, and numerous others, exclusive of conducting nearly 100 Volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and completing its Index. !

In agreeably wandering through his 14 Octavo Volumes of Anecdotes, of nearly 800 pages each, I shall have an opportunity of saying something more of that truly great and good man, who has shewn himself more closely connected than any other individual, with the Literature of his day.

In the preface to the Second Edition of his Anecdotes, in 1812 he says :—

“ During an interval of Thirty Years, amidst the cares and anxieties attendant on an unremitted application to a great variety of professional duties, it has been one of my amusements to revise occasionally the former Edition of these “Anecdotes;” and to avail myself of the several hints for improving it, which the kindness of my friends, or the criticism of various writers who have honoured it with their notice, have from time to time thrown out. My stock of intelligence having thus imperceptibly increased, I had an inclination, in the year 1790, to have ventured on a new Edition; but was diverted from that intention by the accumulated toil of a County History, which demanded no small portion of the time I was able to allot to *the amusements of Literature*.”

“ Still, however, having persevered in filling the margins of my interleaved copy, and in reducing the chaotic form of my original volume to somewhat of a more regular consistence; in May 1802 I once more began to print; and, by slow degrees, had got through nearly half the Work, when my progress was suddenly retarded, by a calamity which had well nigh disheartened me from again resuming the task either of Editor or Printer. But on a serious conviction that despair was equally useless and criminal, I determined to begin my labour anew; the fruits of which, such as they are, after being four years longer in the press, are again submitted to the public.

To use the words of a learned critic, "The fire which destroyed the first part of the impression has given an opportunity of increasing the materials, and of improving the Work : thus it may be truly said, that

———*incendia lumen*
Præbebant, aliquisque malo fuit usus in illo."

After acknowledging the reception which the first edition of his truly entertaining Work received, not only from the partiality of Friends, but from the Editors of every periodical publication without exception, he observes that "One of the most melancholy retrospects I have to notice is, the loss of numberless Friends who were literary contributors to the former Edition, and by whom the present volumes have been considerably benefited. Among these the most prominent are, DR. JOHNSON, MR. STEEVENS, MR. COLE, MR. REED, and above all, my steady and indefatigable coadjutor MR. GOUGH."

At a very advanced period of life, and after having brought his work from the commencement of 1700, down to 1804, Mr. N. concludes his preface "I had some thoughts of *continuing* the Work to a later period." "But I hear the Cock's proclaiming the dawning day, being now come within the ken of many alive ; and when men's *memories* do *arise*, it is time for *History* to *haste to bed*.*"

His first volume commences in the following beautiful language.

"The Traveller, who in early life explored a region famed for natural or artificial curiosities, and with the eye of an Antiquary traced the vestiges of architectural splendour, whether the last remains of the Grecian temple, the Roman amphitheatre, or Gothic aisle or cloister, resumes his visit at a maturer age with augmented pleasure. New beauties meet his view ; new ideas are impressed on his imagination, as new suggestions offer themselves to his reflection. He perceives, and is astonished to perceive, that some of the finest part of the Landscape, some of the most beautiful features in the view, failed to meet his first researches.—

* Fuller's Worthies, Essex, ed. 1811, vol. 1 p. 349.

Having revolved, after an interval of many years, the imagery which as it were crowded on the mind at a first glance, he treads the ground again with caution; he confines himself to the more immediate object of his pursuit; and employs the pen or the pencil on subjects which had before entirely escaped his attention.

“The scenery to which the Reader is now recalled is of a more confined and humble nature; yet there are gleanings in our biographical harvest, which, it is hoped will be thought not undeserving notice. Of the very early period indeed the recollections are few, but they are interesting; and, as we advance, the discoveries produced by diligent enquiry and friendly communications, and even by the loss of friends whom it would have been indelicate to mention whilst living, have removed the veil under which many curious particulars, highly honourable to the persons of whom they are related, were unavoidably concealed.”

“To whatever cause it may be owing, the lives of literary men are seldom recorded, while any remembrance of them remains. Except in a few cases, where interest, vanity, or gratitude are concerned, men of letters, who in general deserve better of the world than the more brilliant characters of the hour, the courtier or the pseudo-patriot, pass unnoticed to the grave; and curiosity is seldom awakened about them until the opportunity of gratifying it is irrecoverable.”

“The information, therefore, which, I flatter myself, was conveyed to the world in the former edition of the *Memoirs* of my late excellent Friend, encourages me, after an interval of more than six-and-twenty years, when so much fresh matter has occurred, to pursue a similar method.”

The first Literary character which Mr. Nichols very appropriately introduces is “WILLIAM BOWYER, confessedly the most learned Printer of the 18th Century, he was born in Dogwell Court, in the extraparochial precinct of White Friars, London, Dec. 19, 1699; and may be said to have been initiated from his infancy in the rudiments of the art in which he so eminently excelled.”

Mr. N—then gives his Genealogy, a portrait and other minute particulars, which I shall not enter into,—but proceed to take a retrospective view of his, and the public press from the above period, at which it appears the following Newspapers were published. in London.

The Daily Courant (as its title shews) 6 times a week	6
The Supplement,		
The General Remark,	} Monday, Wednesday and Friday,	12
The Female Tatler,		
The General Postscript,		
The British Apollo, Monday, and Friday,		
The London Gazette,		2
The Postman,	} Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday,	12
The Postboy,		
The Flying Post,		
The Review		
The Tatler,	} Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday,	21
The Rehearsal Revived,		
The Evening Post,		
The Whisperer,		
The Postboy Junior,		
The City Intelligencer,		
The Observer, Wednesday, and Saturday,		2
Total,		55

OF PUBLIC NEWS AND WEEKLY PAPERS;

WHEN THEY FIRST BEGAN; THEIR PROGRESS,
INCREASE, AND USES AND ABUSES
TO THE PEOPLE.

(From the *Harl. MSS.* 5910.)

“IN the days of King Henry VIII. we had none that ever I could see, that is to say, in single sheets, except some invectives against the Pope and the Church of Rome. It is true there were several tracts wrote against Cardinal Wolsey; but they were in books in octavo; *and several others relating to several matters*, as about the Sacrament, against Gardiner, Bishop Bonner, &c.: but these might rather be called libels than pamphlets. These were most printed beyond the Seas. Only one I remember, which was “The supplication of Beggars,” wrote against the Friars Begging, by one Fish.

But in the days of Queen Mary they began to fly about in the City of London; as several Ballads and other Songs and Poems, as a Ballad of the Queen's being with child.

And these, I say, were the forerunners of the Newspapers. In the days of Queen Elizabeth we had several Papers printed relating to the affairs in France, Spain, and Holland, about the time of the Civil Wars in France. And these were, for the most part, translations from the Dutch and French. And were Books, or Pamphlets rather, which, take, if I mistake not, the word signifieth to be held in the hands and quickly read.

We must come down to the reign of King James the I. and that towards the latter end, when News began to be in fashion: and then if I mistake not, began the use of Mercury women; and they it was that dispersed them to the Hawker which word hath another signification. Look more in the Bellman of London.

These Mercuries and Hawkers their business at first was to disperse Proclamations, Orders of Council, and Acts of Parliament, &c. And we may see the humours of the times out of Ben Johnson's Plays. At that time, News was become a great fashion, as may be discerned in that play, by him wrote, entitled, "The Staple of News," and the scene settled at the West end of St. Paul's; and wrote 1625."

Peni-boy, Cymbal, Fitton Tho. Barber, Canter.

In troth they are dainty rooms; what place is this?

Cymbal. This is the outer room, where my clerks sit,

And keep their sides, the Register i' the midst;

The Examiner, he sits private there, within;

And here I have my several rowls and fyles

Of News by the alphabet, and all put up

Under their heads *P. jun.* But those too subdivided?

Cymb. Into Authentick, and Apocryphall

Fitton. Or News of doubtful credit; as Barbers' News,

Cymb. And Taylors' News, Porters', and Watermens' News.

Ben Jonson a cotemporary of Shakespear, here refers to *Barbers,' Taylors,' and Smiths' News*, for which they appear to have been celebrated at that period, and some of the *CRAFT* are great *Newsmongers* in the present day

Tonson continues his happy description, throughout the above Drama, but not so happily as Shakespear in his *King John*, where he has with such effect blended the three artificers.

“ I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.”

Next follows a very curious List of Newspapers, Magazines, and Reviews for nearly two Centuries (*from 1611 to 1804*, to which Mr. Nichols adds at least 200 more in the 8th Volume of his *Anecdotes*. I find some omissions in the *HARLEIAN MS.*, and also in Mr. Nichols's account, but they are altogether so extensive in number as to occupy too much room for my present undertaking. I shall therefore, select and confine myself to the most interesting details, and notes respecting them, stating at what period the first *News*, and other Papers, were issued from each Country:—

The ENGLISH Mercuries appeared in	1588
The Mercurie GALLO BELGICI,	1594
News from SPAIN, 12 pages, 4 to.	1611
News out of GERMANY,	1612
Good News from FLORENCE,	1614
News from ITALY,	1618
News from POLAND,	1621
The GERMAN Intelligencer,	1630
The SWEDISH Intelligencer,	1631
Warranted Tidings from IRELAND,	1641
IRELAND's True Diurnal,	1641
A speedy Post, or more News from HOLLAND,	1642
Mercurius Aulicus; or News from OXFORD,	1642
The Scotch Intelligencer; or the Weekly News from } SCOTLAND and the Court,	1643
The WELSH Mercury,	1643
Mercurius Hibernicus, Printed at Bristol,	1644

Thus have I given a Selection of the first Paper from each Country, from their origin, to the middle of the 17th Century.

The latter will serve to show the progress of the Periodical Press to the middle of the 17th Century, as to the commencement of promulgating News in different parts of the Globe. But there were no less than Two-hundred and thirty different Papers, &c., published up to that time, and upwards of One thousand more up to the close of the Eighteenth Century. Many notes and observations, upon those of the *olden time*, claim attention, and will be found interesting.

In a note to the Reader, Ben Jonson speaks of the Times News as a weekly cheat to draw money, which "could not be fitter reprehended, than in raising this ridiculous office of the Staple, wherein the Age may see her own folly, or hunger and thirst after published Pamphlets of News, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them; than which there cannot be a greater disease in Nature, or a fouler scorn put upon the time."

Gallo-Belgius (a copy of which is now amongst the King's collection in the British Museum) is not a newspaper; but may with greater propriety be called *The Annual Register of the Times*, or *The State of Europe*. It was originally compiled by M. Jansen, a Frisian, and was not printed until the year 1598, ten years after the "*Mercurie*," although it dates the commencement of its accounts from the same period. It is written in Latin, and was printed in octavo at Cologne, and ornamented with a wooden cut of Mercury standing on a Globe with his usual attributes. Thus, even if Gallo-Belgius could be correctly termed a newspaper, which it cannot, "*The English Mercurie*" would claim precedence by the space of ten years; and Holland must consequently yield the credit of originality to Great Britain.

Of the *Mercurius Britannicus* published in 1643, Chalmers says that,

Marchmont Needham, the versatile author of this paper, was born in 1620, and educated at Oxford. He assumed all colours of the chameleon during those contentious times; and, being discharged from writing public intelligence by the Council of State in March 1660, was allowed to live at the Restoration; till at length, says Anthony Wood, "this most seditious, mutable, and reviling Author died suddenly, in Devereux Court, in November 1678."

Of the *Impartial Intelligencer*, published in 1648.

In No. 7 of this paper is the first regular *Advertisement* which I have met with. It is from a gentleman of Candish in Suffolk, from whom two Horses had been stolen.

Of the *Mercurius Caledonius*, comprising the affairs in agitation in Scotland. Mr. Chalmers says,

This paper, which was published once a week by a Society of Stationers at Edinburgh, is the earliest that occurs of Scotch Manufacture; each army, before that period, having carried with them an English printer. Thus Robert Barker printed at Newcastle for King Charles in 1639; and Christopher Higgins, under the same auspices of Cromwell, reprinted at Leith, the London *Diurnal of some passages and affairs* in 1652, for the information of the English soldiers; and in 1653 the *Mercurius Politicus*; which in 1654 was transferred to Edinburgh, where it continued to be published till April 11, 1660; and was then reprinted under the name of *Mercurius Publicus*.—The *Caledonian Mercury* was compiled by a son of the Bishop of Orkney, Thomas Sydserfe; who now thought he had the wit to amuse, the knowledge to instruct, and the address to captivate, the lovers of News in Scotland. But he was only able, with all his powers, to extend his publication to ten numbers, which were very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected. Chalmers's p. 118,

The Intelligencer, by ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Esq.

In August 1662, Roger L'Estrange, esq. (after more than twenty years spent in serving the Royal cause, near six of them in gaols, and almost four under sentence of death in Newgate,) had interest sufficient to obtain an appointment to a new created office, under the title of Surveyor of the Imprimery and Printing Presses; together with "the sole licensing of all ballads, charts, printed portraitures, printed pictures, books, and papers; except books concerning common law, affairs of state, heraldry, titles of honours and arms, the office of Earl Marshal, books of divinity, physick, philosophy, arts and sciences, and such as are granted to his Majesty's peculiar printer; and except such books as by a late act of parliament are otherwise appointed to be licensed." He had also a grant of "all the sole privilege of writing, printing, and publishing, all Narratives, Advertisements, Mercuries, Intelligencers, Diurnals, and other books of public intelligence; and printing all Ballads, Plays, Maps, Charts, Portraitures, and Pictures, not previously printed; and all Briefs for Collections, Playbills, Quack-salvers Bills, Custom and Excise Bills, Post-office Bills, Creditors Bills and Tickets in England and Wales; with power to search for and seize unlicensed and treasonable, schismatical and scandalous books and papers. (*Bagford's collections, in Harl MSS. 5900 vol. 2.*)

The Kingdom's Intelligencer of the affairs in agitation in England, Ireland, and Scotland contains many regular Advertisements of Books, and the following, which Mr. Nichols thought worth transcribing: (1663)

"There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem, called *Hudibras* without name of either printer or bookseller, as fit for so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the Author's original, is sold by Richard Marriott, under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the Buyer as well as the Author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands." A kind of Obituary found also a place in this paper; with some account of the Proceedings of Parliament, and in the Court of Claims; a list of the Judges Circuits, the Sheriff's, the Lent Preachers, &c. &c. And in No. 8, February 23rd notice is given that The "Faculties office for granting Licenses (by Act of Parliament) to eat Flesh in any part of England, is still kept at St. Paul's Chain, near St. Paul's Church yard."

At this period Newspapers were published at 2d. each.

L'ESTRANGE's paper was superseded by the London Gazette, which was first published on the 1st February, 1655—

The name *Gazette* was taken from a Newspaper first printed at Venice and sold for a coin of that denomination.—"not a *sol*, not a *gazel*," sayth Antiquary, in Dodsley's Old Plays, and "a *gazel*," Coryat tells us, "is almost a penny; whereof ten do make a *livre*, that is, nine-pence."

In the 19th number of the Gazette, September 9, 1678—is,

"A Resolution of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, to shew their great care and tenderness of his Majesty's health, that two of the Aldermen should daily wait upon him in his bed-chamber at Windsor during his illness. In No. 50, December 26, is this advertisement:—"Whereas on Thursday the 18th instant, in the evening, Mr. John Dryden was assaulted and wounded in Rose-street in Covent-garden, by divers men unknown. If any person shall make discovery of the said offenders to the said Mr. Dryden, or to any justice of peace for the liberty of Westminster, he shall not only receive fifty pounds, which is deposited in the hands of Mr. Blanchard, goldsmith, next door to Temple Bar, for the said purpose; but if the discoverer be himself one of the actors, he shall have the fifty pounds, without letting his name be known, or receiving the least trouble by any prosecution."

In N. THOMPSON's "True Domestic Intelligence," for September, 30. 1679 it states that

"Mr. Garraway, master of the famous Coffee-house near the Royal Exchange, hath store of good Cherry-wine; and 'tis said, that the Black Cherry and other wild Cherries do yield good and wholesome Aquavitas and Brandies.—In some part of Buckinghamshire they are said to have got from the Canaries a sort of Barley, which hath roes of Barley upon every ear. In some other places they have a sort of Wheat which bears four, five, or six ears of Wheat upon every stalk; but it is not much commended.

* The above well known establishment, still bears the name of Garraway's Coffee house. W. W.

The following curious Article appears in the '*True News*' No. 37, 1679—

"A Project was setting on foot for conveying of letters, notes, messages, amorous billets, and all bundles whatsoever, under a pound weight, and all sorts of writings (challenges only excepted), to and from any part of the city and suburbs; to which purpose the projectors have taken a house in Lime-street for a General Office, and have appointed eight more stages in other parts at a convenient distance: a plot, if not timely prevented by the Freeman Porters of the City, is like to prove the utter subversion of them and their Worshipful Corporation."

In the *Mercurius Librarius*, or a faithful account of all Books and Pamphlets, No. 2 April, 1680 is the following curious article

"All Booksellers that approve of the design of publishing this Catalogue weekly, or once in 14 days at least, are desired to send in to one of the Undertakers any book, pamphlet, or sheet, they would have in it, so soon as published, that they may be inserted in order as they come out: their books shall be delivered them back again upon demand. To shew they design the public advantage of the trade, they will expect but 6d. for inserting any book; nor but 12d. for any other advertisement relating to the trade, unless it be excessive long."

In 1682, Benjamin Harris published "Domestic Intelligence," every Thursday, (gratis)* for the promotion of Trade.

The "Jockey's Intelligencer," or Weekly Advertisements of Horses and Second-hand Coaches, to be bought or sold; charged One Shilling for the Notification of Sale of a Horse or Coach; and Six-pence for the Renewal. (1683)

Weekly Memorials, or accounts of Books lately set forth with other accounts relating to Learning by Authority No. 1. Jan. 19. 1688—9—

* This is the earliest specimen of an English Review.—The Edinburgh Reviewer began a few months earlier."

An Account of the Proceedings of the Meeting of the Estates of Scotland; with Licence. Published by Richard Chiswell, at the Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, No. 1, March 25, 1689.

* I Printed "The Daily Advertisements" in the City of Cork, in 1811, and distributed them *Gratis* Daily, for three months, to the number of 50,000!

W. W.

This paper, printed on a folio half-sheet, was continued by Richard Baldwin till October 1690 ; and, together with the proceedings of the Convention, contained news and advertisements. When the Revolution had been accomplished in Scotland, it seems to have ceased in England.

The London Mercury, 1691.

The sixth and seventh numbers of this paper were ornamented with a curious wood-cut, representing an owl perched on a raven, with the words "*Par pavi*, or Birds of a Feather." (Doubtless a hit on DUNSTON.)

"By an advertisement in the Athenian Gazette, dated, Feb. 8, 1696, it appears, that the coffee-houses of London had then, (exclusive of the *Votes of Parliament* every day,) *nine Newspapers* every week.

Dawk's News Letter, [*on a type to imitate Writing*,] No. 1, Aug. 4, 1696.

"This letter will be done upon good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the *written news*, contains double the quantity, is read with abundance more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand."

The Edinburgh Gazette, printed by James Watson, No. 1, Feb. 28, 1699.

Author of "The History of Printing," and for several years, the great news-monger of Scotland, as Butter had been during a prior age. In 1699, after having published 41 numbers, he transferred the Edinburgh Gazette to John Reid.

The last paper published in London, in the 17th Century, was the *Weekly Comedy*, as it is daily acted at most Coffee-Houses in London, it commenced on the 4th of May, 1699.

Having thus closed with an outline of some of the eccentricities of the times, I shall merely state that at the commencement of 1700, were ushered, in some papers of quite as extraordinary a character ; the following are the three first specimens,

The Dutch Prophet ; or, the Devil of a Conjuror ; No. 1, being infallible Predictions of what shall happen in and about the Cities of London and Westminster, by Peter Nicholas Van-grin, late Superior of the College of Lapland Witches, and Chief Negromancer to the Dutch at Japan : to be continued weekly. (1700)

The Merry Mercury ; or, a Farce of Fools, No. 1, Nov. 29, 1700.

The Infallible Astrologer, 1700.

To these whimsies may be added the *Flying Post*, the *Farthing Chronicle*, the *Halfpenny Journal*, The *Penny Post*, The *Growler*, or Diogenes robbed of his Tub, The *Balm of Gilead*, or healer of Divisions. The *Monthly Weather Paper*; "being some baroscopical Discoveries from what part or parts of the compass the wind may be likely to blow; with what other sorts and alteration of the weather may be expected every day and night."

At the commencement of the 18th Century. Advertisements were inserted in the *Observer Reformed*—Eight lines for one shilling!

The following excellent plan was adopted in "*The Country Gentleman's Courant*," on Saturday, October, 5, 1706.

"This paper the Proprietors are pleased to give away on this day only, that the design may be the better known, and the sale encouraged as it deserves.—Among the crowd of newspapers that come out weekly, it is hoped this may find as favourable a reception as any, when its usefulness is rightly considered; for here the reader is not only diverted with a faithful register of the most remarkable and momentary transactions both at home and abroad, which occur to our knowledge in a week's time; but also with a *geographical* description of the most material places mentioned in every article of news; whereby he is freed the trouble of looking into maps or books of geography for his information, and his reading is rendered easy, profitable, and pleasant. Besides this advantage, there are others to be considered for its recommendation; for, as this paper contains all that is of moment in all other newspapers that are published every week (which many gentlemen and others have not the opportunity of seeing or perusing, either because of their distance from this City, of London, or the emergency of their private affairs, or by reason of the charge of the several newspapers and postage, which is very considerable); so it is hoped many gentlemen will encourage this so useful a design, since no one can read but must understand, it being suited for the meanest capacities' improvement and satisfaction, by obliging their friends in the country with it, the charge being no more than 2d. per paper. And as promotion of trade is a matter which ought to be encouraged, advertisements will be taken in by the publisher hereof at 2d. per line."

The following Anecdote of Abel Boyer, author of the *French Grammar*, *French Dictionary*, &c. appears in his case, right and title, in writing of the "*True Postboy*," a Newspaper published in 1709. He observes,

"All gentlemen, shop-keepers, coffee-men, and others, who will think fit to continue the true Post-Boy by A. Boyer, are desired to give particular directions about it to the Hawkers that serve them; because Mr. Roper uses all mean endeavours to hinder its being dispersed. Mr. Roper, in particular, ought gratefully to reflect, that Mr. Boyer has written for him, 'The History of King William,' in three volumes; 'Seven Volumes of the Queen's Annals;' some other books; and the Post-Boy for four years; by all which he has got considerable sums of money.

The British Mercury, No. 1, March 27, 1710.

This paper was established by the first projectors of *The Sun Fire Office*; who appear to have then lately purchased the interest of a preceding office which had been managed by Mr. Povey.—"In a few days," they state, "the Company's Policies will be ready, and delivered *gratis* to all persons who had subscribed to the Exchange-house Fire-office, and continue to insure their houses or goods from loss by fire with the Company of London Insurers, they only paying their quarterage as usual."—The top of the paper is ornamented with a bold *Sun*, resembling the present badge of the Sun-fire office.—At No. 38, they added the figure of Mercury.

The *British Mercury*, No. 12, October 24, 1710, contains a catalogue of the Newspapers published in London on each day of the week; the numbers were—on Monday 6, on Tuesday 12, on Wednesday 6, on Thursday 12, on Friday 6, on Saturday 13, in all 55—2 or 3 being published daily, and most of the others on alternate days.

The *British Mercury*: published by the Company of the Fire-office in Threadneedle-street, August 2, 1712.

It is worthy of remark that on the 30th of July 1712, No. 369, of the above paper was published, and was the beginning of a new series occasioned by

"The *Stamp Duty*, which took place on the 2nd of Aug. 1712, on all "printed single sheets and half-sheets," which was extended to a sheet and a half; and contains an introductory history of Newspapers; some extracts of which will not be inapplicable to the present article: "It does not appear that this method of spreading news in print was much in use before the reign of King Charles I.; and even then it had its beginning with those calamities which involved the whole nation, and, no doubt, contributed much towards them. The Rebellion then set all the presses at liberty; and the two contending parties attacked one another as fiercely in paper, as they did in the field. *Mercurius Politicus*, *Mercurius Aulicus*, *Intelligences*, and many more under several denominations, flew about in the cities and towns, as the bullets did in the open country. The Restoration, bringing back the blessing of peace, for a time put a period to that distemper, suppressing that furious run of news and slander. The famous *Muddiman* was then the only news-mon-

ger, supplying the Nation with some intelligence, as to public affairs, by written letters. This furnished him with a plentiful maintenance, and satisfied the then less curious people; nothing of that nature being yet in print, except, I think, for some time, a single paper, by the name of an *Intelligence*. In the year 1655, *The London Gazette*, published by authority, first appeared in the world, and continued the only paper of that sort; till, about 1677 or 1678, the old ferment beginning to work up again in the nation, those who desired to increase it again revived the dormant practice of alarming the multitude by the help of the press, wherein they were not disappointed of their expected success. King Charles II, having, in some measure, allayed those storms, a suitable stop was put to that exorbitant liberty of printing. *The Gazette* again became the most regarded, and, as I take it, the only news in vogue; and so held on during the remaining part of that Prince's reign and the beginning of his successor's. Some time before the Revolution, the press was again set to work; and such a furious itch of novelty has ever since been the epidemical distemper, that it has proved fatal to many families; the meanest of shopkeepers and handicrafts spending whole days in coffee-houses, to hear news and talk politicks, whilst their wives and children wanted bread at home; and, their business being neglected, they were themselves at length thrust into gaols, or forced to take sanctuary in the army. Hence sprung that inundation of *Postmen*, *Postboys*, *Evening Posts*, *Supplements*, *Daily Courants*, *Protestant Postboys*, amounting to 21 every week, besides many more which have not survived to this time; and besides the *Gazette* which has the sanction of public authority; and this *Mercury*, only intended for and delivered to those persons whose goods or houses are insured by the Sun Fire-office. Yet has not all this variety been sufficient to satiate the immoderate appetite of intelligence, without ransacking France, Holland, and Flanders, whence the foreign mails duly furnish us with the *Gazettes* or *Courants* of Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Hague, Rotterdam, Leyden, and some others not so common, besides the French and Holland *Gazettes-a-la-Main*. The new duty imposed on printed single sheets and half-sheets will doubtless somewhat lessen the number of English newspapers; and a peace may perhaps be fatal to such as survive the first blow.—However, this *Mercury* may, in all likelihood, subsist after the suppression of the others above-mentioned, because, having never been designed for nor exposed to common sale, its being does not so much depend on chance and the inconstant humour of the multitude. It is to be believed there will be insuring as long as there are goods and houses to insure; and this Office having met with sufficient encouragement, not to question its establishment, the *Mercury*, which stands upon the same foundation, may well promise itself a continuance."

Dr. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, thus notices the Stamp-duty: "*Grub-street* has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet a halfpenny." *Journal to Stella*, July 9, 1712.—"Do you know that *Grub-street* is dead and gone last week!"

No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers of my own, besides some of other people's; but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with; Methinks the stamping is worth a halfpenny." Ibid. Aug. 7, 1712.—The duty first took place Aug. 12, 1712; and on the same day in the year 1789 was enlarged to two pence.

On the 18th May, 1713—"The *Reconciler*," published two papers at once (a sheet and a half) to evade the Stamp Duty.

The *Historical Register* was published in 1717, at the expence of the Sun Fire Office, it was an excellent work, and continued till 1738.

Having given the History of Newspapers, I shall sum up this article with the remarks of Chalmers, and an extract from the late Bishop of Cloyne's (Wm. Bennet), Scrap book, which I have in my possession; many valuable extracts from which, will I hope enrich my future pages.

Mr. CHALMERS observes that it may gratify our national pride to behold that to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, we owe the Introduction of Newspapers, the First of which was called "The *English Mercurie*," and was printed during the Spanish Armada, and is still preserved in the British Museum, being dated 23rd July, 1558, from 1558 to 1662, few of these publications appeared; but the Victories of Gustavus Adolphus having excited the curiosity of our Countrymen, a Weekly Paper called "*The News of the present Week*," was printed. After some time this was continued under another title, and ultimately it was succeeded by the *German* and *Swedish Intelligencer*. These papers were originally issued in the shape of Pamphlets, and continued to 1661.—Roger L'Estrange, published—The Public Intelligencer in the present shape of Newspapers. The *London Gazette*, was published in 1665, under the title of *Oxford Gazette* it having been printed at Oxford during a Session of Parliament held there on account of plagues then raging in Lon-

don, and from this period it is curious to trace the progression and encrease of these interesting vehicles of information.

—From 1661 to 68, no less than 70 Papers were published under different titles, after the Revolution the *Orange Intelligencer*, appeared and thence to 1692, there were 26 different others brought forward. From an Advertisement in the *Athenian Gazette* of 1696, it appears that the Coffee-House in London, were then supplied with 9 papers every week, exclusive of votes of Parliaments, but there is no mention of any one printed daily. July 18, 19, papers were published, of which only the *London Courant*, was a daily paper in 1724, 3 daily, 6 weekly and 3 new Evening papers every week—in 1712, the number of copies issued in England amounted to 15,005,760. The total number of separate papers published in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1808, was 215.

The following paragraph from the Bishop of Cloyne's Scrap-book, states,

“ It is not generally known that it was in the reign of Anne, London first “enjoyed the luxury of a news-paper “*every day*,” that, in 1709 there was *one* daily paper, and *seventeen* other papers; that, in 1724 three daily papers were published, and *eighteen* other papers; that, in 1753 the number of news-papers sold in all England, according to an average of three years preceding, was 7,411,757; that, at the close of the late reign in 1760, it was 9,404,790; that, in 1790, it was 14,035,639; in 1791, was 14,794,153; and in 1792, was 15,005,760. This forms such a phenomenon of curiosity political and literary, of riches universally diffused, and of enquiry universally awake, as has not been paralleled in any other part of the world.”

I now conclude by observing that upwards of Five hundred different Newspapers and other periodicals, were published during the Eighteenth Century, under such a variety of heads and titles, that a concise Dictionary of them may not be unacceptable to my readers, or to the future Projector, who in coining a title—without having seen the following list—will on perusing it, find that there is scarcely any thing “New

Under the Sun"—for we have had in various forms the—

Adventurer,	Flapper,	News Letter,	Repository,
Advertiser,	Freeholder,	Observer,	Reprisal,
Advocate,	Freethinker,	Old Maid,	Review,
Albion,	Gazette,	Olio,	Rhapsodist,
Atlas,	Gazetteer,	Oracle,	Securage,
Apollo,	Globe,	Overseer,	Spectator,
Aurora,	Growler,	Packet,	Speculator,
Babler,	Grumbler,	Parrot,	Spy,
Bachelor,	Guardian,	Patrician,	Standard,
Benefactor,	Herald,	Patriot,	Student,
Briton,	Idler,	Peeper,	Star,
Censor,	Inquisitor,	Phoenix,	Sun,
Champion,	Informers,	Pilot,	Times,
Chronicle,	Intelligencer,	Plain-dealer,	Telegraph,
Citizen,	Inspector,	Plebeian,	Tatler,
Connoisseur,	Ledger,	Post Angel,	Test,
Correspondent,	Looker-on,	Post Boy,	Templer,
Courant,	Lover,	Post Man,	Tory,
Courier,	Lounger,	Pratler,	Visiter,
Craftsman,	Mail,	Projector,	Volunteer,
Critic,	Medley,	Prompter,	Wanderer,
Dazzler,	Mercury,	Rambler,	the
Diary,	Mirror,	Reader,	WORLD, and
Director,	Moderator,	Reconciler,	endless others.
Doctor,	Monitor,	Register,	
Examiner,	News,	Remembrancer,	

A voice whispers me to stop at this *World* of invention, even of Titles.

In 1785, London alone produced 10 daily papers, and 9 which appear, each three Evenings in a week, One Sunday Paper, and a great variety of Weekly Miscellaneous; the Country Papers were also very numerous. And as I shall hereafter *Engraft* in my "*Fifty Years Recollections*." A list from 1785, to 1835,* with Anecdotes respecting *Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews, Annual Registers*, and other Publications, I shall for the present only remark that — "*I have during my Fifty Years vicissitudes, published besides various Books, Pamphlets, Magazines, Reviews, &c., the Advertiser, the Globe, the Mercury, the Olio, the Peeper, the Phoenix, the Press, the Remembrancer, the Speculator, the VOLUNTEER and the Times. And I now VOLUNTEER, to print for any person that will employ and pay me, any Work divested of the plague and pestilence of Political party Spirit, Religious Controversies, or private pique.*"

* It is my intention to give a detailed list of all the Newspapers of England, Ireland and Scotland; up to the close of this publication. W.

HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF PAMPHLETS.

(From a Dissertation, signed W. O. [WILLIAM OLDYS, Esq.] annexed to
MORGAN'S PHOENIX BRITANNICUS, 1732," 4to.)

THE derivation of the word *Pamphlet* may be found in *Minshew's* "Guide to Tongues," fol. 1627; in the Preface to "*Icon Libellorum*;" Skinner's *Etym. Ling. Angl.* fol. 1671; and Spelman's Glossary.

The word *Pamphlet*, or *little* paper book, imports no reproachful character, any more than the word *great* book; signifies a pasquil, as little as it does a panegyric of itself: is neither good nor bad, learned nor illiterate, true nor false, serious nor jocular, of its own naked meaning or construction; but is either of them, according as the subject makes the distinction. Thus, of scurrilous and abusive pamphlets, to be burned in 1647, we read in Rushworth; and by the name of *Pamphlet* is the Encomium of Queen Emma called in Holinshed.

As for the antiquity of pamphlets, it is not only questionable, whether the Art of Printing should set a bound to it, but even the adoption of the name itself, which yet I take to be more modern than that Art; for I look upon them as the eldest offspring of paper, and to claim the rights of primogeniture even of bound volumes, however they may be shorter-lived, and the younger brother has so much out-grown the elder; inasmuch as arguments do now, and more especially did in the minority of our erudition, not only so much more rarely require a larger compass than pamphlets will comprise; but these being of a more ready and facile, more decent and simple form, suitable to the character of the more artless ages, they seem to have been preferred by our modest ancestry for the communication of their sentiments, before book-writing became a trade: and lucre, or vanity let in deluges of digressory learning, to swell up unwieldy folios. Thus I find, not a little to the honour of our subject, no less a person than the renowned King Alfred, collecting his sage precepts and divine sentences, with his own Royal hand, into "quaternions of leaves stitched together;" which he would enlarge with additional quaternions, as occasion offered:

yet he seemed to keep his collection so much within the limits of a pamphlet size (however bound together at last,) that he called it by the name of his hand-book*, because he made it his constant companion, and had it at hand wherever he was.

It is so difficult to recover even any of our first books or volumes, which were printed by William Caxton, though it is certain he set forth near half a hundred of them in folio, that it were a wonder if his pamphlets should not be quite lost. There are more extant of his successor Wynkin de Worde's printing in this lesser form, whereof, as great rarities, I have seen both in quarto and octavo, though holding no comparison probably with those of his also, which are destroyed.

The civil wars of Charles I. and the Parliament party produced an innumerable quantity of these paper lanthorns, as a Wit of that time called them, which, while they illuminated the multitude, did not always escape the flames themselves.

At this time might be mentioned the restless John Lilburne and the endless William Prynne, who wrote in earnest, for both bled in the cause. There are near a hundred pamphlets written by and concerning the first of these authors.—But, the labours of the last being unparalleled, I may here not improperly observe, that, during the forty two years he was a writer, he published above a hundred and sixty pamphlets, besides several thick bound volumes in quarto and folio, all said to be gathered into about 40 tomes, and extant in Lincoln's Inn Library. I think the printed catalogue of his writings extends not in their whole number beyond one hundred and sixty-eight different pieces; but Anthony Wood to above one hundred and fourscore; who also computes, he must needs have composed at the rate of a sheet every day, from the time that he came to man's estate.

This particular notice of our most voluminous Pamphleteer will lead us to a general review of the numerous produce of the press, during that turbulent series aforesaid, wherein he was such a fruitful instrument, to impregnate the same and promote the superfetation thereof. For by the grand

* As I do my " Fifty Years of an Old Bookseller." W.

collection of Pamphlets, which was made by Tomlinson the bookseller, from the latter end of the year 1640 to the beginning of 1660, it appears there were published in that space near thirty thousand several tracts: and that these were not the complete issue of that period, there is good presumption, and I believe, proofs in being: notwithstanding, it is enriched with near a hundred manuscripts, which nobody then (being written on the side of Royalists) would venture to put in print; the whole, however, for it is yet undispersed, is progressively and uniformly bound, in upwards of two thousand volumes, of all sizes. The catalogue, which was taken by Marmaduke Foster, the auctioneer, consists of twelve volumes in folio; wherein every piece has such a punctual register and reference, that the smallest even of a single leaf, may be readily repaired to thereby. They were collected, no doubt, with great assiduity and expense, and not preserved, in those troublesome times, without greater danger and difficulty; the books being often shifted from place to place out of the Army's reach. And so scarce were many of these tracts, even at their first publication, that King Charles I. is reported to have given ten pounds for only reading one of them over, which he could no where else procure, at the owner's house in St. Paul's Church-yard.

By the munificence of his Majesty Geo. 3rd. the British Museum was some years since enriched with this most valuable collection of 30,000 tracts, bound in 2000 volumes; 100, chiefly on the King's side, were printed but never published, the whole was intended for Charles the First's use, carried about England as the Parliament-army marched, kept in the collectors warehouses disguised as tables covered with canvas and lodged last at Oxford under the care of Dr. Barlow till he was made Bishop of Lincoln. They were offered to the Library at Oxford, and at length bought for Charles II. by his stationer Samuel Mearne, whose widow, afterwards was obliged to dispose of them by leave of the said King, 1684; but it is believed, they continued unsold till his present Majesty bought them, of Mearne's representatives*. In a printed paper, it is said the collector refused 4000*l.* for them.

Out of this immense collection Rushworth furnished himself with authorities; and, if the spirit of party was not so prevalent among them, we might still look them over with profit; but they are too much spoiled by the canting divinity of the times, which suits not the present age. Yet we have not been totally wanting in taste for these ephemeral productions, or of purchasers at an extravagant price, as Lord Somers, who gave more than 500*l.* for Tom Britton the smallcoal man's collection in this way; and Anthony Collins, whose collection afterwards produced above 1800*l.*; encouragement sufficient to induce other collectors to gather what the squalls of fate and chance may throw up.

Dr. Francis Bernard, who was physician to King James II. was a man of learning and well versed in literary history. He had the best private collection of scarce and curious books that had been seen in England, and was a good judge of their value. He died Feb. 9, 1697, in his 70th year. The Catalogue of his books, which were sold by auction, is dated in 1698. The amount of this Auction (after deducting 4*s.* in the pound, which were the expenses of the sale) was 1600*l.* a large sum in that time, when the passion for rare books was much more moderate than it is at present.

Pamphlets have been the terror of oppression. Thus Philip the Second's wicked employment, treacherous desertion, and barbarous persecution of his secretary Antonio Perez, upbraids him out of that Author's *Libretto*, through all Europe, to this day. Mary Queen of Scots has not yet got clear of "Buchanan's Detection." Robert Earl of Leicester cannot shake off "Father Parsons's Green-coat."—George Duke of Buckingham will not speedily outstrip "Dr. Eglshams Fore-runner of Revenge." Nor was Oliver Cromwell far from *killing* himself, at the pamphlet which argued it to be *no Murder*, lest it should persuade others to think so, and he perish by ignobler hands than his own.

Mr. Oldys then goes into a mass of arguments and valuable information, but I shall close with one of his arguments in favor of carefully *preserving* pamphlets "they stand in greater need of such care, than writings better secured by

their bulk and bindings do. Many good old family books are descended to us, whose backs and sides our careful grand-sires buffed and bossed and boarded against the teeth of time, or more devouring ignorance, and whose leaves they guarded with brass, nay silver clasps, against the assaults of worm and weather. But these defenceless conduits of advertisement are so much more obnoxious, by reason of their nakedness and debility, to all destructive casualties, that it is more rare and difficult, for want of a proper asylum, to meet with some tracts which have not been printed ten years, than with many books which are now more than ten times their age."

Several scarce tracts, have been reprinted and their ideal value of course lessened, scarce tracts have at all periods brought great prices, until reprinted. At the Auction of the Books of Mr. Charles Bernard, Serjeant Surgeon to Queen Anne, small tracts brought from 3 & 4 Guineas to 30*l*.*

* The "Spaccio della Besta Triomfante," by Jordano Bruno, an Italian atheist, is said in the Spectator, No. 389, to have sold for 30*l*. But, by a priced Catalogue of this sale in Mr. Bindley's possession, it appears, that the price actually given for it was twenty-eight. It was by Walter Clavel, Esq. The same copy became successively the property of Mr. John Nichols, of Mr. Joseph Ames, of Sir Peter Thompson, and of C. Tutet, Esq. among whose books it was sold by auction at Mr. Gerard's in Litchfield-street. A catalogue of Charles Bernard, 1676, is in the Sloane collection, No. 1770; and a Letter of Mr. Charles Bernard says he was not himself witty; but he was at least the cause of wit in others."

"I went to-day," says Swift in his Journal to Stella, March 19, "to see poor Charles Bernard's books; and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds, for some fine editions of fine authors." And on the 29th he adds "I walked to-day into the City, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Bernard's books. They were in the middle of the Physic books, so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none."

A curious circumstance took place some years since, in the Sale of the valuable Books of J.—R.—, Esq.; at Cork, in which I officiated as AUCTIONEER.—In the collection was a common Edition, in a single volume, of Swift's Gulliver's Travels, which Mr. R— purchased of an old Woman, a dealer in Beds and Books, to whom he gave about Eighteen Pence for it:—It contained some Manuscript Notes of the Dean's—and when put up for Sale, a sharp contest took place, between my late worthy friend Mr. M'Arthur, Bookseller of Dublin, and the Rev. Mr. Morritt, when it was finally knocked down to the latter for TEN GUINEAS! Mr. M'Arthur regretted not being the purchaser, as he was commissioned to go to any price for it.—Could the Dean have witnessed this, he would have felt more gratified at his own fame, than he was disappointed at the Surgeons' Sale. W. W.

MAGAZINES, REVIEWS,

AND OTHER PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among the most conspicuous of these entertaining and instructive sources of Literature, information, &c., the *Gentleman's Magazine* stands pre-eminent. It commenced in January 1731—and has sustained its high character and celebrity upwards of a Century. Mr. Nichols in his *Essays and Illustrations of the literature of the Eighteenth Century*, in speaking of Edward Cave, its original projector, justly remarks that—

The curiosity of the public seems to demand the history of every man who has by whatever means risen to eminence; and few lives would have more readers than that of the Compiler of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, if all those who received improvement or entertainment from him should retain so much kindness for their Benefactor as to enquire after his conduct and character.

EDWARD CAVE was born at Newton in Warwickshire, Feb. 29, 1691. His father was the youngest son of Mr. Edward Cave, of Cave's in the Hole, a lone house, on the Street-road in the same county, which took its name from the occupier; but, having concurred with his elder brother in cutting off the intail of a small hereditary estate, by which act it was lost from the family, he was reduced to follow in Rugby, the trade of a shoe-maker. He was a man of good reputation in his narrow circle, and remarkable for strength and rustic intrepidity. He lived to a great age, and was in his latter years supported by his son."

I shall not attempt to follow Mr. N. in his long and truly interesting Biographical Memoir of Mr. Cave, of sixty pages, but merely state that he succeeded in his scholastic duties amidst the severities imposed upon him, from a youthful frolic. He successively became Exciseman, then an assistant to a Timber Merchant, and subsequently a Printer, and Editor of a Newspaper at Norwich; and afterwards Clerk of Franks in the Post Office;—in which it is stated—

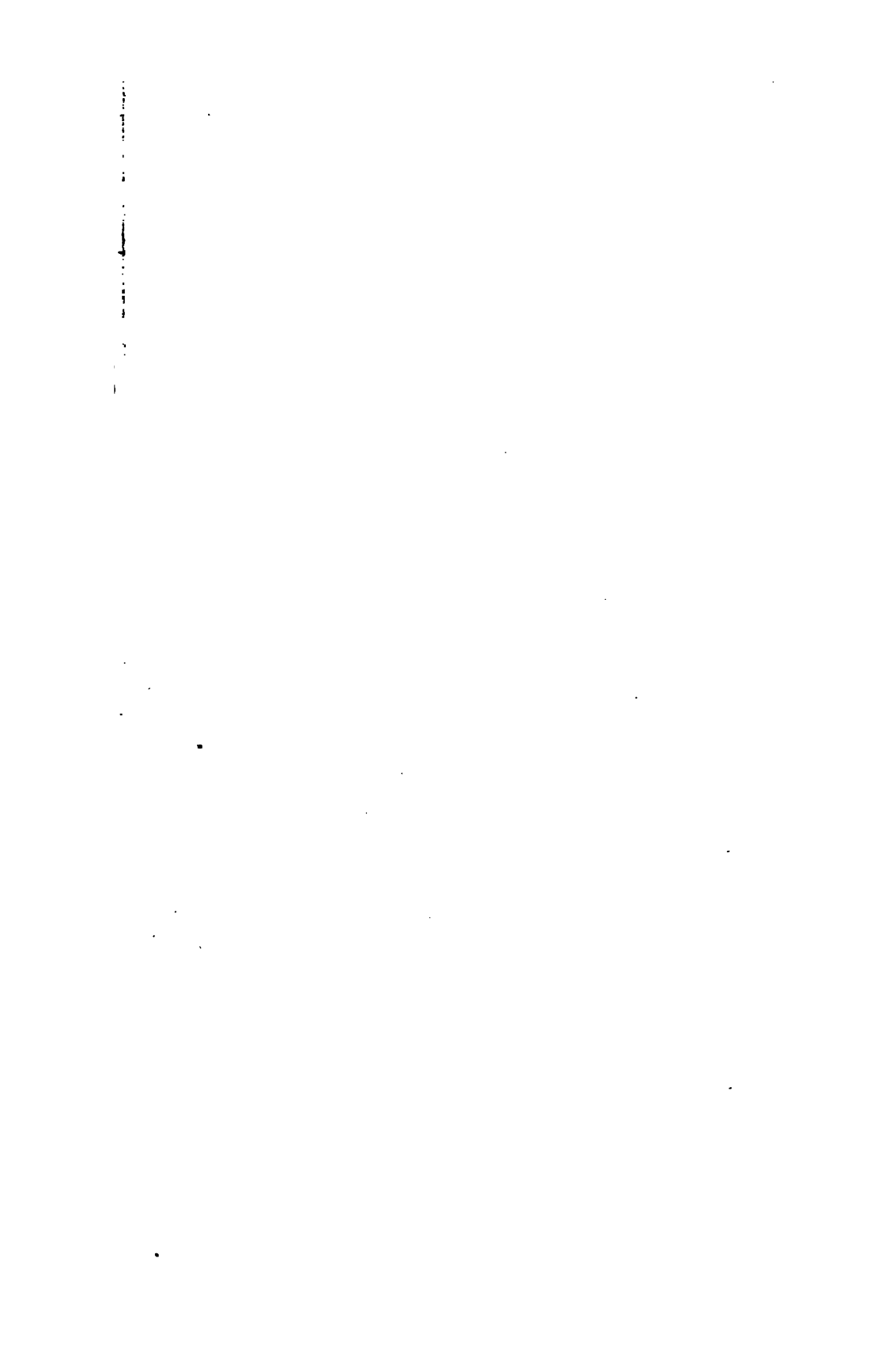


EDWARD CAVE.

PRINTER

Born in 1691, died in 1754.

Unkles Lith: 26 So Mall Cork.



“ He often acted with great spirit and firmness; and often stopped franks which were given by Members of Parliament to their friends, because he thought such extension of a peculiar right illegal. This raised many complaints; and having stopped, among others, a frank given to the old Duchess of Marlborough by Mr. Walter Plummer, he was cited before the House, as for breach of privilege, and accused, I suppose very unjustly, of opening letters to detect them. He was treated with great harshness and severity; but declining their questions by pleading his oath of secrecy, was at last dismissed. And it must be recorded to his honour, that when he was ejected from his office, he did not think himself discharged from his trust, but continued to refuse to his nearest friends any information about the management of the office.

“ By this constancy of diligence, and diversification of employment, he in time collected a sum sufficient for the purchase of a small printing-office, and began *The Gentleman's Magazine*, a periodical pamphlet, of which the scheme is known wherever the English language is spoken. To this undertaking he owed the affluence in which he passed the last twenty years of his life, and the fortune which he left behind him, which, would have been larger, had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable projects, of which I know not that one ever succeeded.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has already subsisted over a Century, and still continues equally to enjoy the favour of the world, is one of the most successful and lucrative pamphlets which literary history has upon record, and therefore deserves, in this narrative, particular notice.

“ Mr. Cave, when he formed the project was far from expecting the success which he found; and others had so little prospect of its consequence, that, though he had for several years talked of his plan amongst printers and booksellers, none of them thought it worth the trial. That they were not restrained by their virtue from the execution of another man's design, was sufficiently apparent as soon as that design began to be gainful; for in a few years a multi-

tude of Magazines arose, and perished ; only *The London Magazine*, supported by a powerful association of booksellers, and circulated with all the art, and all the cunning of trade, exempted itself from the general fate of Cave's invaders, and obtained, though not an equal, yet a considerable sale†."

Cave now became ambitious and began to aspire at popularity, proposed prizes for Poems, and continued to improve his Magazine—Dr. Samuel Johnson describes him as a man of large stature, healthy, strong, and active, of uncommon perseverance and resolution, neither fatigue or expense retarded him—Dr. J. says "He was a friend rather easy and constant, than zealous and active ; yet many instances might be given, where both his money and his diligence were employed liberally for others. His enmity was in like manner cool and deliberate ; but, though cool, it was insidious, and though deliberate, not pertinacious."

His mental faculties were slow ; he saw little at a time, but that little he saw with great exactness. He was long in finding the right, but seldom failed to find it at last. His affections were not easily gained, and his opinion not quickly discovered. His reserve, as it might hide his faults, concealed his virtues ; but such he was, as they who best knew him have most lamented."

"† The invention of this new species of publication may be considered as something of an epoch in the Literary History of this Country. The periodical publications before that time were almost wholly confined to political transactions, and to foreign and domestic occurrence. But the Magazines have opened a way for every kind of enquiry and information.—The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various ; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the Nation ; which in a certain degree, hath enlarged the public understanding. Many young Authors, who have afterwards risen to considerable eminence in the literary world, have here made their first attempts in composition. Here too, are preserved a multitude of curious and useful hints, and observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared ; or, if they had appeared in a more evanescent form, would have incurred the danger of being lost. If it were not an invidious task, the history of them would be no incurious or unentertaining subject. The Magazines that unite utility with entertainment are undoubtedly preferable to those (*if there have been any such*) which have only a view to idle and frivolous amusement."

DR. KIPPIS.

From the time of Mr. Cave's first connection with the Newspaper at Norwich, he had conceived a strong idea of the utility of publishing the Parliamentary Debates; He had an opportunity, whilst engaged in a situation at the Post-Office, not only, as stated by Dr. Johnson, of supplying his London friends with the Provincial Papers: but he also contrived to furnish the Country Printers with those written Minutes of the Proceedings in the Two houses of Parliament, which within my own remembrance were regularly circulated in the Coffee-houses, before the Daily Papers were *tacitly permitted* to report the Debates.

The Orders of the House were indeed regularly repeated, and occasionally enforced; and under these, in April 1728, Mr. Cave experienced some inconvenience and expense, having been ordered into the custody of the Serjeant at Arms, for supplying his friend Mr. Robert Raikes with the Minutes of the House, for the use of the Gloucester Journal. After a confinement of several days on stating his sorrow for the offence, and pleading that he had a wife and family who suffered much by his imprisonment, he was discharged with a reprimand on paying the accustomed fees.

In this year Mr. Raikes again incurred the censure of the House by repeating his offence; but Mr. Cave was at that time out of the scrape.

The plan of inserting a regular series of the Parliamentary Debates in the Gentleman's Magazine, was a project which Mr. Cave had long in contemplation before he had ventured to put it in practice. At length in July 1736, he boldly dared; and his method of proceeding is thus related by Sir John Hawkins:

“Taking with him a friend or two, he found means to procure for them and himself admission into the gallery of the House of Commons, or to some concealed station in the other House; and then they privately took down notes of the several speeches, and the general tendency and substance of the arguments. Thus furnished, Cave and his associates would adjourn to a neighbouring tavern, and compare and adjust their notes; by means whereof, and the help of their

memories, they became enabled to fix at least the substance of what they had so lately heard and remarked. The reducing this crude matter into form was the work of a future day, and of an abler hand ; Guthrie, the Historian, a writer for the booksellers, whom Cave retained for the purpose."— But these Debates were not given till the Session was ended ; and then only with the initial and final letters of each Speaker.

Thus far all went on smoothly for two years ; till on the 13th of April 1738, a complaint being made to the House ; that the publishers of several written and printed News-Letters and Papers had taken upon them to give accounts therein of the Proceedings in the House ; it was Resolved, "That it is a high indignity to, and a notorious breach of the Privilege of this House, for any News-writer, in Letters or other Papers (as Minutes, or under any other denomination), or for any Printer or Publisher of any printed News-paper of any denomination, to presume to insert in the said Letters or Papers, or to give therein, any account of the Debates, or other Proceedings of this House, or any Committee thereof, as well during the Recess, as the Sitting of Parliament: and that this House will proceed with the utmost severity against such offenders."

Some expedient was now become necessary ; and the *caution* (not the *vanity*) of Cave suggesting to him a popular fiction ; in June 1738 he prefaced the Debates by what he chose to call "An Appendix to Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Account of the famous Empire of Lilliput;" and the proceedings in Parliament were given under the title of "Debates in the Senate of Great Lilliput."

Not thinking himself, however perfectly secure, even by his total concealment of the speakers, he did not venture to put his own name to the Title-pages of the Magazine ; but published them under the name of one of his nephews, "Edward Cave, junior;" which was continued till 1752. In the following year he again used his own name ; and gave the Debates, as at first, with the initial and final letters.

A new æra in politicks, occasioned by the motion to remove the Minister Feb. 13, 1740-1, bringing on much warmer Debates, required "the pen of a more nervous writer than he who had hitherto conducted them;" and "Cave, dismissing Guthrie, committed the care of this part of his monthly publication to Dr. Johnson;" who had already given ample specimens of his ability. But the Lilliputian disguise was continued, even beyond the period of Johnson's Debates; which, as has been authenticated by his own Diary, began Nov. 19, 1740, and ended Feb. 23, 1742 3. And these Debates, which, every competent judge must allow, exhibit a memorable specimen of the extent and promptitude of Johnson's faculties, and which have induced learned foreigners to compare British with Roman eloquence, were hastily sketched by Johnson while he was not yet 32, while he had little acquaintance with life and while he was struggling, not for distinction, but existence."

From the success of the Gentleman's Magazine, which commenced in 1731; the London Magazine made its appearance in 1732, and numerous others soon followed; the Universal commenced in 1747, the Literary in 1756, the Oxford in 1769, the Town and Country in the same year, the Lady's in 1770, the Westminster in 1772, and the European in 1782.—Several of the above reigned over half a Century; and the Lady's Magazine continues to the present day. The Gentleman's and the London Magazines were reprinted almost *verbatim* in Dublin, some years previous to the Union; but strange to say (without adverting to the present) no periodical work appears to have succeeded there for any great length of time, except the old "Hibernian Magazine," of Walker's, which was perhaps *inferior* to all the rest.

The London Magazine continued Fifty-one years and was always published by the highly respected family of the Baldwins, it was discontinued in 1783, and after a lapse of thirty seven years, a branch of the same family, took it up and resumed the same title of "The London Magazine" in 1820. It was ably conducted, at a vast expence, and succeeded to

some extent, but the great tact and *improvement* which had previously taken place in this species of Literature, together with the field being pre-occupied for 25 years by *Phillips's Monthly Magazine*, which was followed by a combination of talent in *Colburn's New Monthly*, and the palm further carried by the transcendent qualities of Blackwood, (all of which continue their station) it is not a circumstance of surprise that its success, was not commensurate with its expence; Mr. Baldwin therefore discontinued or I believe disposed of it. It contained a number of well-written articles, among others "Wine and Wallnuts" which were I believe, published afterwards in a different form, with success. In the course of publication of the Magazine, a truly unfortunate event took place, between Mr. John Scott, its original Editor and the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine: Mr. Scott, was an ingenious Writer, and, as was subsequently stated in the Magazine itself, it appears—"After the restoration of the royal family he went to France, and on his return published "A visit to Paris in 1814, being a review of the moral, political, intellectual, and social, condition of the French Capital." He was also author of Paris revisited in 1815, by way of Brussels, including a walk over the field at Waterloo, 8vo. and "The House of Mourning" a poem on the Death of his Son—In January 1820, he commenced the publication of the London Magazine, which he conducted with great success till the beginning of the following year. His remarks on some articles in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, having given offence to the Editor of that work, a quarrel took place, and Mr. Scott, after having refused the challenge of the individual whose displeasure he had provoked, was wounded in a duel with a friend of that Gentleman on the 16th Feb. 1821, and he died a few days after, leaving a widow and two children. A Volume of observations during a Journey on the continent appeared after his death."

REVIEWS, &c.

The *Monthly Review*, commenced on the 1st of May 1749 the following account of its original projector and proprietor will be found interesting.

RALPH GRIFFITHS, ESQ. LL. D.

(From Nichols's Anecdotes.)

This gentleman, who was born in the year 1720, was the original institutor of "The Monthly Review;" which, with unremitting perseverance, he conducted 54 years, assisted only by his son in the latter period of his life.

The First Number of the Review was published in May 1749, at *The Dunciad* in St. Paul's Church-yard, whence in 1754 the Publisher removed to Paternoster-row, and in 1759 into the Strand, still retaining the sign of the Dunciad. In 1764, the name of Mr. Becket first appeared in the title page.

One of his earliest coadjutors was Dr. Rose, who has the credit of having written the first article in that valuable work. He was the friend and counsellor of Andrew Millar; and is thus noticed by the Rev. D. Lysons:

"Dr. Rose, a man of amiable manners, and much esteemed in the literary world, had been for about 30 years an inhabitant of Chiswick; where he kept an academy. He was author of a well-known translation of Sallust, and editor of several useful compilations in Latin, French and English. His able criticisms greatly contributed towards establishing the credit of the Monthly Review, in which he was one of the earliest writers. Dr. Rose was born in the county of Aberdeen; he died the 4th of July, 1786, aged 67. The following lines to his memory, written by Arthur Murphy, Esq., are inserted upon his tomb:

"Whoe'er thou art, with silent footsteps tread
The hallow'd mould where Rose reclines his head.
Ah! let not folly one kind tear deny,
But pensive pause where truth and honour lie:
His, the gay wit that fond affection drew;
Oft heard, and oft admir'd, yet never knew;
The heart that melted at another's grief;
The hand in secret that bestow'd relief;
Science untinctur'd with the pride of schools,
And native goodness free from formal rules:
With zeal through life he toil'd in Learning's cause,
But more, fair Virtue to promote thy laws:
His every action sought the noblest end,
The tender husband, father, brother, friend.
Perhaps e'er now, from yonder realms of day,
To his lov'd relatives he sends a ray;
Pleas'd to behold affections like his own
With filial duty raise this votive stone."

Dr. Griffiths was a steady advocate of literature ; a firm friend, a cordial lover of the enjoyments of domestic happiness, and a zealous and successful promoter of the charms of social intercourse.

A portrait of Dr. Griffiths is given in the *European Magazine* for January 1804, with the following biographical notice :

" In contemplating the Portrait of this Gentleman, in whose character industry and ingenuity were in an eminent degree combined, there is one question very naturally suggested to every literary mind ; and that is, How long it has known, or remembers, the original ? And this leads to the reflection, that his name has been before our eyes as far back as retrospection can reach, as the Publisher and Proprietor of the *Monthly Review*.

" At this juncture there was no regular established Literary Review in Great Britain ; nor was the *Monthly Review* very successful on its first publication. Several times it was about to be abandoned, as Dr. Griffiths often told his friends ; but patience, perseverance, and attention, surmounted every obstacle, and procured it a firm establishment.

Of the Literary Journals which preceded it, the following is as accurate a list as we can at present obtain : 1. *Memoirs of Literature*, 8 vols. 8vo. 1722. 2. *New Memoirs of Literature*, by Michael de la Roche, begun January 1725, and ended December 1727, 6 vols. 3. *Present State of the Republic of Letters*, by Andrew Reid, began January 1728, ended 1736 18 vols. 4. *Historia Literaria*, by Archibald Bower, begun 1730, ended 1732, 4 vols. 5. *History of the Works of the Learned*, begun January 1737, ended June 1743, 13 vols. 6. *Literary Journal*, printed at Dublin, began October 1744, and ended June 1749, 5 vols.—The *Monthly Review* (although it has, perhaps, for what might be deemed the morality of criticism, taken too much the colour, as its authors adopted too much the passions of the times) has been uniformly successful ; and it has also this singular circumstance attending its introduction, that it came into the world almost un-announced. In contradiction to the promises, parade, and verbosity, which are generally the precursors of periodical works, the two first lines of an advertisement, which scarcely contains twenty, most truly state, that " Undertakings which, in their execution, carry the designation of their use, need very little preface."—" At this period the Gentleman's Magazine occasionally noticed works of genius ; but much more frequently those of a political or party tendency, in which all the world knows that genius is the last thing expected, or perhaps admired : yet what might be termed a regular Review was unknown in this country. It is true, that early in the eighteenth century a publication of this nature, entitled, " *The present State of the Republic of Letters*," was attempted ; but, probably owing to the extensive nature of its plan, which includes abridgements rather than opinions of works, without much success. Copious, pompous, and florid title-pages, though reprobated by Swift, ridiculed by Arbuthnot, and cautiously launched by every respectable author, had yet, in defiance to

common sense, obtained that kind of general toleration that we often see given to things of far greater importance; so that a prudent person would have been as diffident of judging of the contents of a book from the title, as he would of taking the character of those exalted personages, whose names were generally the precursors to *more solid* matter from the dedication.

This kind of titular puffing, which, it is said, used to put Johnny Barber so much out of temper, that he was ready to turn an author out of his shop if the frontispiece of his manuscript exceeded the bounds of moderation, had not passed unobserved by Mr. Griffiths; and it is very probable, that a desire to repress it first gave him the idea of the *Monthly Review*; as he says, in the advertisement alluded to, "The abuse of title-pages is obviously come to such a pass, that few readers care to take in a book, any more than a servant, without a character."

"Of either the literary life or domestic habits of Dr. Griffith's, little is at present known; which circumstance we should lament as a misfortune, were we not informed, that it is the intention of his son, who at present conducts the *Monthly Review*, to publish his *Memoirs*."

"When we observe that, but for this intimation, we should lament our want of materials as a misfortune, it arises from our reflection, that in the variety of situations where this venerable critic and valuable member of society has resided, from the *Dunciad* in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1747, to the *Dunciad* near Catherine-street, 1772, where we perfectly remember his shop to be a favourite lounge of the late Dr. Goldsmith, he must have become acquainted with more characters, anecdotes, and circumstance, many of which we hope he has preserved, than perhaps any other Critic from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who, we gather from Polybius and others, was the first Reviewer, downward, or indeed any other person of the bibliopolical or literary professions."

"Dr. Griffith's retired from his public situation as a bookseller to studies more congenial to his disposition about thirty years since."

Dr. Griffiths died at Turnham Green, in the 83d year of his age, Sept. 28, 1803.

It has been asserted that Mr. Griffith's disposed of small shares of this great Work in its earlier days, when it was not so eminently successful, but that he had from time to time repurchased all of them and realized a Fortune from the Work which so much distinguished his assiduity, and Industry. I think the first number was published at so low a price as Sixpence, and contained a Review of only two or three articles. I have known it for 50 years, and remember it for some time at the published prices of one shilling, one shilling and sixpence, two shillings, and lastly at two shillings and sixpence.

It now forms nearly Two hundred volumes, and may be procured at a moderate price, in consequence of its more modern Rivals—the *Edinburgh* and *London Quarterly* and other Reviews, in which so much talent is displayed, and so great a competition exists.

The *Critical Review* commenced in January 1756, and continued to succeed for more than half a Century.—John Reinhold Forster, the celebrated Navigator, was employed upon it when in England; a short Biographical Memoir of this extraordinary man may not be unacceptable to my readers. Mr. Nichols gives a long and interesting account of him, with an extensive list of his various works; but, Mr. Gorton has given from *Aikin*, and the Biog. Univ. the following more concise outline :

“ John Reinhold Forster an eminent writer on natural history and geographpy, was born in 1729 at Dirschau, in Polish Prussia, where his father was burgomaster. After previous studies at other places he entered the university of Halle, in 1748, where he attended to theology and the oriental languages. In 1751 he became a minister at Dantzic, whence in 1753 he removed to Nassenhuben. Here he devoted his leisure to the acquirement of a knowledge of philosophy, geometry, and mathematical science, which were his favourite pursuits. Having married his cousin Elizabeth Nikolai, and finding his income too small for his family, he accepted an offer of going to Russia to superintend the new colonies at Saratow. He was however disappointed of the situation, and after having refused advantageous offers made him by the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg, and by that of Moscow, he removed to England. Here he became teacher of French, German, and natural history at the dissenting academy at Warrington. This place however he soon left, and went to London, where he resided in very confined circumstances till 1772, when he accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage round the world, as a naturalist to the expedition. His son, a youth of seventeen, was his companion. On his return to England in 1775 the degree of L.L.D. was conferred on him by the university of Oxford; and he might probably

have experienced the beneficial patronage of the English government, if he had not given offence by publishing an account of the voyage under the name of his son, in evasion of an express agreement which he had made previously to the undertaking. This work also abounded with observations unfavourable to the government by which the writers had been employed, and to the naval officers and others ; rendered Forster's situation unpleasant in this country, and after struggling with poverty and distress for some time in London, he fortunately received an invitation to become professor of natural history at Halle in 1780. He was also appointed inspector of the botanical garden at that place, where he continued till his death, December 9, 1798. He translated a great number of books of travels into the German language, and published a " History of Voyages and Discoveries in the North," 4to ; and other original works."

" *Percival Stockdale*, of Branxton, in Northumberland, a person of various occupations ; was also employed on the Critical Review. He was sent to Scotland for education, and studied at the university of St. Andrews, where he graduated, but afterwards embraced a military life, and served abroad.

His predilection for the Army at length gave way to circumstances, and on his return to England he recurred to the line of life for which he had been originally designed, and entered the Church in 1759; settling in the Metropolis, he continued to support himself by combining the profession of an Author with that of his adoption, 'till an opportunity offering in the royal Navy,—he again entered the service, in capacity of chaplain to a King's Ship, and eventually obtained the livings of Long Houghton and Lesbury in his native county: He was a tolerable Critic, and published a series of "Lectures on the Poets," an "Essay on the Genius of Pope"—and a Biographical Memoir of Waller," besides a volume of miscellaneous poems of no great merit, and a few Sermons adapted for the Navy. He also wrote his own life with a surprising degree of vanity and self-sufficiency—His death took place at the Rectory House, in Long Houghton in 1811."

The Critical Review was commenced by Mr. Archibald Hamilton, and printed by him about 50 years.—Mr. Nichols gives the following account of him.

MR. ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, a native of North Britain, was bred to the profession of a Printer at Edinburgh ; but quitted that city in 1736, after the riots occasioned there by the popular vengeance against Captain Porteus ; in which he was in some degree implicated, by having been present at the illegal execution of that unfortunate culprit ; whose melancholy history may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, and in the other periodical publications of that period.

On his arrival in London, he had the good fortune to become associated with the late Mr. Strahan ; whose printing-office he for some time superintended in the capacity of principal manager. But this was not a field wide enough for his talents, or his ambition ; and he very soon commenced business on his own account ; which he carried on with great success for many years. Amongst other fortunate connexions, his acquaintance with Dr. Smollett was not the least ; whose History of England alone proved a little fortune both to the Printer and Bookseller, as well as the Author and Stationer.

In 1756, with the assistance of Dr. Smollett, and other literary friends, he commenced the "Critical Review;" which, aided afterwards by the critical acumen of the Rev. Joseph Robertson, he carried on with considerable success to the time of his death. For a few of the last years of his life he was a partner with Mr. Jackson of Oxford in the University press ; but, at the same time, relieved himself from the more immediate labour of personal attendance in his printing office, by purchasing a villa at Ash in Hampshire, in the neighbourhood of Farnham, to which he frequently retired. He had also a town residence in Bedford-row, where he died March 9, 1793, in his 74th year.

Mr. Hamilton was also Printer of the Ladies and Town & Country Magazines, the New Annual Register and a vast number of extensive Works for his friends the Robinson's.

The *London Review*, by Dr. Kenrick, commenced in 1775, and continued to be published till the Eleventh Volume, by my old Master, EVANS ; I have before noticed both, and it has been acknowledged by the Editors of the *Monthly Review*, and of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that the London Review contained many critiques of merit, but it was contaminated by personal malignity, and a vituperative style.

Kenrick died in 1779, less lamented than he might have been, had he exerted the talents which he possessed in a manner more honorable to Literature, and inconsideration of the claims and feelings of others.

Maty's Review, commenced in 1782, and continued for about four years only. It was conducted solely by Paul Henry Maty, who was born in 1745.

“He received his education at Westminster school, and Trinity college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M.A. and obtained a travelling fellowship. He took orders in the church, but afterwards resigned the clerical office, and dedicated his time to literary pursuits. He was assistant librarian at the British Museum, and for a time foreign secretary to the Royal Society ; but he relinquished that situation in consequence of a dispute with Sir Joseph Banks. In January 1782, he commenced the publication of a monthly critical Journal, called, “ The New Review,” which he conducted with great spirit and ability, unassisted, for four years ; but his unremitted application injured his health, and eventually caused his death, which took place in 1787. He translated baron Riesbeck’s travels into English, and a posthumous volume of his sermons was published in 1782.”

Dodsley's Annual Register—This well known Work, commenced in 1758, at the suggestion of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke, whose “ Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, from the elegance of its language, and the spirit of Philosophical investigation displayed in it, raised him to the first class of writers on taste and criticism, and introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and others. From the commencement of the *Annual Register*, he took upon himself the composition of the historical part which he con-

tinued for a number of years to the great benefit of that publication," which has continued, with undiminished repute to the present period.

The *New Annual Register*, was commenced in 1780, by the *Robinsons* and was Edited principally by Dr. Gregory, for a number of years ; Mr. Alexander Chalmers is said to have written largely for it, as did many other celebrated characters. It has not however, eclipsed its predecessor.

Periodical Essays and Papers.—The *Tatler*, stands foremost in this popular arrangement, and entertaining series of Literature, it commenced under the title of the *Tatler*, by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. No. 1, 1709, this was followed by the *Spectator*, No. 1, March 1st, 1710, and by the *Guardian* No. 1, March 12, 1712, these were followed by Sir Richard Steele's "*Lover, and Reader,*" *Town Talk*, &c., in 1713, 14, 15, and by Mr. Addisons, *Freeholder* in 1716.—Myriads of others soon presented themselves, but none of celebrity, until Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* made its appearance (in small folio numbers like its predecessors); No. 1, was published on the 20th of March 1750—It was published by Mr. John Payne. Mr. Robert Dodsley, and Samuel Richardson had the highest opinion of it, on its appearance, and the world have evinced theirs ever since.—It has been translated into the Russian and other Languages. The first number of Dr. Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*, in all its elegance of language appeared on the 7th of Nov. 1752. The *WORLD*, on the 4th of January 1753—The *CONNOISSEUR*, on the 31st of January 1754,—The *MIRROR*, on the 17th March 1757,—and the *IDLER*, on the 5th of April, 1758.

The character of these Works, and their various authors, and contributors to them, are too well known to require further observation from me.

On the 12th of February 1767. The *Babler* by Hugh Kelly appeared, upon which as Mr. John Nichols observes—"many similar Works have since been engrafted." Mr. Nichols himself furnished a few numbers, of the *Babler*.

The *Edinburgh Mirror* appeared 1779—the *Lounger* commenced on the 8th of October 1786.

*Origin of Printing, Type Founding, Block, or Stereotype,
Printing, Logographic Printing, &c.*

These subjects perhaps ought to have been noticed in an earlier portion of my pages, but as it was not intended to go into any regular or systematic details or elaborate discussion, I shall introduce a few remarks from *Ames's* *Typographical Antiquities*, or an Historical account of the origin and progress of Printing in Great Britain and Ireland, being by far the most extensive work on the subject, and which has from time to time, been considerably enlarged by Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Dibdin; added to these, there are other admirable histories of the art, by *Meerman, Bowyer, Nichols, Watson, Palmer, Luckombe, Le Moine, Hansard, Storer, &c.*—But as it would be impossible to do ample justice to them all, I shall advert to the leading features of a few of the Printers, and their Biographers.

Joseph Ames the historian of British *Typography*, was born at Yarmouth, 1688-9, and apprenticed by his father, the master of a Yarmouth trading vessel, to a plane-maker in London. After serving out his time, he became a ship-chandler in Wapping, which business, notwithstanding his antiquarian pursuits, he carried on until his death. He early discovered a taste for English history and antiquities; and in 1730, the composition of a history of printing in England being suggested to him, after a labour of twenty-five years, he brought out in one vol. 4to, 1749, "*Typographical Antiquities, being an historical account of Printing in England, with some memoirs of our ancient Printers, and a register of the books printed by them from 1471 to 1600; with an appendix concerning Printing in Scotland and Ireland to the same time.*" He inscribed his work to lord chancellor Hardwicke, and was at the same time fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, being chosen secretary to the last of them. Sir Hans Sloane in particular showed him very great countenance, and left him trustee to his will. Mr. Ames died in 1739, much esteemed. Besides his great work, he wrote "*A Catalogue of English Printers from 1471 to 1700,*"

4to; 2. "An Index to Lord Pembroke's Coins;" 3. "A Catalogue of English Heads; or an account of 2000 English prints, describing what is peculiar to each;" 4. "Parentalia, or Memoirs of the family of Wren," 1750, folio. An enlarged edition of the "Typographical Antiquities" was published by the late Mr. W. Herbert, vol. 1, 1785, vol. 2, 1786, and vol. 3, 1790. A new and splendid edition of Ames and Herbert has since been presented to the world by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin.—*Gough's Life of Ames.*

It is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Cole, a celebrated Antiquary and collector, who was on friendly terms and corresponded with Ames, should have drawn the following severe character of him, and which appears under the head "Biographiana" in the 24th Number of Sir Egerton Brydges's *Restituta*, in article 3.—After copying the full title page of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities* he says,

"I have written as follows on the back, of the title-page—The author, Mr. Ames, I was well acquainted with, having been several times to see him, in order to look over his curious prints, of which he had no small collection, especially of English heads; many of which at different times I purchased of him to add to my collection of the same sort. He lived in a strange alley or lane in Wapping: was a patten-maker, an Anabaptist, with a spice of Deism mixed with it. I have often thought it no small reproach and disgrace to the Antiquarian Society, to have so very illiterate a person to be their Secretary: he could not spell, much more write, English: I have several letters of his by me at this time which prove it. It was by no means proper to have such a person in that station, which, required reading aloud at the meetings of the Society, several papers in various languages often, of which he was used to make miserable work; more especially when strangers and foreigners happened to be there, which was often the case.

"He was a little, friendly, good-tempered man; a person of vast application and industry in collecting curious old printed books, prints, and other curiosities both natural and artificial. It is to this must be attributed his office of Secretary to the

Society: but surely, a Secretary who could neither read nor write, was an odd appointment for a learned Society! He must have procured some one to have perused his book for him, which yet is full of blunders, and prove my assertion in an hundred places: the printers would correct the false English and spelling. *W. Cole.*

"What is singular Mr. Stephen Wren employed Mr. Ames, an Independent, and Deist professed, to usher into the world the *Parentalia, or Memoirs of the Family of the Wren's* in 1750, which throughout is a most orthodox book, full of reflections upon the fanatics of King Charles's time."

"The origin of Printing, by multiplying letters, is intitled to the first place after the invention of letters themselves, (though it gives light to all other arts) remains itself in obscurity. It has been the subject of repeated discussions.—Mr. Meerman is the last who has written upon it, and he has endeavoured to reconcile some difficulties on this head in his "*Origines Typographicæ*," printed in 1765; and translated and abridged by Mr. Bowyer, in his two Essays on the Origin of Printing, 1784.

"The more we reflect on the accidental discovery by Laurentius, of the effect produced by concave wooden types, the more we wonder that the mechanics of antiquity should never have applied the concavity of their metal inscriptions to the same use as those of their intaglios, and their liquid colours to an use similar to that which they made in wax.—But we are not here to extend our views, beyond our own country. Whether Laurentius of Haerlem, Geinsflech, of Mentz, or Guttenburg, at Strasburgh, invented single wooden types, much certainly may be concluded, that the invention took place rather before the middle of the fifteenth century in Holland or Germany. We have a fact established beyond controversy, that WILLIAM CAXTON first introduced the Art of Printing with fusile types into England; and some suppose that Frederic Corsellis, or some foreigner, used wooden types a few years before him. Be this as it may, Caxton (an eminent mercer and negotiator) within a few years of the discovery of printing, is thought to have printed a French romance at Cologne in 1464."



W C

William Caxton.

"*William Caxton* an Englishman, memorable for having first introduced the art of printing into his native country, was born in Kent about 1410, and served an apprenticeship to Robert Large, a London mercer, who in 1439 was Lord Mayor. On the death of his master, Caxton went to the Netherlands, as agent for the Mercer's company, in which situation he continued about twenty-three years. His reputation for probity and abilities occasioned his being employed, in conjunction with Richard Whitchill, to conclude a treaty of commerce between Edward IV, and Phillip duke of Burgundy. He appears subsequently to have held some office in the household of duke Charles, the son of Phillip, whose wife, the lady Margaret of York, distinguished herself as the patroness of Caxton. Whilst abroad he became acquainted

with the then newly discovered invention of printing. by JOHN FUST. At the request of the duchess, his mistress, he translated from the French, a work, which he entitled "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, by Raoul le Feure," which he printed at Cologne, 1471, in folio. This book, considered as the earliest specimen of Typography in the English Language, is reckoned very valuable. At the famous sale of the Duke of Roxburgh's library in 1812, a copy was purchased by the Duke of Devonshire for 1060*l.* 10*s.*, which originally belonged to Elizabeth Gray, Queen of Edward the Fourth. A copy sold in West's Sale, 1773, for 32*l.* 11*s.*, an imperfect copy sold at Lloyd's Sale in 1816, for 126*l.* After this he printed other works abroad, chiefly translations from the French; at length having provided himself with the means of practising the art in England, he returned thither, and in 1474 had a press at Westminster abbey, where he printed the "Game and Playe of the Chesse," generally admitted to be the first typographical work executed in England. Caxton continued to exercise his art for nearly twenty years, during which space he produced between fifty and sixty volumes, most of which were composed or translated by himself. Among his most distinguished patrons were John Islip, abbot of Westminster, and those two learned noblemen John Tiptot, earl of Worcester, and Anthony Wydeville, earl Rivers, Caxton died about 1492, and was buried according to some accounts at Campden in Gloucestershire; though others state his interment as having taken place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The following lines from his epitaph are characteristic of the age:

"Moder of merci, shylde him from th' orribul fynd,
And bring him lyff eternal, that never hath ynd."

Ames devotes 116 quarto pages to an account of Caxton, and of the Works that passed through his press; to *Wyken de Worde*, the second Printer of note, he has bestowed 120 pages, and to Richard Pinson, 84 pages. He has also given portraits of the above personages, with one or two others, which I insert as fac simile's of the rude wood block devices, characteristic of the time.

John Lettou and *William Machlinia*, or *Macklyn*, were contemporaries of Caxton, as well as Wynken de Worde. "*Lytteletons Tenures*," is supposed by Sir William Dugdale, to have been Printed by them in the reign of Henry VIII., and Dr. Middleton, in his discourse on Printing, supposes the above book to have been put to press by the Author, Littleton, who died 1481. It contains 108 leaves folio,

Mr. Ames has placed *John Lettou* with *William Machlinia* between *Caxton* and *Wynken de Worde* which authorizes the supposition of Sir Wm. Dugdale, and of Middleton.



Wynkin de Worde.

"This famous printer, was a foreigner, born in the dukedom of Lorraine, as appears by the patent-roll in the the chapel of the Rolls. Our first printer, Caxton, when resident abroad, might probably meet with him there, and engage him to come over to England for a servant or assistant, like as John Faust at Mentz had his lad, or servant, Peter Sheoffer, whom they chose for their ingenuity and promising parts; and their after works shew they were not mistaken in their choice. However this be, he continued in some capacity with Caxton till his death, 1491; and printed at his house in Westminster afterwards.

If he was married or not, or had relations that came over with him does not appear by his will; yet we find in the church-wardens accounts for St. Margarets Westminster, an entry made in the year 1498. "Item for the knell of Elizabeth de Worde vi pence, Item, For iii torches, with the grete belle for her, v. iii." Again, in the year 1500,—item for the knelle Julian de Worde, with the grete bell, vi. pence."

"By his connection with Mr. Caxton, and on account of this new art, he occasionally fell into the company and acquaintance of the learned and noble of this kingdom; and at length was appointed printer to Margaret mother of king Hen. VII. and grandame to Henry the VIII. as he styles himself in 1509; which is the first year of thus describing himself."

"After the death of Mr. Caxton, he printed, in his house as aforesaid; primarily it may be supposed with his types, sometimes using his cypher only, without the printer's name; sometimes adding "in Caxton's house;" and at other times, probably the latter part of his dwelling there, adding thereto his own name also. By his colophons we learn that he continued at Westminster until the year 1500, or very likely 1501; in which year we find in Mr. Ames, an account of only one book, 'Mons perfectionis,' without any account where it was printed; but Palmer's continuator has added "ibid," which must refer to Westminster preceding; and he does not mention any book printed by him at the Sun in Fleet-street before 1503: however I find "The ordynarye of crysten men" was printed there in 1502. We do not find any sign mentioned by him while at Westminster. It has been supposed that Caxton's cypher might have been exhibited as a sign, but we find no imitation of this by either Caxton or himself."

He printed *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*.—The first book printed on paper made in England.

At the Duke of Roxburgh's in 1812, a copy sold for 70l. 7s. An imperfect copy at the Sale of Stanesby Alchorne, Esq. in 1813, sold to the Duke of Devonshire for 13l. 13s.

Rowe Mores was of opinion that Wynken de Wordé was his own Letter Founder, a circumstance that shews the rapid progress of the Art in England at so early a period ; in fact, the circumstance cannot be doubted, for it appears that Caxton had him employed with Fust's servants, at Cologne ;—amongst whom were also said to be, Pynson, Rood, Macklin, and Lettou.

The great advancement and improvements in this beautiful Art, during the whole of the last and present centuries, has been truly astonishing ; aided by the taste and talents of the Caslon's, Baskerville, Fry, Figgins, Thorowgood, and others, as *Type Founders*.



Richard Pynson, Esq.

“ Was born in Normandy in France, as appears by king Henry's patent of naturalization, wherein he is styled “ Richardus Pynson, in partibus Normand, oriund.” However there were of the same name in England, as may be seen in the church-warden's account for St. Margaret's Westminster, in the year 1504 ; “ Item, received of Robert Pynson for four tapers iiii d.” Perhaps some relation of his. There was also one Philip Pinson an Englishman, who died of the plague, the 2d of December, 1503 ; three days after he had been nominated to the archbishoprick of Tuam, in Ireland.”

“ Whether this artist was apprentice to Mr. Caxton, as intimated by Mr. Lewis, is rather uncertain ; nor can I see any reason for such a supposition of him any more than of W. de Worde, whom he styles his foreman or journeyman : perhaps these characters may be equally true of them both, at different periods of time. However this be, Pynson himself in his first edition of Chaucer, calls Caxton his worshipful master—“ whiche boke diligently ouirsen & duely examined by his pollitike reason and ouirsight of my worshipful master William Caxton” &c.”

Mr. Ames intimates that our artist was in such esteem with the lady Margaret, King Hen. VII's mother, and other great personages, that he printed for them all his days ; but this does not particularly appear.

He printed “ *The life of a Virgyn cally'd Petronylla, whom Erle Flaccus desired to his Wyf.*” 18mo.

“ A very rare Poetical Tract, consisting only of *three* leaves, 16mo. and which at Townley's Sale in 1814, was sold for the very moderate sum of *six guineas*, or two guineas per leaf, to Messrs. Longman and Co.”

Mr. Heber bought a copy at Horne Tooke's Sale in 1813, for the sum of *six pounds*, two shillings, and sixpence.

“ Pynson was the first who introduced Roman letter to this country, and he was eminently successful in his publications, which consist chiefly of law books. He is supposed to have died about 1529.

Psalmianaazaar intimates that this printer lived in the utmost familiarity and friendship with W. de Worde, and quite undisturbed by any mutual emulation or rivalry in trade ; the contrary rather appears by their works, for they are found frequently printing different editions of the same books, at or near the same time ; not as partners, or the one's name taken out, and the other's inserted to a certain number of the same edition. He tells us indeed that they printed several year books together : perhaps they might be joined in the same privilege or licence for printing them,



Reynold Woolfe, Esq.

KING'S PRINTER.

“He was a man of eminence, a good antiquary, great promoter of the reformation, and in favour with King Henry VIII. lord Cromwell, archbishop Cranmer, &c. John Leland was of his acquaintance. Our learned Kentish antiquary John Twine calls him a German by nation, good man, and well learned, and a very faithful friend of his, whose kindness he had experienced in prosperity and adversity, and who, when he was set at liberty from his imprisonment in the Tower, took him into his house, situ squaloreque obsitum, and entertained him there till he could return to Canterbury, to his own house and family. John Stowe observes of him, that in the year 1549, the bones of the dead, in the Charnel house of St. Paul's, amounting to more than 1000 cart loads, were carried to Finsbury field, and the expence paid by him. He spent 25 years in collecting materials for an universal cosmography of all nations, which though at his death he left undigested, he thereby laid the foundation of those chronicles, which afterwards were compiled by Ralph Holinshed, who frankly acknowledged so much in his dedication to lord Burghleigh. Those chronicles were published in 1577 by John Harrison his son in law; and again with large addi-

tions, in 1587, by the said John Harrison, and others. We are further informed by Edmund Howes, the continuer of Stow's Annals, that if Stow had lived but one year longer, he purposed to have put in print Reyne Woolfes chronicle, which he began and finished at the request of Dr. Whitgift, late archbishop of Canterbury; but being prevented by death, left the same in his study, orderly written, ready for the press; but it came to nothing."

"He settled his printing-office in Paul's Church-yard, and set up the sign of the Brazen Serpent, which device he used to most of his books, though he sometimes used that of the tree of charity; his rebus you will see in the frontispiece."

The house, says Stowe, as I guess, he built from the ground, out of the old chapel, which he purchased of the king at the dissolution of monasteries, where on the same ground he had several other tenements, and afterward purchased several leases of the dean and chapter of St. Paul's. He followed his business of printing with great reputation for many years, and printed for archbishop Cranmer most of his pieces, and for others of great note. Henry Binneman was servant to him, who afterwards proved a good printer, and used the same device of the Brazen Serpent; as also did John Sheperde, another of his apprentices.

"He was the first who had a patent for being a printer to the king in Latin, Greek and Hebrew; by which he was authorized to be his bookseller and stationer, and to print and publish all sorts of books in the said languages, as also Greek and Latin Grammars, although mixed with English; and likewise charts, maps, and such other things, which might be at any time useful and necessary." He printed,

"James Servingham Yates's, Castell of Courtesie, whereunto is adjoynd the Holde of Humilitie, with the Chariot of Chastitie thereunto annexed, 1582."

A Copy sold at the Sale of G. Steeven's, 1800, for £2 10s. And another at Saunders's Sale Room, 1818 for £23 10s.



John Day, Daye, or Daie.

was born in St. Peter's parish, Dunwich, in Suffolk, to which he left a gift ; as appears by the papers of the late Thomas Martin, Esq. ; of Paulsgrave, from Mr. Le Neve. He is supposed to have been descended from a good family, buried at Bradley-Parva, in that county. He bore for his arms, ermin, on a fess indented, two eaglets displayed ; his crest, out of a ducal coronet, a demi eagle with wings expanded ermin. He first began printing a little above Holborn conduit ; and about 1549 removed into Aldersgate, where he printed, and, for his greater convenience, according to Stow, built much on the wall of the city, towards St. Ann's church ; he kept also, at the same time, several shops in different parts of the town, where his books were sold. He had a license in September, 1552, to print the Catechism, which K. Edw. vi. had caused to be set forth, both in Latin and in English : but as Raynold Woulfe had a former privilege for all Latin books, he seems to have applied for redress ; accordingly among Cecil's papers, published by the Rev. Mr. Hairs in 1740, page 128, is this memorandum :—
 “ Item, that were one Day, hath a priviledge for the cate-

chisme, and one Reyne Wolfe, who hath a former priviledge for Latyn Books they may joyne in printing of the sayd catechisme." However, it appears to have been determined that Wolfe should print it in Latin, and Day in English; for thus we find it printed; and Day in another license, dated 25 March, 1553, had privilege to print it only in English, with a brief of an A B C, thereunto annexed: Also, for the printing and reprinting all such works and books, devised and compiled by John (Ponet) now bishop of Winton, or by Tho. Beacon, professor of divinity; so that no such book, be in any wise repugnant to the holy scriptures, or proceedings in religion, and the laws of the realm."

He printed "*The Whole Psalter translated into English Metre, which containeth an hundred and fifty Psalms.*"

It is so scarce, that Mr. Strype tells us he could never get sight of it; and Warton, in his "*History of English Poetry,*" points it out as a great rarity, adding "*It certainly would be deemed a fortunate acquisition to those capricious Students, who labour to collect a library of rarities.*"

"Its rarity is conjectured to arise from the circumstance of only a few copies having been given away to the nobility, by the Archbishop's wife Margaret, to whom Fuller, in his "*Church History,*" has given a very high character."

Mr. Ames then continues to give a full account of all the eminent Printers from *Julian Notary* in 1498, and William Faques in 1500, down to William Aspley, and John Bailie, in 1600, with a general history of Printing from its origin to that period; this elaborate Work, with Mr. Herbert's additions form 1875 quarto pages, and Mr. Dibden's edition still enlarges it.

Mr. Herbert, after his labours in correcting and enlarging Ames's *Typography*, from a single volume, to three extensive ones, concludes his history of Printers, and Printing in England at page 1467, and in the following one, thus commences his history of

PRINTING IN SCOTLAND.



INCE an account has been given of printing in England, I shall now proceed to offer a few hints, relating to the rise and progress of the art in Scotland, which may be of use to such as would pursue this subject further, in that formerly ancient kingdom.

The late ingenious JAMES WATSON, who with Freebairn obtained a patent from Q. Anne, for printing in Scotland and was afterwards one of his majesty's printers there in the time of K. George the first, did in the year 1713, publish a short history of the art of printing, containing an account of its invention and progress in Europe; to which he added a preface, wherein he mentions three or four books, and as many printers of Scotland within my assigned time; that is, from the introduction of the art there, to the year 1600, which I shall take notice of in their proper place. He indeed supposes they had the art of printing early from their having a constant trade with the Low Countries; from their cases and presses being all of the Dutch make, till of late years; from their manner of working, in distributing the letter on hand with the face from us and the nick downwards; and their making ink, as the printers there do at this day; but that the books may be lost, being either lives of saints and legendary miracles, or of devotions then in vogue, carried away by the priests, who fled beyond the sea, or destroyed by the zeal of the reformers. His further accounts of the Scotch printers are later than my time."

"The first book I have found mentioned by any, is, A breviary of the church of Aberdeen, printed at Edinburgh 1509, thirty-five years after the introduction of this art by William Caxton. The account Mr. Ames had of this, is in a letter directed to his good friend, Dr. John Mitchell, from Mr. Charles Mackey, professor of history in the university of

Edinburgh. "The art with us is as early as 1509. I imagine, though I am not certain, that I have found Mr. Ames's voucher for it. Mr. John Ker, late humanity professor here, gave into the lawyers library an old breviary in octavo, for the use of Aberdeen, but the title page, and some sheets at the end are wanting."

In 1510, another Breviary, was printed at Edinburgh, and Mr. Herbert remarks that they evince that Mr. Watson's conjectures were well founded.

During the succeeding space of forty years, to the middle of the 15th century, about twelve books only, were printed in Scotland.

Mr. Herbert, after devoting upwards of fifty pages in describing Printing in Scotland, from 1509 to the close of 1600; proceeds to the following account of

PRINTING IN IRELAND.



IRELAND was one of the last European states into which the art of printing was introduced. Mr. Ames used his best endeavours to form thence an account of its rise and progress in that kingdom before 1600; but all the information he received was the following:

Extract of a Letter from Doctor RUTTY, of Dublin, dated June 28, 1744, to Dr. WILLIAM CLARK, of London.

Thy commission for furnishing a catalogue of books printed in Ireland before the year 1600, I think I have had pretty good opportunities of executing, and have accordingly made use of them. First, I had an acquaintance with a learned antiquary, who has made things of this sort his particular study for many years, who is able to furnish me with but one book, which he can assure me to have been printed within that period, which is this:

"The book of common prayer, and administration of the sacraments, and other ceremonies of the church of England. Dublinæ in officina Humphredi Poweli. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum, anno Domini 1551." In black letter, a large quarto.

Next, I had recourse to the large library of Dr. Worth, a late eminent physician here, who was eminently curious in collecting antient pieces, but there I found but one printed here so early as 1633. Lastly, on perusing the catalogue of the college library, I found within the period by thee limited, but that one individual book, as above recited. The truth is, printing is but of a very late date in Ireland. Here were indeed some few authors within that period, but their works were printed abroad as in England, France, Flanders, Italy, &c. Even down to 1700 very few books were printed here, but whatever was written here, was generally printed in London; even now the printing trade here consists chiefly in reprinting books printed in London, and they that value their reputation, commonly send their writings to England to be printed. And this is all the satisfaction in my power to give thy friend, on this account.'

"The following books purporting to have been printed at Waterford, are thought to have been printed in England, having no assurance of any press being, set up so early at Waterford; besides it must have been as dangerous printing these books openly there during queen Mary's reign as in England; therefore they more properly belong to our General History: however we have given them a place here; one of them bearing the superscription; and the other having the same types, on the authority of Maunsell."

"Warranted tidings from Ireland," was the first Newspaper printed here, which was in 1641."

In noticing Printing in England, at the commencement of the 17th Century, I alluded to the Elder *Bowyer*, and referred to the works that passed through, or were connected with his press to the year 1732, which with Mr. Nichols's, mass of Literary information occupies a volume of 700 pages.



WILLIAM BOWYER.

PRINTER

Born in 1663, died in 1737.



In 1712-13, the elder Bowyer, after having for thirteen years pursued business with unremitting industry and unsullied reputation, was, in one fatal night, reduced to absolute want, by a calamitous fire. Every one who knew the respectable sufferer was instant and anxious, either to relieve, or to sympathize in his great affliction; and Mr. Bowyer, on this occasion, received from Dean Stanhope one of the most excellent and affecting letters that so melancholy an event could be supposed to suggest. It was written in haste the very day after; and speaks indubitably, the language of the heart.

The younger Bowyer never forgot this striking testimony of regard for his parent.

A similar accident occurred in the Office of Mr. Nichols, in 1808, nearly a century afterwards.—In both instances Literary property to a vast amount was destroyed.

Of the second Wm. Bowyer, (born 1699, died 1777,) son of the preceding—Mr. Nichols gives a voluminous account, and of the annals of his Press from 1732 to 1777. Mr. N. entered into partnership with him in 1766.

I shall now select the following abridged account of him, which appears in GORRON, from the Gentleman's Magazine. "WILLIAM BOWYER an English printer and classical scholar of eminence in the last century," was a native of London, where his father, also a printer, carried on business. The son acquired the rudiments of learning under Ambrose Bonwicke, a nonjuring clergyman, and was afterwards admitted a sizar of St John's College, Cambridge, but left the university without a degree in 1722, and became an associate in trade with his father. In 1729 he obtained the office of printer, of the votes of the house of commons, which he held nearly 50 years. He was subsequently appointed printer to the Society of Antiquarians, of which learned body he was admitted a member; and on the death of Samuel Richardson in 1761, the interest of Lord Macclesfield procured him the appointment of printer to the Royal Society. In 1768 he was nominated printer of the journals of the house of Lords and the rolls of Parliament. He died in 1777, aged 78, and was

interred in the church of Low Layton in Essex. By his will he bequeathed a considerable sum of money, in trust to the Stationers' Company, for the relief of decayed printers or compositors. His principal literary production was an edition of the New Testament in Greek, with critical notes and emendations. He also published several philological tracts, and added notes and observations to some of the learned works that issued from his press. About ten years previous to his decease, he entered into partnership with Mr. John Nichols, who shortly after that event published a small volume of biographical anecdotes of Bowyer and his learned contemporaries, which formed the basis of his "Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century," 9 vols. 8vo. a work containing a vast mass of indigested materials for a history of English literature during the period to which it relates."

It is highly creditable to Bowyer and to Nichols, in having maintained the highest respect from the first rate Literary characters for more than a century, and it is no less remarkable, that they have printed the Votes of Parliament not only during that period, than it must be gratifying, that they are now printed by J. B. Nichols, Esq., Son and successor to as extraordinary a man, as an author and printer, as the last century has produced.

Mr. Nichols does not appear to have been ambitious of printing, what is called *fine work*, hot pressing, &c., He left that to *Bensley, Bulmer, Davison, Whittingham* and others, who were particularly laid out for the *fine*, or *superior* style of Printing—in fact Mr. N— from the very nature and extent of his avocations and occupation, could not attend to the minutiae of that branch of the trade, so peculiar to itself. I have before observed that from this voluminous Writer, having not only Printed all his *own Works*, (exceeding upwards of one hundred Volumes,) but also *Edited* and *Printed* the most extensive Monthly Periodical the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *Votes of the House of Commons*, besides general work, for more than half a century, the tedious process of fine Work, pressing, and hot-pressing, &c. could not be contemplated or expected. The *Gentlemen's Magazine* alone may almost be considered a closely printed Monthly Volume,

Mr. John Bowyer Nichols is following similar noble pursuits to those of his late amiable Father, who states, that his son was enjoined by the great antiquarian Gough, to assist his executors in transmitting his Library to Oxford; and Owen Manning acknowledges his great obligations to him, for his indefatigable attention in correcting his History of Surrey.—*Mr. J. B. Nichols* also edited the last edition of the Life and Errors of John Dunton, has displayed considerable literary taste, and been an ornament to his profession as a printer.

TYPE FOUNDING.

Of the improvement in Type Founding from the time of our predecessors, down to the commencement of the 18th century, *Caslon* appears the first, and the family ever since have continued to maintain its pre-eminence.

Mr. Nichols gives a long and interesting account of him in different parts of his Work. I can only select the following :

Mr. William Caslon born in that part of the town of Hales Owen which is situated in Shropshire, in 1692, and who is justly styled by *Mr. Rowe* Mores the “Coryphæus of Letter-founders,” was not trained to that business; “which is a handy work, so concealed among the artificers of it.” that *Mr. Moxon*, in his indefatigable researches on that subject, “could not discover that any one had taught it any other; but every one that had used it, learnt it of his own genuine inclination.”

Mr. Caslon's first residence was in Vine-street in the Minories, where one considerable branch of his employment was to make tools for the book-binders and for the chasing of silver plate. Whilst he was engaged in this employment, the elder *Mr. Bowyer* accidentally saw in the shop of *Mr. Daniel Browne*, bookseller, near Temple Bar, the lettering of a book uncommonly neat; and enquiring who the Artist was by whom the letters were made, *Mr. Caslon* was introduced to his acquaintance, and was taken by him to *Mr. James's Foundry* in Bartholomew close. *Caslon* had never before that time seen any part of the business; and being asked by his friend if he thought he could undertake to cut types, he requested a single day to consider of the matter, and then replied he had no doubt but he could. From this answer *Mr. Bowyer* lent him 200*l.* *Mr. Bettenham* lent him the same sum, and *Watts* 100*l.*; and by that assistance our ingenious Artist applied himself assiduously to his new pursuit, and was eminently successful.—The three printers above mentioned were of course his constant customers.

In the Universal Magazine for June 1750, is a good view of *Mr. Caslon's* workshop in Chiswell-street, with portraits of six of his workmen. *Mr. Cas-*

len was three times married. The name of his second wife was Longman; of the third Waters, and with each of these ladies he had a good fortune. The abilities of his son William appeared to great advantage in a specimen of types of the learned languages in 1748—His younger son, Mr. Thomas Caslon, was Master of the Stationers' Company in 1782; and died March 29, 1783.

Mr. William Caslon died in 1778, leaving a Widow who conducted the business with extraordinary ability, until her death, on the 23rd of October, 1795—Aged about 70. After the death of the mother, there were still two very large foundries carried on; one of them by a third *William Caslon*, who having quitted Moorfields, had become the purchaser of the *Jackson* foundry in Dorset-street; since given up to his son, a fourth *William Caslon*, a young man of considerable abilities, to whom I cannot recommend a better model than his great grand-father, who was universally esteemed as a first-rate artist, a tender master, and an honest, friendly, and benevolent man.—The original foundry in Chiswell-street was purchased by Mr. Charles Catherwood, a distant relation, who died June 7, 1809, æt. 45; and is now carried on by Mr. Henry Caslon (another great-grandson of the first William) under the firm of Caslon and Livermore.

Jackson and Cottrell, were eminent in their day, Mr. Jackson had acquired some considerable property, the bulk of which, having left no child, he directed to be equally divided between fourteen nephews and nieces. On his only apprentice, Mr. Vincent Figgins, the mantle of his predecessor has fallen. With an ample portion of his kind instructor's reputation he inherits a considerable share of his talents and his industry; and has distinguished himself by the many beautiful specimens he has produced, and particularly of Oriental types.

Figgins and Thorogood, have always stood high in the estimation of first rate judges, they are succeeding in all the beauties, chasteness, and improvements of the Art.

The *Fry's* have also been eminent in this beautiful art, particularly *Edmund*, whom *Watt* in his *Bibliotheca Brit.* thus designates.

"*Edmund Fry*, M. D., produced specimens of Printing Types, 1785-98. also Pantographia; containing copies of all the known Alphabets in the world, and specimens of all well authenticated languages, in a large octavo volume, price 2 guineas, this interesting and laborious Work, is executed with great neatness."

Mr. JOHN BASKERVILLE.

I cannot slightly pass by this extraordinary Letter Founder, Printer, Paper maker, Ink maker, &c.—In my “History and Topography of Warwickshire,” I devoted, with the aid of his Biographers, about a dozen pages to him, of which I here present a small portion.—Mr. Hutton says, “he was in succession—a stone cutter, a schoolmaster, a japanner, and lastly an eminent type founder and printer; he gave his name to the first, and his establishment and fame to that of the other. The pen of the historian rejoices in the actions of the great; the fame of the deserving, like an oak tree is of sluggish growth, the present generation becomes debtor to him, who excels, but the future will repay that debt with more than simple interest. The still voice of fame may warble in his ears towards the close of life, but her trumpet seldom sounds in full clarion, till those ears are stopped by the finger of death.”

Of Mr. John Baskerville, Mr. Nichols who appears like myself to have been indebted to Mr. Hutton, states that “this celebrated printer was born at Wolverly, in the county of Worcester, in 1706, heir to the paternal estate of £60 per annum, which in 50 years after, while in his own possession, had increased to £90, and this estate, with an exemplary filial piety and generosity, he allowed to his parents until their deaths, which happened at an advanced age.” Mr. Nichols says that he was brought up to no occupation, but Mr. Hutton asserts that he was trained to that of a stone cutter, but they agree as to his becoming a schoolmaster in 1726, and that in about ten years after he taught school in Birmingham, and wrote an excellent hand. Both circumstances account for his subsequent skill and talent in the formation of letters. It appears that he was not even confined to his early predilections, for previously to his attempt at printing, he found that painting accorded with his taste, and in despite of the odium cast upon, what is termed “tea board painting,” he entered into that lucrative branch at his then residence, No. 22, in Moor-street. His biographer, Hutton, observes that, in 1745, “he took a building lease of about eight acres north west of the town, to which he gave the name of Easy

hill, converted it into a little Eden, and built a house in the centre; but the town, as if conscious of his merit, followed his retreat, and surrounded it with buildings. Here he continued the business of a japanner for life; his carriage, (each pannel of which was a distinct picture, might be considered as the *pattern card of his trade*,) was drawn by a beautiful pair of cream coloured horses. His inclination for letters induced him in 1750, to turn his thoughts to the press. He spent many years in the uncertain pursuit, sank £600 before he could produce one letter to please himself, and some thousands before the shallow stream of profit began to flow. His first attempt, in 1756, was a quarto edition of Virgil,—price one guinea, now worth several." This according to Nichols, he reprinted in 1758, and was employed by the University of Oxford upon an entirely new-faced Greek type.

The talents of Mr. Baskerville were now very generally appreciated; the celebrated Mr. Derrick, in a letter to the Earl of Corke, July 15, 1760, containing a description of Birmingham, says, "I need not remind your Lordship, that Baskerville, one of the best printers in the world, resides near this town. His house stands at about half-a-mile's distance, on an eminence that commands a fine prospect. I paid him a visit and was received with great politeness, though an entire stranger. His apartments are elegant; his staircase is particularly curious; and the room in which he dines, and calls a smoaking room, is very handsome. The grate and furniture belonging to it are, I think, of bright wrought iron, and cost him a good round sum. He has just completed an elegant octavo common prayer book; has a scheme for publishing a folio edition of the Bible; and will soon finish a beautiful collection of fables, by the ingenious Mr. Dodsley. He manufactures his own paper, types and ink; and they are remarkably good. This ingenious artist carries on a great trade in the japan way, in which he shewed several useful articles such as candlesticks, stands, salvers, waiters, bread baskets, tea boards, &c. elegantly designed and highly finished. Baskerville is a great cherisher of genius, which, he loses no opportunity of cultivating."

In 1764, Mr. Baskerville received the following curious letter from the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

“Craven-street, London, 1764.”

“Dear Sir,

“Let me give you a pleasant instance of the prejudice some have entertained against your work. Soon after I returned, discoursing with a gentleman respecting the artists of Birmingham, he said, “you would be the means of blinding all the people in the nation, for the strokes of your letters, being too thin and narrow, hurt the eye, and he never could read a line of them without pain.” “I thought (said I) you were going to complain of the gloss on the paper some object to.” “No, no, (says he) I have heard that mentioned, but it is not that, it is in the natural and easy proportion between the height and thickness of the stroke, which makes the common printing so much more comfortable to the eye.” You see this gentleman was a connoisseur. In vain I endeavoured to support your character against the charge; he knew what he felt, and could see the reason of it, and several other gentlemen among his friends had made the same observations, &c. Yesterday he called to visit me, when mischievously bent to try his judgment, I stept into my closet, tore off the top of Mr. Caslon’s specimen, and produced it to him as yours, brought with me from Birmingham, saying, “I had been examining it since he spoke to me, and could not for my life perceive the disproportion he mentioned, desiring him to point out to me.” He readily undertook it, and went over the several founts, shewing me every where what he thought instances of that disproportion, and declared, “that he could not then read the specimen without feeling very strongly the pain he had mentioned to me.” I spared him that time the confusion of being told, that these were the types he had been reading all his life, with so much ease to his eyes; the types his adored Newton is printed with, on which he has pored not a little; nay, the very types his own book is printed with, for he is himself an author, and yet never discovered this painful disproportion in them, till he thought they were yours.”

“I am, &c.”

“B. FRANKLIN.”

In 1765, he applied to Dr. Franklin, then at Paris, and afterwards ambassador from America, to sound the Literati, respecting the purchase of his types; but received for answer, "That the French reduced by the war in 1756, were so far from pursuing schemes of taste, that they were unable to repair the public buildings, but suffered the scaffolding to rot before them." After this we hear nothing of Mr. Baskerville as a printer. He died without issue, in Jan. 8, 1775: but it is painful to observe, that in the last solemn act of his life, he seriously avowed his total disbelief of christianity.

I have a copy of his Will, but some parts of it are objectionable, which the following inscription on his tomb would imply:—

"Stranger,

"Beneath this stone, in *unconsecrated* ground, a friend to the liberties of mankind directed his body to be inurned."

"May his example contribute to emancipate thy mind—from the idle fears of *Superstition*, and the wicked arts of Priesthood."

The principal part of his fortune, amounting to about £12,000, he left to his widow; who sold the stock, and retired to the house which her husband had built.

Many efforts were used after his death to dispose of the types; but no purchaser could be found in the whole commonwealth of letters. The universities rejected the offer. (Hutton says coldly) "The London booksellers (Mr. Nichols says) preferred the sterling types of Caslon and his apprentice, Jackson." Hutton says, "they understand no science like that of profit. The valuable property, therefore, lay a dead weight, till purchased by a literary society at Paris, in 1779, for £3700. Invention seldom pays the inventor. If you ask what fortune Baskerville ought to have been rewarded with? The most that can be comprised in five figures. If you further ask what he possessed?—the least; but none of it squeezed from the press. What will the shade of this great man think, if capable of thinking, that he has spent a fortune of opulence, and a life of genius, in carrying to perfection the greatest of all human inventions, and that his productions,

slighted by his country, were hawked over Europe in quest of a bidder." Mrs. Baskerville died in March, 1788.

"We must admire, if we do not imitate, the taste and economy of the French nation, who, brought by the British arms, 1762, to the verge of ruin, rising above distress, were able in seventeen years to purchase Baskerville's elegant types, refused by his own country, and to expend an hundred thousand pounds in poisoning the principles of mankind, by printing with them the works of Voltaire."

Near his residence a conic urn, was placed to the memory of Mr. Baskerville, but was lost in the ruins, or destroyed by the riots of 1791, a remarkable circumstance has, however, recently occurred in determining the spot where he was entombed. In leveling the ground for the formation of wharfs, his coffin, standing in an upright position, and in an entire state, dug up; upon opening it, the body was not decomposed, and the teeth had the appearance of being perfectly sound, although he died at the age of 60, and had been interred for nearly half a century. I have by me a small piece of the Shroud with which he was surrounded! It has been asserted, that, a little before his death, he jocularly said he should "again appear upon a white horse," which saying, connected with his extraordinary exhumation, has met with believers in the credulity of some connected with the manufactory established on this spot.

Baskerville's ambition to excel caused him to spare no expence; he even went to that of casting some founts of type in Silver, instead of the usual metals, and their agents; and certainly the face and form of his letter was extremely beautiful and chaste. Dr. Franklin speaks of its lean and sharp strokes being too fine, but it is the plan of the French to this day, who have by far exceeded Baskerville in the length and sharpness of their letters, and although they appear (as most of our modern type do, in one way or other,) a sort of caricature, still they are very beautiful.

BLOCK PRINTING.

William Ged.—In 1781, Mr. Nichols printed and published Biographical Memoirs of William Ged, including a

particular account of his progress in the art of *Block Printing*, on which the *Monthly Review*, spoke favorably.

It appears that GED gave a narrative of his scheme for Block-printing, in 1730, and stated that " he had eclipsed his competitors in the art of Letter-founding, but found more difficulty than he apprehended in an attempt to make plates for block-printing." Mr. N— gives the following interesting narrative of him :—

" WILLIAM GED, an ingenious artist, was a goldsmith in Edinburgh and made his improvement in the art of printing in 1725. The invention was simply this. From any types of Greek or Roman, or any other character, he formed a plate for every page or sheet of a book, from which he printed, instead of using a type for every letter, as is done in the common way. This was the first practised, but on blocks of wood, by the Chinese and Japanese, and pursued in the first essays of Coster, Guttenberg, and Faust, the European inventors of the present art. " This improvement," says James Ged, is principally considerable in four most important articles; viz. " expence, correctness, beauty, and uniformity." But these improvements were controverted by Mr. Morcs and others. In July 1729, William Ged entered into partnership with William Fenner, a London Stationer, who was to have half the profits, in consideration of his advancing all the money requisite. To supply this, Mr. John James, then an Architect at Greenwich (who built Sir Gregory Page's house, Bloomsbury Church, &c.) was taken into the scheme; and afterwards his brother, Mr Thomas James, a Founder, and James Ged, the inventor's son. In 1730 these partners applied to the University of Cambridge for printing Bibles and Common Prayer-books by blocks instead of single types, and, in consequence, a lease was sealed to them April 23, 1731. In their attempt, they sunk a large sum of money, and finished only two Prayer-books; so that it was forced to be relinquished, and the lease was given up in 1733. Ged imputed his disappointment to the villainy of the pressmen and the ill-treatment of his partners; (which he specifies at large,) particularly Fenner, whom John James and he were advised to prosecute, but declined it. He returned to Scotland in 1733, and had no redress. He there, however, set about *Sallust*, which he printed at Edinburgh in 1736, 12mo. Fenner died insolvent in or before the year 1735; and his widow married Mr. Waugh, an Apothecary, who carried on the printing-business with her, and whom she survived. Her printing materials were sold in 1768. James Ged, wearied with disappointments, engaged in the Rebellion of 1745 in Captain Perth's regiment; and, being taken at Carlisle, was condemned, but, on his father's account, by Dr. Smith's interest with the Duke of Newcastle, was pardoned, and released in 1748. He afterwards worked for some time, as a journeyman, with Mr. Bettenham, and then commenced master; but being unsuccessful, he went privately to Jamaica, where

his younger brother William was settled as a reputable Printer. His tools, &c. he left to be shipped by a false friend, who most ungenerously detained them to try his skill himself. James Ged died the year after he left England; as did his brother in 1767. In the above pursuit Mr. Thomas James, who died in 1738, expended much of his fortune, and suffered in his proper business; "for the Printers," says Mr. Mores, "would not employ him, because the blockprinting, had it succeeded, would have been prejudicial to theirs." Mr. William Ged died in very indifferent circumstances, Oct. 19, 1749, after his utensils were sent for to Leith to be shipped for London, to have joined with his son James as a printer there. Thus ended his life and project: which, ingenious as it seemed, must," says Mr. Mores, "had it succeeded have soon sunk under its own burthen," for reasons needless here to recapitulate. It is but justice, however, to add, that, since that period, the plan has been revived, first by my friend Mr. Alexander Tilloch, the learned Editor of "The Philosophical Magazine," who, without having known of Ged's plan, obtained a patent for a similar invention, which he afterwards relinquished. But the exertions of Mr. Andrew Wilson have been more successful; as he has been able to accomplish several very considerable *Stereotype Editions*.

It will be recollected that Sterotype-printing was practiced in Paris, ere it was generally adopted in England, and numerous beautiful Editions of the classics were printed there from Stereotype plates. A work on the Christian Religion said to be translated from the German,* by the late Queen Charlotte, was the first book Sterotyped and Printed in England, executed by Andrew Wilson, and published by Harding of Pall-mall. This mode of Printing is now become so general and so well known, that any description beyond that given in the various Encyclopædias, renders it unnecessary here.

The *Logographic* mode of Printing was invented about 50 years ago by an ingenious Irish Gentleman of the name of Johnston:—this system was arranged by the casting of whole words upon one piece of Metal, and arranging those more generally in use, in the most convenient position, to the Compositor, in a similar way to single types as now placed in the Cases.—

* John Anastatius Freylinghausen's abstract of the whole doctrine of the Christian religion, London 1804, was the first book stereotyped on a new process.

The only person that took up this mode of Printing was the late *John Walter Esq.* the original proprietor of the *Times Newspaper*. At this time he printed for a few Authors, and one or two Booksellers—among the former was the celebrated, the Rev. Dr. Trusler, among the latter the late Mr. Owen of Picadilly;—but this mode of Printing, was soon found not to answer—in fact a very unlucky accident occurred at its commencement, which was as follows, an elegant edition of *Robinson Crusoe* was printed in 2 handsome volumes in octavo—It was intended to have been dedicated to his Majesty but unfortunately the Letter *M* broke from the rest, and a large portion of the impression went into circulation, (before the accident was discovered) dedicated to his *ajesty*! this created an unfavourable impression in the trade, and the *Logographic Art* of Printing fell to the ground.

ENGRAVING ON STONE, ENGRAVING ON COPPER,
DRAWING UPON STONE, OR LITHOGRAPHY;
DRAWING UPON ZINC, OR ZINCOGRAPHY.

Engraving on Stone rested with the ancients for a length of time; but was lost in the middle ages, nor was it revived or practiced with any success in Britain, until about the middle of the 18th Century. Soon after which, Mr. Tassie produced a catalogue of his extraordinary performances. The following very interesting account of this talented man is given in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

“This truly ingenious Modeller, whose history is intimately connected with a branch of the Fine Arts in Britain, was born in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, of obscure parents; and began his life as a country stonemason, without the expectation of ever rising higher. Going to Glasgow on a fair-day, to enjoy himself with his companions, at the time when the Foulis’s were attempting to establish an Academy for the Fine Arts in that city, he saw their collection of paintings, and felt an irresistible impulse to become a Painter. He removed to Glasgow; and in the Academy acquired a knowledge of drawing, which unfolded and improved his natural taste.—He was frugal, industrious, and persevering; but he was poor, and was under the necessity of devoting himself to stone-cutting for his support: not without the hopes that he might one day be a Statuary if he could not be a Painter. Resorting to Dublin for employment, he became known to Dr. Quin, who was amusing himself in his leisure hours with endeavouring to imitate the precious stones in coloured paste, and take accurate impres-

sions of the engravings that were on them. That art was known to the Antients; many specimens from them are now in the Cabinets of the curious. It seems to have been lost in the Middle Ages; was revived in Italy under Leo X. and the Medici Family at Florence; became more perfect in France under the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, by his labours and those of Homberg. By those whom they instructed as Assistants in the Laboratory it continued to be practised in Paris, and was carried to Rome. Their art was kept a secret, and their Collections were small. It was owing to Quin and to Tassie that it has been carried to such perfection in Britain, and attracted the attention of Europe. Dr. Quin, in looking out for an Assistant, soon discovered Tassie to be one in whom he could place perfect confidence. He was endowed with fine taste: he was modest and unassuming: he was patient; and possessed the highest integrity. The Doctor committed his laboratory and experiments to his care. The associates were fully successful; and found themselves able to imitate all the gems, and take accurate impressions of the engravings. As the Doctor had followed the subject only for his amusement, when the Discovery was completed he encouraged Mr. Tassie to repair to London, and to devote himself to the preparation and sale of those pastes as his profession. In 1766 he arrived in the Capital. But he was diffident and modest to excess; very unfit to introduce himself to the attention of persons of rank and influence: besides the number of engraved Gems in Britain was small; and those few were little noticed. He long struggled under difficulties which would have discouraged any one who was not possessed of the greatest patience and the warmest attachment to the subject. He gradually emerged from obscurity; obtained competence; and, what to him was much more, he was able to increase his Collection, and add higher degrees of perfection to his Art. His name soon became respected, and the first Cabinets in Europe were open for his use; and he uniformly preserved the greatest attention to the exactness of the imitation and accuracy of the engraving, so that many of his Pastes were sold on the Continent by the fraudulent for real Gems. His fine taste led him to be peculiarly careful of the impression; and he uniformly destroyed those with which he was in the least dissatisfied. The Art has been practiced of late by others; and many thousands of pastes have been sold as Tassie's, which he would have considered as injurious to his fame. Of the fame of others he was not envious; for he uniformly spoke with frankness in praise of those who executed them well, though they were endeavouring to rival himself. To the ancient Engravings he added a numerous Collection of the most eminent modern ones; many of which approach in excellence of workmanship if not in simplicity of design and chastity of expression to the most celebrated of the ancient. Many years before he died he executed a commission for the late Empress of Russia, consisting of about 15,000 different engravings (see article GEM, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*). At his death in 1799, they amounted to near 20,000; a Collection of Engravings unequalled in the world. Every lover of the Fine Arts must be sensible of the advantage of it for improvement in knowledge and in taste. The Collection of Felioix at Paris consisted of 1800 articles; and that of Dhen at Rome of 2500. For a number of years, Mr. Tassie practised the modelling of portraits in wax, which he afterwards moulded & cast in paste. By this the exact likeness of many eminent men of the present age will be transmitted to posterity as accurately as those of the philosophers & great men who have been by the ancient statuary. In taking likenesses he was in general uncommonly happy; and it is remarkable, that he believed there was a kind of inspiration (like that mentioned by the Poets) necessary to give him success. The Writer of this article, in conversing with him repeatedly on the subject, always found him fully persuaded of it. He mentioned many instances in which he had been directed by it; and even some, in which, after he had laboured in vain to realize his ideas on the wax, he had been able by a sudden flash of imagination, to please himself in the likeness several days after he had last seen the original. He possessed also an uncommonly fine taste in Architecture, and would have been eminent in that branch if he had followed it.—In private life Mr. Tassie was universally esteemed for his uniform piety, and for the sim-

plicity, the modesty, and benevolence, that shone through his character."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The great Prize of the "Shakespeare Gallery"—drawn in Mr. Boydell's Lottery on the 28th of January 1805 fell to the lot of Mr. Tassie the above ingenious modeller.

Engraving is divided into so many branches, and is so important and interesting an art, that numerous volumes have been written upon the subject; and the *Encyclopædias* and *Dictionaries* of Engravers, and the *Fine Arts*, present such ample details and directions for the execution of each separate branch, that I shall only give an outline of each. Mr. Elmes in his valuable "*Bibliographical Dictionary of the Fine Arts*," not only describes the whole of them, but in many instances gives valuable information for practising each, particularly that of the more modern invention of Engraving or drawing upon Stone, termed *Lithography*, with which *Senefelder*, the Inventor, has furnished him with the means which he acknowledges, and other valuable communications that he has given.

It is stated in the *Dictionarium Polygraphicum*, that the art of Engraving is for the greatest part of modern invention, not being older than the 16th Century.

"It is true indeed, the ancients did practice *Engraving* on precious stones and chrystals; some of which works are still to be seen, equal to any production of the latter ages; but the art of Engraving on plates of metal or blocks of wood in order to form prints from them, was not known till after the invention of painting in oil."

Elmes in his *General and Bibliographic Dictionary of the Fine Arts*, states,—

The art of engraving is divided into various branches or classes: as engraving on stones for seals, signets, called *gem sculpture*; die sinking for coins, medals, &c. called *medallurgy*; on copper-plates after various manners, as *line engraving*, *etching* or engraving with aqua fortis, *mezzotinto*, *engraving* or *scraping*, *aquatinta engraving*, *stipple dot* or *chalk engraving*, *engraving on wood*, *engraving on steel*, on stone, called *lithography*, *etching on glass*, and some other minor branches of the arts.

The art of engraving is of great antiquity, and was originally only rude delineations expressed by simple outlines, such as are described by Herodotus, as traced upon the shields of the Carians. The importance and utility of this art is acknowledged by every person of taste and knowledge; and its dignity as an art is undoubted. It multiplies the works of other artists and preserves them to posterity; it records the talents of eminent artists by an art which requires equal talent, and scarcely less genius. Bezaleel and Aholiab are mentioned in the book of Genesis as "filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work with the graver." The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians are also a species of engraving, of which there are many fine specimens in the British Museum. Among the Etruscan antiquities in the same collection are two specimens of the art of engraving at a very remote period; a representation of which forms the frontispiece to one of the volumes of Strutt's *Dictionary of Engravers*.

The art of engraving in this country, like the practice in every other country, commenced and increased with civilization and knowledge. Under Alfred the Great the art met with great encouragement, and remains of it as practised in his days are still in existence. There is still preserved in the Museum at Oxford a valuable jewel of this period representing St. Cuthbert, the back of which is ornamented with foliage very skilfully engraved.

The most ancient as well as the most legitimate and beautiful mode of practising the art is that which is called line engraving or engraving proper ; and is the art of cutting lines upon a copper-plate, by means of a steel instrument called a graver or burin, without the use of aqua fortis. This was the first way of producing copper-plate prints that was practised, and is still much used in historical subjects, portraits, and in finishing landscape.

Of Mezzotinto Engraving or Scraping.—This art, which is of modern date, is recommended by the ease with which it is executed, especially by those who understand drawing. Mezzotinto prints are those which have no strokes of the graver, but whose lights and shades are blended together, and appear like drawing in India ink. They are different from aquatinta, but as both resemble Indian ink, the difference is more easily perceived than described. Mezzotinto is applied to portraits and historical objects, and aquatinta is chiefly used for landscape and architecture.

The invention of *mezzotinto* engraving is generally attributed to Prince Rupert ; but in the Life of Sir Christopher Wren it is given to that eminent architect. "The mode of impressing pictures by light and shade on copper, commonly known by the name of engraving in mezzotinto, owes its improvement if not its origin to Wren." The journals of the Royal Society for October 1, 1662, record that Dr. Wren presented some cuts done by himself in a new way, whereby he could almost as soon do a subject on a plate of brass or copper as another could draw it with a crayon on paper. On this subject the editor of *Parentalia* speaks with decision, that "he was the first inventor of the art of graving in Mezzotinto ; which was afterwards prosecuted and improved by his Royal Highness Prince Rupert, in a manner somewhat different, upon the suggestion, as it is said, of the learned John Evelyn, Esq."

Of Engraving in Aquatinta.—Aquatinta is a method of producing prints very much resembling drawings in Indian ink. The principle of the process consists in corroding the copper with aquafortis in such a manner that an impression from it has the appearance of a tint laid on the paper. This is effected by covering the copper with a powder, or some substance which takes a granulated form, so as to prevent the aquafortis from acting where the particles adhere, and by this means cause it to corrode the copper partially, and in the interstices only. When these particles are extremely minute and near to each other, the impression from the plate appears to the naked eye exactly like a wash of Indian ink ; but when they are larger, the granulation is more distinct, and as this may be varied at pleasure, it is capable of being adapted with success to a variety of purposes and subjects.

The art of engraving on wood is not only of very ancient date, but is a legitimate, beautiful, and artistlike mode of operation, for the production of prints, particularly for books. The first engravers on wood whose names have reached our times are William Pluydenwurff and Michael Wolgemuth, who engraved the cuts of the 'Nuremburg Chronicle' which was published in folio in 1493, which are marked with all the stiffness and inaccuracy which characterize the works of the German artists of that time.

Engraving on wood is a very artist-like mode of execution, and requires considerable graphic abilities to execute it well. Hence many painters of excellence have practised it with success. Among the best engravers on wood, we must particularly mention Pierre Scaffer or Schoifer, whose coloured figures in his celebrated Psalter (folio 1457) prove that this mode of engraving, the invention of which is commonly attributed to *Lugo Da Capri*, had its rise in Germany.

ALBERT DURER also practised the art of wood engraving with great success, which began now to assume a higher character ; and, as far as regards the executive part, he brought it to a perfection which has hardly been equalled by any succeeding artist.

Bewick of Newcastle, Harvey his pupil, the Thompsons (brothers), Branstons, and other artists, have carried this art to the highest perfection.

Engraving on Steel is performed in nearly a similar way to engraving on copper. For etching on steel the plate or block is bedded on glazier's putty, and etched with a needle through a ground of Brunswick black in the common way. Messrs. Perkins and Heath have carried the art of engraving on plates of softened steel, afterwards hardened by a scientific process, to a great degree of perfection.

Engraving on stone is a recent invention now in great vogue. It is cheap and, when well performed, produces impressions of great beauty in imitation of chalk, Mezzotinto, pen and ink, and even of etching.

Engraving or etching on glass is performed by laying on a ground consisting of a thin coat of bees wax, and drawing the design therein with an etching needle. It is then to be covered with sulphuric acid, sprinkled over with powdered fluor spar or fluoric acid. It must be taken off after four or five hours, and cleansed with oil of turpentine.

Etching is a mode of engraving on copper and other metals or substances by drawing with a needle inserted in a handle, called an etching needle, on and through a thinground, which being corroded or bitten by aquafortis, forms the lines upon the plate.

Lithography. A little reflection will suffice to show that this invention, of only a few years' date, is calculated to be in many ways of the highest possible utility. The facility with which, through its medium, any thing whatever in the shape of writing or pictorial display can be multiplied is truly astonishing. By means of it the painter, the sculptor, the architect, are enabled to hand down to posterity as many fac similes of their original sketches as they please. The collector or antiquarian is enabled to multiply his originals, and the amateur the fruits of his leisure hours. The portrait painter can gratify his patron by supplying him with as many copies as he wishes to have of a successful likeness. Men in office may obtain copies of the most important despatches or documents, without a moment's delay, and without the necessity of confiding in the fidelity of secretaries and clerks; whilst the merchant and the man of business, to whom time is often of the most vital importance, can, with similar promptitude, preserve what copies they may require, of their tables or accounts.

My Son-in-law, the late F. Calvert, Esq. executed a greater variety of Subjects in this branch of the art, than perhaps any other person in Europe.

It is gratifying to me to state, that at my request, my Son has enabled me, by his execution of the four Lithographic Heads, which accompany this Retrospect—to present the earliest specimens of his ability in that art; my second GRANDSON has also Engraved the five fac simile Wood Cuts of the ancient Printers.

Drawing, or Etching upon Zinc called *Zincography*.

This is the very latest invention, or improvement in the fine Arts.—The process and progress is similar to the drawing on, and printing from Stone. It was invented by Messrs. Chapman & Co. of London, who have obtained a patent for this branch of art, and have extensive Mills at Dartford, in Kent, for preparing the Zinc Plates, which possess a great advantage over Stone, from being light and portable; I have some Impressions from this mode of Printing, executed by my ELDEST GRANDSON, from the original drawings, which are very beautiful.



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